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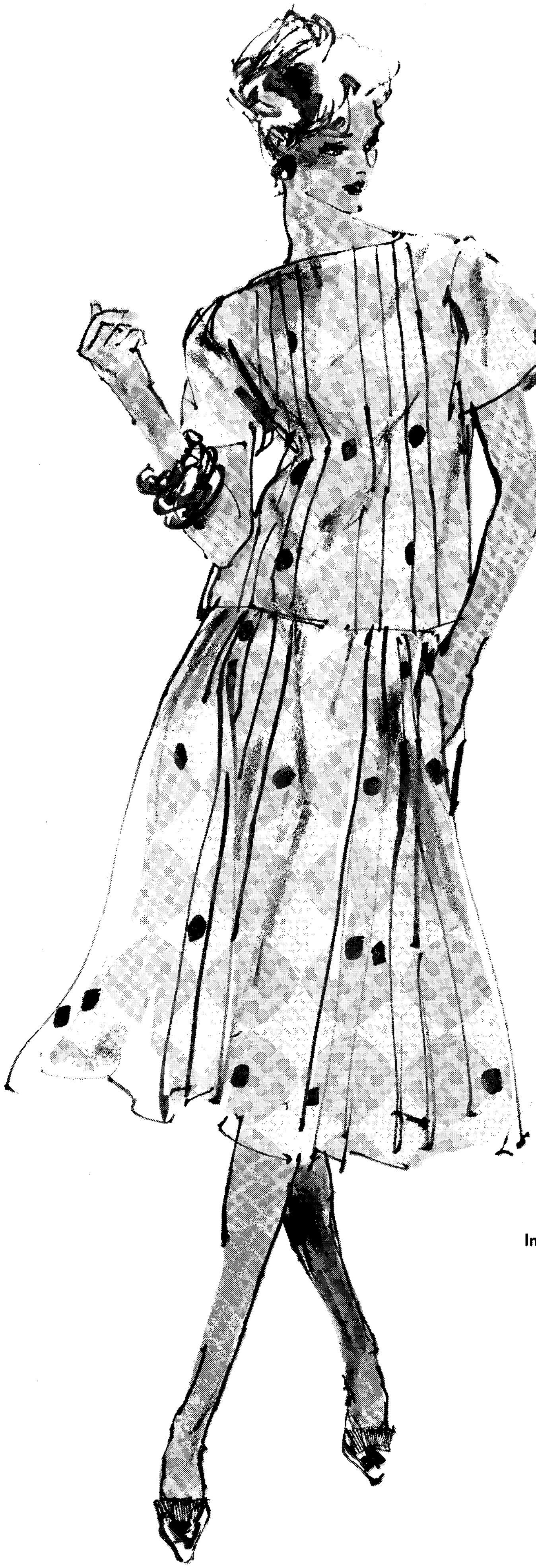

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 21. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Angels Fall—A welcomely conventional play by Lanford Wilson, in the genre of Robert E. Sherwood's "The Petrified Forest." Six characters in the shelter of a small mission church in the West prove to have a good many interesting things on their minds; these characters are superbly embodied by Barnard Hughes, Fritz Weaver, Danton Stone, Nancy Snyder, Brian Tarantina, and Tanya Berezin. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/31/83.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blood Relations—A play about Lizzie Borden by Sharon Pollock. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

Cats—A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s new comedy, **WHAT I DID LAST SUMMER**, is not quite vintage, but it affords considerable pleasure, all the same. The setting is a summer colony on Lake Erie in 1945, and the principal character—no more or less engaging than those around him—is a fourteen-year-old boy who goes through quite a few changes before the season ends. The acting by all concerned is exceptionally good. With Ben Siegler as the boy, Debra Mooney, Christine Estabrook, Ann McDonough, and Jacqueline Brookes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Do Lord Remember Me—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Regge Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. (11/8/82) (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 869-4731. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2 and 8. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

84 Charing Cross Road—A sentimental and rather sad little non-play about a failed American playwright and a good-hearted London bookseller. The two stars are Ellen Burstyn and Joseph Maher. (12/20/82) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

The Entertainer—In this revival, Nicol Williamson appears in the role that John Osborne wrote for Laurence Olivier twenty-five years ago, yet even Mr. Williamson, fine actor that he is, cannot conceal the ear-bending tedium of Archie Rice, the tacky vaudevillian who vents his spleen on his family and subjects the audience to his atrocious monologues. Frances Cuka is very good as his abused, gin-soaked wife. (1/31/83) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.,'s play **HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE** is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Extremities—Susan Sarandon in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 2; Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 3; and Sundays at 3.)

Foxfire—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are irresistibly tart and tender in a play about life in Appalachia, where the old seek in vain to cling to their old customs and the young light out for the fleshpots of Florida. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Friday, Feb. 18, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Feb. 25, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hannah—A play by Israel Eliraz. Anna Sokolow is the director. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 2, and opens officially that evening at 7. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St.

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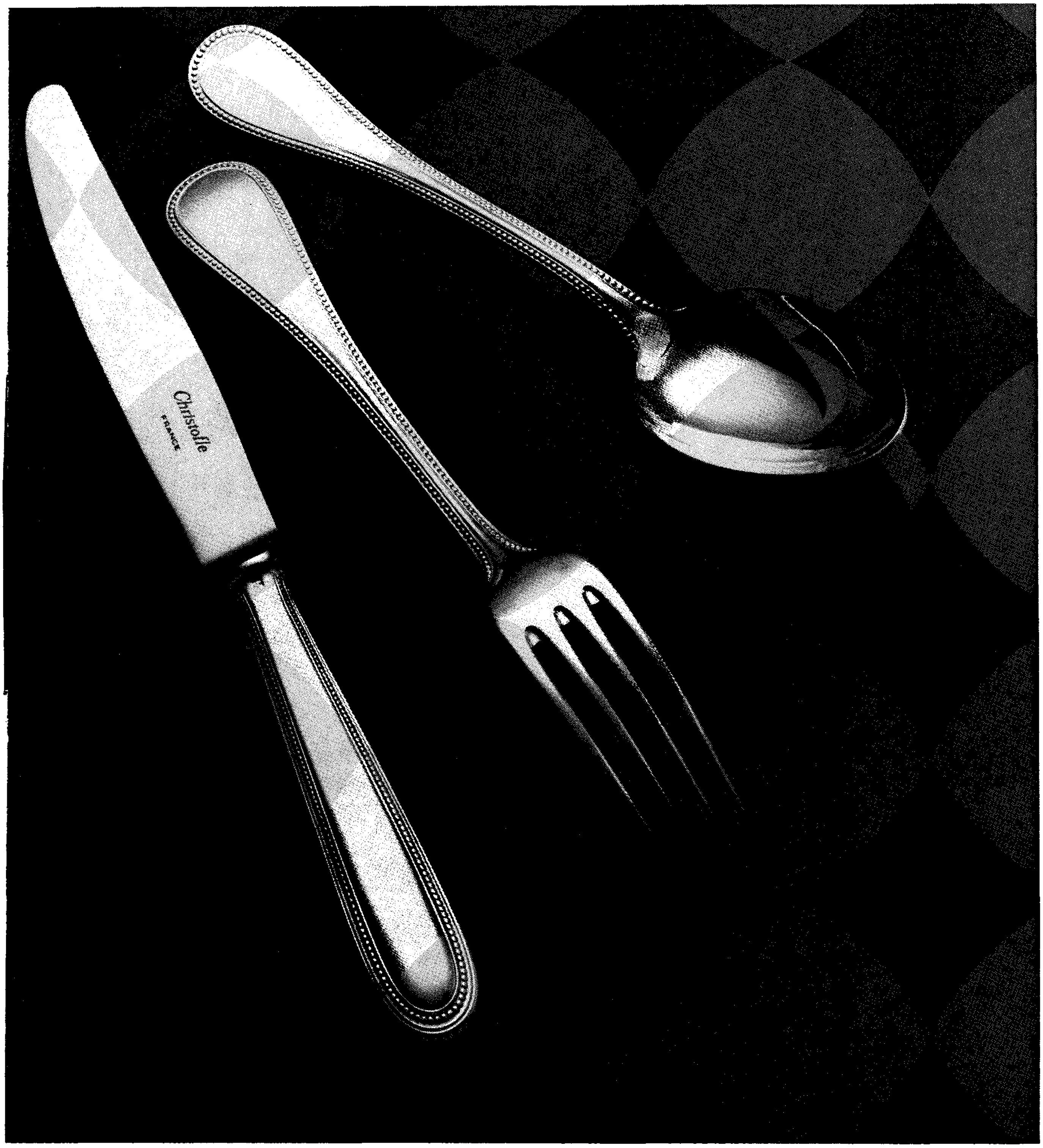

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594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Holly and the Ivy—An English domestic play that all but stifles in its own gentility. The late Wynyard Browne was the dramatist. Staged by Lindsay Anderson. (11/29/82) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 13.)

Inquisition—A play by Fernando Arrabal. Performed in English on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and in Spanish on Saturday and Sunday. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 20: **THE GONDOLIERS**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Feb. 23: **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's short and impassioned version of a teen-age schoolboy's literally spitting into the face of the world and the unhealable harm he does and suffers. Superbly acted under the author's direction. With James Earl Jones. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 26.)

Merlin—Doug Henning and Chita Rivera in a musical with a book by Richard Levinson and William Link, music by Elmer Bernstein, and lyrics by Don Black. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Misanthrope—Brian Bedford plays Alceste, a man bent upon improving human conduct. He finds his only follower to be himself. Also in the cast are Mary Beth Hurt and Carole Shelley. Stephen Porter directed. (2/14/83) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Modern Ladies of Guanabacoa—Eduardo Machado's satiric comedy with serious undertones about a Cuban family in the nineteen-twenties and early nineteen-thirties. The actors, under James Hammerstein's spirited direction, do very well. (2/14/83) (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Moose Murders—Holland Taylor in a play by Arthur Bicknell, directed by John Roach. Previews through Monday, Feb. 21. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 22. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Ray Aranha's **SONS AND FATHERS OF SONS** is a drama about, among other things, the destruction and self-destruction of blacks from one generation to the next. The form is surrealist and the effect of the production is murky, despite the presence of such models of clarity as Graham Brown, Ethel Ayler, and Phylicia Ayers-Allen. (2/14/83) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

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Painting Churches—Tina Howe's sparkling comedy (with some shadows) about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. With Frances Conroy as the painter, Donald Moffat as her distinguished father, and Marian Seldes as her mother. (Reviewed in this issue.) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 27.)

Plenty—The fascinating heroine of this play by the English dramatist David Hare is a woman who, after her experiences with the French underground during the Second World War, conducts her own private war against every aspect of English life. Most of Mr. Hare's post-John Osborne targets are familiar by now, but his characters and scenes and lines are original and strong, and the performances, under his direction, are first-rate. Kate Nelligan is his driven heroine and Edward Herrmann is her stalwart, victimized husband; among the supporting actors are Ellen Parker, Daniel Gerroll, and George N. Martin. (11/1/82) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Poppie Nongena—A demonstration—narrative, song, dance—of South Africa's brutality to its nonwhite citizens. The action covers forty years in the life of one woman. The performance of the South African company is very good indeed. Sophie Mgcina composed most of the beautiful music. (1/31/83) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 489-2420. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Skirmishes—A tedious exercise about two middle-aged sisters who bicker and squabble at the bedside of their dying mother. Catherine Hayes is the English playwright. (1/10/83) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 20.)

Snoopy—David Garrison in a musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays, except Feb. 22, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 2:30.)

Summer—A play by the glum English dramatist Edward Bond, set in some Eastern European country. Frances Sternhagen, as a wealthy émigré, and Betty Miller, as her former maid, struggle valiantly against the numbing drone of the dialogue. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 6.)

The Tooth of Crime—A rock-music version of Sam Shepard's 1973 play. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last year, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the admirable director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Twice Around the Park—Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach in two one-act plays by Murray Schisgal that are only intermittently as funny as Mr. Schisgal appears to think they are. (11/15/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival, flawlessly cast and directed, of the Arthur Miller melodrama about an Italian longshoreman in Brooklyn who has the bad luck to fall in love with his niece. (2/14/83) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whodunnit—A silly parody of the English murder-mystery genre, written by Anthony Shaffer and enacted by a cast about whom it would be kind to say that all of them have been miscast. (1/18/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays, except Feb. 22, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** John Pielmeier has written a three-sided discussion of mounting asperity conducted among a Mother Superior, a psychiatrist, and a nun who has given birth to (and perhaps murdered) a child. The cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Carrie Fisher. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. David Dukes plays the villainous Salieri and John Pankow plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a clever and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room over the past fifty years or so, somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except

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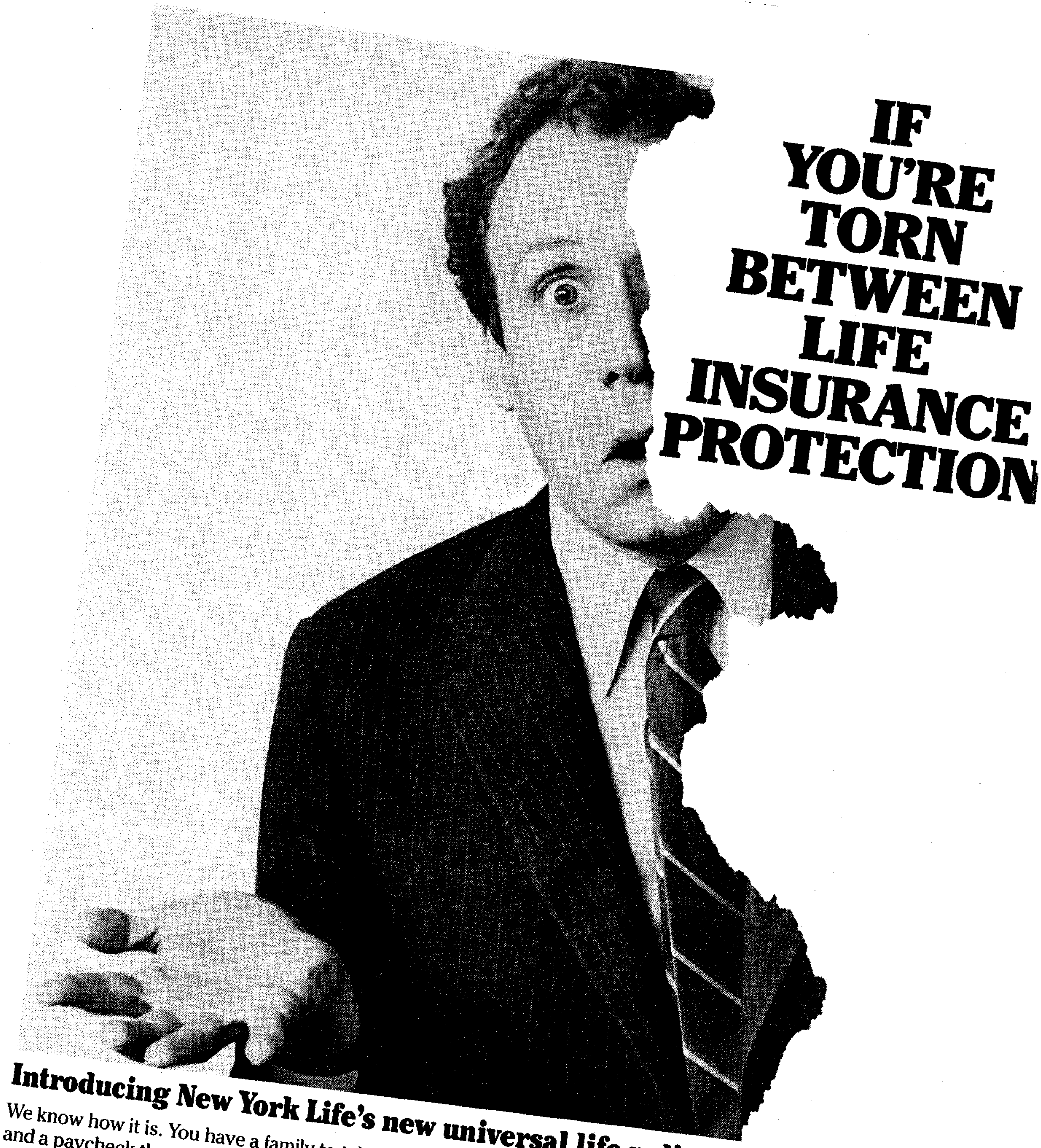
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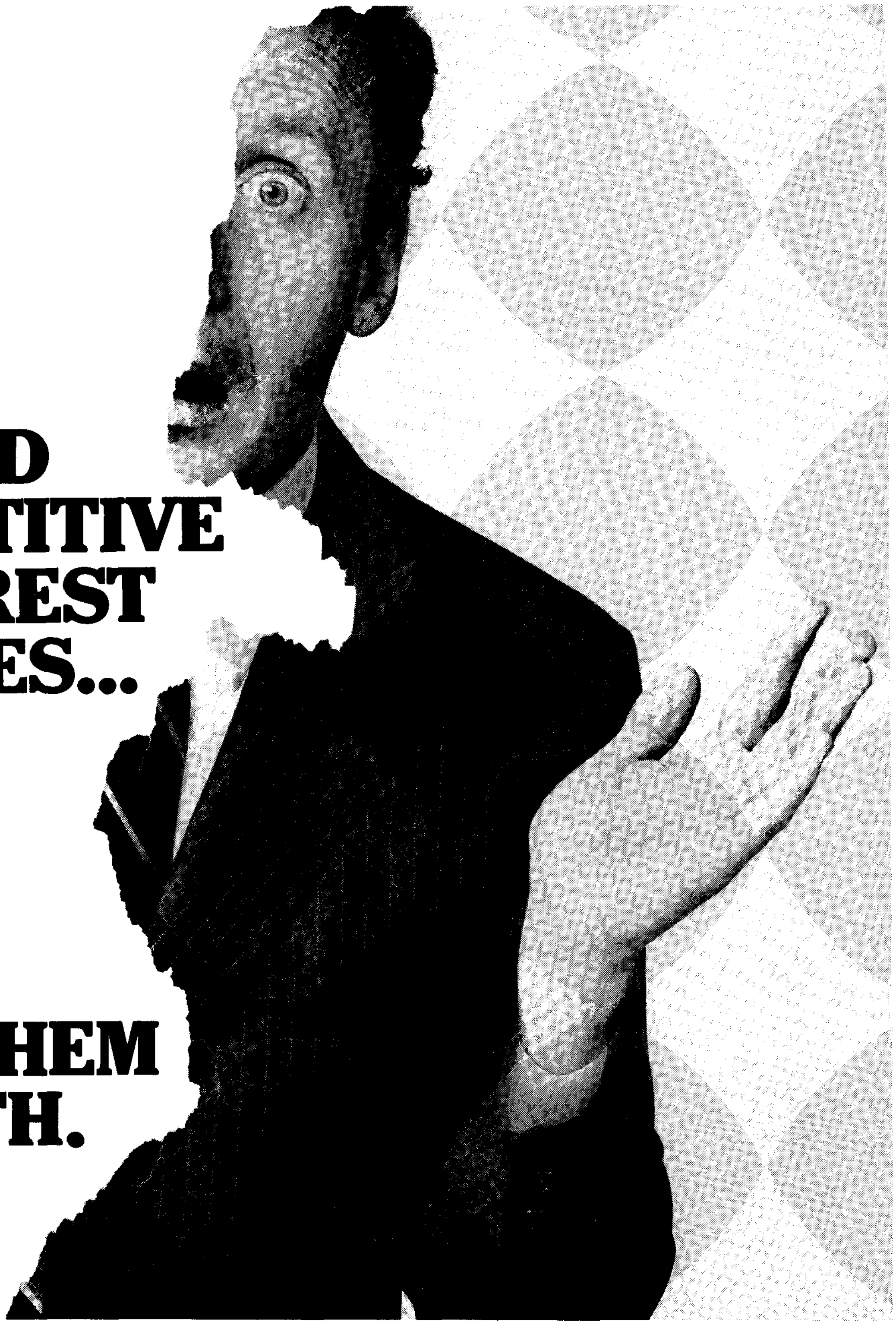

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Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. On Tuesday, Feb. 22, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons; tickets for seats in a special reserved section may be obtained by calling 221-1103 (voice) or 719-4537 (TTY). (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,488 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Raul Julia is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 2. Special performances Sunday, Feb. 20, at 3 and 7, and Monday, Feb. 21, at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. With Nancy Marchand. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 21, at 3.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Debbie Reynolds heads the cast of this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8 and 10:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

Ice Show—"Ice: A Theatre of Symphony & Skates," with Peggy Fleming, Toller Cranston, Robin Cousins, Katherine Healy, and the Radio City Music Hall Symphony Orchestra. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 7:30. Closes Monday, Feb. 28.)

DANCE

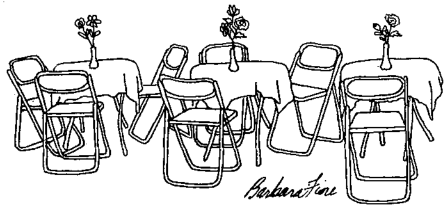
New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Rossini Quartets," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Interplay," "Tzigane," and "The Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 18, at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 2: "Bournonville Divertissements," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Duo Concertant," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Delibes Divertissement," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Norwegian Moods," "Tzigane," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 20, at 1: "Interplay," "Rossini Quartets," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 20, at 7: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Wednesday evening, Feb. 16; Saturday evening, Feb. 19; and Sunday matinée, Feb. 20: "Square Dance," "Fall River Legend," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 17-18; Saturday matinée, Feb. 19; and Sunday evening, Feb. 20: "Concerto Barocco," "Othello" (New York première), "Frankie and Johnny," and "Troy Game." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 22-23, and Saturday evening, Feb. 26: "Swan Lake," "Les Biches," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Feb. 24-25, and Saturday matinée, Feb. 26: "Pas de Dix," "A Streetcar Named Desire," and "Firebird." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Feb. 27.)

Battery Dance Company—Two premières—"Worldes Blis" and "The Caste System"—"Mockingbird," and "Last Dance." (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 6:30; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2. For tickets, call 285-3715.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it i therefore always advisable to call ahead.)



Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff **DAKOTA STATON** sings here with her trio on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, pianist **JAK BYARD'S** trio will be on deck. Sets at ten eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **EMILY REMLER,** an impressive young guitarist, leads her trio through Sunday, Feb. 20; on Monday, Feb. 21, Craig Purpura and Bernadette Lewis will perform; and on Tuesday, Feb. 22 **ART BLAKEY** will arrive with his Class of '83 **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** There are usually three sets beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday and Saturday Feb. 18-19, Johnny Maestro & the Brooklyn Bridge and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL;** Sunday and Monday, Feb. 20-21, David Lindley & E Rayo X and Richard Belzer; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 22-23, Warren Zevon and Richard Belzer; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, **LOU REED.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. **RED MITCHELL** is on hand every night, playing bass and supporting pianists; he's with **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** through Saturday, Feb. 19, and with **MIKE LONGO** from Monday, Feb. 21. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white trail-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays. Singer-pianist **BOB DOROUGH** can be heard here on Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine to two.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is now presenting **JOE BUSHKIN** (see page 98, this issue), swing pianist and songwriter ("Oh! Look at Me Now!" was his big hit), and his quartet Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work at the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** can be found in this dark-brown restaurant in back of Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Feb. 16, Roland Young, New Mox, Erratic Sensation, and Red Line; Thursday, Feb. 17, Tiny Tribe, PI, Again & Again, and the Wild Stares; Friday, Feb. 18, the Rattlers and the Treble Boys; Saturday, Feb. 19, Prisoners of Beat, Mondo Boffo, and Great Jones; and Tuesday, Feb. 22, the Poptunes and the Dayliners. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**CARRIE SMITH,** a fine, strong jazz and blues vocalist who does justice to Bessie Smith material, sings here nightly, except Sundays. Shows begin at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**RONNY WHYTE,** the debonair straight-arrow baritone and able pianist—dig his left hand—is at home in the singer-pianist's room in, of all things, a Chinese restau-

2000 square miles of crystal clear water.

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The Mercedes-Benz 240 D Sedan: the most pedigreed four-cylinder automobile in the world.

This $24,000* sedan uniquely blends hard-nosed diesel efficiency and masterful over-the-road performance with quality that is the subject of legend. It is no mystery why resale value after three years has been calculated at 86 percent.

History records a powerful reason why the 240 D is a four-cylinder automobile apart: its 2.4-liter overhead camshaft engine is *40 years* more refined than the most refined domestic diesel passenger car power plant. In fact, it descends directly from the engine installed in the first diesel passenger car ever produced for sale.

10 cars, 7,000,000 miles

Pedigree tells. No automobile engine may have so often documented such staggeringly high mileage as the four-cylinder Mercedes-Benz diesel.

One survey revealed that ten American-owned and -driven Mercedes-Benz four-cylinder diesels had among them rolled up well over seven *million* miles.

Perhaps less astonished than the average layman by such claims are the engineers of Mercedes-Benz. It is they who specify machining tolerances as fine as one-hundredth of a millimeter for vital 240 D engine parts.

They also implanted a tiny *ball pin* in each cylinder's pre-combustion chamber–diffusing injected fuel, aiming to make this engine as smooth-running as it is long-running.

One automotive tester punished the 240 D under extreme conditions and concluded that "...once you're at 80 it'll stay there till you run out of fuel–which will probably be quite a few hours later." The 240 D outruns every sedan in its price class in fuel efficiency. Imagine: a $24,000 sedan capable of 32 est. hwy. and $\boxed{27}$ EPA est. mpg.** A happy economy.

Allergic to mediocrity

The 240 D's pedigree extends beyond that jewel of an engine.

The 51 years of design refinement invested in its fully independent suspension system can be *felt* in limpetlike roadholding and a supple ride. The 240 D is neither a galumphing luxury car nor a testy "sports sedan"– simply one of the best-mannered five-passenger automobiles extant.

There doesn't seem to be a commonplace engineering idea in the car. Even its power steering system is a technological feat: it works *progressively* to feed in extra steering force only when you need it, as in parking. Crucial steering "feel" never deserts you.

Steering to brakes to suspension, every system in the 240 D is harmonized with every other. Such superb tune and balance do not just happen. The engineers spent *seven years* developing the 240 D.

Quality is standard

The real glory of the 240 D's beautifully padded, carpeted, wood-trimmed interior is the seats. Your body may never have been so well cared for in an automobile before. The time to judge them is not in the showroom but after a nonstop eight-hour drive.

You can choose a four-speed manual 240 D or a version fitted with a four-speed, torque-converter *automatic* transmission that can also be shifted by hand. Air conditioning, electronic cruise control, and a central vacuum locking system head a long list of built-in amenities.

The 240 D epitomizes what so many car makers today are scrambling to achieve: quality of fit, quality of finish–quality, period. It is so solidly built that there are 4,786 individual welding points in the body shell. It is so well finished that between the body metal and surface paint are *six* layers of protection.

The 240 D also epitomizes the rational Mercedes-Benz order of priorities. Paramount is safety. The car incorporates *more than 120* individual safety features. Many could be omitted and few buyers might be the wiser. But then, the 240 D would not deserve its pedigree as a Mercedes-Benz.

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*Suggested retail price p.o.e. New York. West Coast prices slightly higher.

**Use EPA estimated mpg numbers for comparison. Actual mileage may vary, depending on speed, trip length, and weather. Actual highway mileage probably lower.

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Engineered like no other car in the world

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rant. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Feb. 16, Kirsten Cook and the Lonely Boat; Saturday, Feb. 19, Sandy Bradley and the Small Wonder String Band; Thursday, Feb. 24, Steve Garcia & the Navesink Valley String Dusters; Saturday, Feb. 26, Special Consensus Bluegrass Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays; Mondays from eight-thirty are allotted to soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** and his hot-jazz combo, the **BECHET LEGACY;** and on Wednesdays the Bill Simon–George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 20, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON'S** quintet will be present from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**MORGANA KING** sings here through Sunday, Feb. 20; starting Tuesday, Feb. 22, **MEL LEWIS** and his Jazz Orchestra will take over the bandstand. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Feb. 16, the Zantees, the Incredible Casuals, and Charlie Pickett & the Eggs; Friday, Feb. 18, Richard Lloyd; Saturday, Feb. 19, **SPIDER JOHN KOERNER** and Frank Christian; and Tuesday, Feb. 22, Frozen Concentrate. Two shows—the first one usually getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The live music: Wednesday, Feb. 16, Benny Key; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 17-19, Carmen Lundy; Sunday, Feb. 20, Val Eley; Monday, Feb. 21, **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and **BROSS TOWNSEND,** with singer Ebony Jo-Ann; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 22-23, Ebony Jo-Ann and her trio; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 24-26, singer Charles Hughes. Sets run from nine. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist Ted Saunders fronts a trio that includes bassist Jon Burr and guitarist John Vasile through Sunday, Feb. 20, and that will include Jon Burr and flashy guitarist **JACK WILKINS** beginning Wednesday, Feb. 23. On Mondays, the Graham Forbes duo plays piano-bass duets, and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. These groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to pianist **BROOKS KERR,** and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Griff's, Third Ave., at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those spare high-rise apartment houses. Super bassist **RON CARTER** is here with his longtime colleague, pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** Tuesdays through Saturdays. The Sunday-and-Monday slot usually belongs to singer-pianist **NINA SHELDON** and her bassist. Sets begin at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays and at seven on Sundays and Mondays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** a ragtime and stride whirlwind, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

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Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—The schedule at this convivial jazz loft: Thursday, Feb. 17, Flash Presents; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, the **JORGE DALTO** band, featuring percussionist **POTATO VALDEZ;** Sunday, Feb. 20, a Brazilian jam session; Wednesday, Feb. 23, Flash Presents; Thursday, Feb. 24, Frequency; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI'S** quintet. Sets at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and a jam session held on Fridays runs from one to three A.M.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five resident Dixieland journeymen swing it under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** are here Tuesdays through Saturdays. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** are the Sunday and Monday players. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 16-17, **LEVON HELM** and **RICK DANKO;** Monday, Feb. 21, **WOODY HERMAN** & his Herd; and Wednesday, Feb. 23, the Osmonds and Blackwater. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A real fine lineup, as usual: **PHILLY JOE JONES & DAMERONIA** through Sunday, Feb. 20, and beginning Wednesday, Feb. 23, drummer **ROY HAYNES.** On Tuesdays, **HOWARD JOHNSON'S** tuba-laden ensemble, **GRAVITY,** works out. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist and throaty singer **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist, is musically escorted by **DON THOMPSON,** on bass and second piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays from nine to midnight are claimed by the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Feb. 16, the **DAVID CHESKY BIG BAND;** Thursday, Feb. 17, Elise Morris; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, Tom Browne; Monday, Feb. 21, Henry Mitchell; and Tuesday, Feb. 22, Bryan Wells. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now there is jazz, and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Feb. 16, **BONNIE KOLOC;** Friday, Feb. 18, Bill Chinnock and the George Dickel band; Saturday, Feb. 19, **LENNY WHITE'S** All-Star Jazz Jam and David Bravo; Wednesday, Feb. 23, Susan Savell; Thursday, Feb. 24, Richie Scarlett & the Seducers; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, **TANIA MARIA,** a wonderful Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist. Shows begin at nine-thirty and midnight. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS AND THE SAVOY SULTANS** play uplifting and absolutely irresistible music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom: the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. Friday, Feb. 18, Mink De Ville and the Fabulous Exhilarations; Saturday, Feb. 19, Robert Gordon and the Morells; and Tuesday, Feb. 22, Urban Blight. Shows usually begin after midnight.

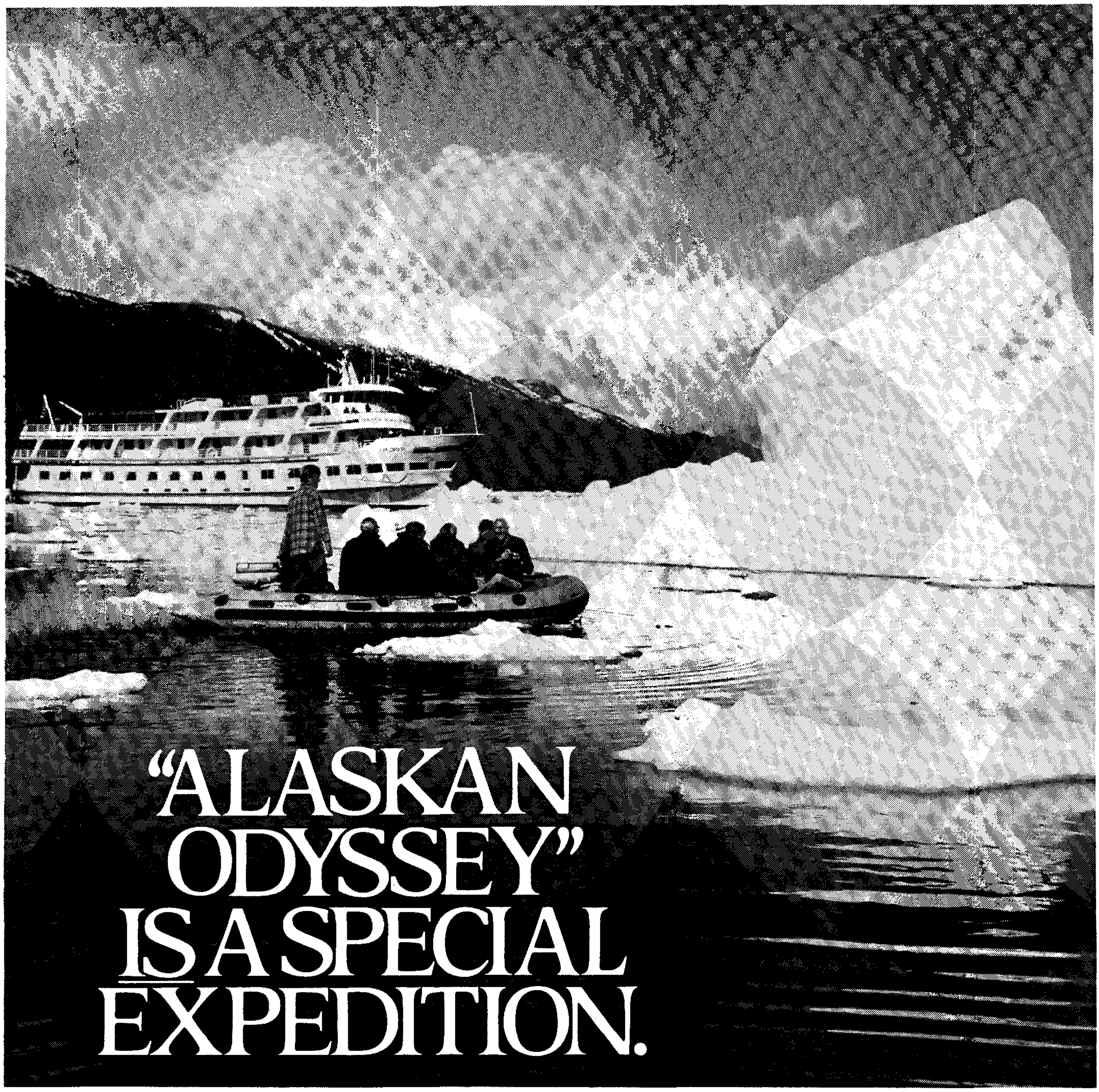
Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Joe Cool, a quartet, on Wednesday, Feb. 16; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 17-19, guitarist **STEVE KHAN** & Eyewitness; Sunday, Feb. 20, the **HARRY WHITTAKER–JOHN STUBBLEFIELD** band; Monday, Feb. 21, Ed Palermo's band; Tuesday, Feb. 22, Clifford Carter; Wednesday, Feb. 23, Frank Ferucci; Thursday, Feb. 24, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** and Friday through Sunday, Feb. 25-27, trumpeter **TERUMASO HINO.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. Wednesday, Feb. 16, **TONINHO HORTA;** Thursday, Feb. 17, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, Feb. 20, Clarice Taylor; Tuesday, Feb. 22, **DOM SALVADOR;** Wednesday, Feb. 23, **TONINHO HORTA;** Thursday, Feb. 24, Samba Spaceship Dance Band; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA** band. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Solid weekend jazz: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play piano-bass duets, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will head a quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players and the place keeps on being crowded. Cornettist **NAT ADDERLEY** leads a quintet through Saturday, Feb. 19; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 20-21, will be turned over to pianist and singer **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS;** and on Tuesday, Feb. 22, altoist **LOU DONALDSON** will arrive. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Wednesday, Feb. 16, Ice Cream Gods and Jack Spunk; Thursday, Feb. 17, Jack of Diamonds and Luke Fredricks; Friday, Feb. 18, Po-dant-iks and Park Rowe; and Saturday, Feb. 19, Cliff Grisham and the



FIND OUT WHY.

ALASKAN ODYSSEY — An Explorer's Voyage — is focused on the natural history of Alaska. It blends some of the known delights with forays into areas *seldom*, if *ever*, visited.

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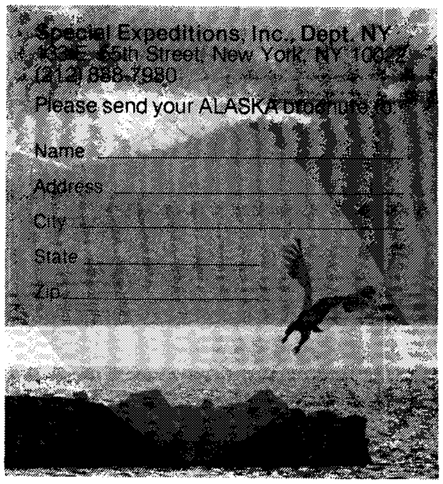

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—At the Top of the Gate on Fridays and Saturdays, flutist **HERBIE MANN** and his quartet perform at nine and eleven; guest soloist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** will join in Feb. 18-19. On Monday, Feb. 21, in the downstairs room at about nine, two great Latin-jazz bandleaders, **TITO PUENTE** and **MACHITO,** and their respective ensembles will be present, along with alto-saxophone soloist **SONNY FORTUNE.** And on Tuesdays, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Drummer **ELVIN JONES** and his quartet perform through Sunday, Feb. 20; on Monday, Feb. 21, **FRANK FOSTER'S** big band will be present; and on Tuesday, Feb. 22, tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** will bring in his quartet. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). Clarinettist **BUDDY DE FRANCO,** guitarist **TAL FARLOW,** and bassist **GEORGE DUVIVIER** team up through Sunday, Feb. 20, and starting Tuesday, Feb. 22, **DARYL SHERMAN** will be singing with support from guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **JAY LEONHART.** Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Pianist Hank Johnson can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; first-generation bebopper **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. The schedule: **HAROLD (CORNBREAD) SINGER** through Thursday, Feb. 17; **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19; alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** on Sunday, Feb. 20; the Shelbo Jump Band on Monday, Feb. 21; and beginning Tuesday, Feb. 22, Heywood Henry. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—In the twenties, there was a speakeasy at this address; in the seventies, Reno Sweeney. Now the premises have been turned into a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant, with a musical passageway between them. **BROOKS KERR** is at the piano, playing and singing, and **BRIAN TORFF** is supporting him on bass every night but Sunday. The Sunday music is provided by **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN.** Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Chuck Mangione—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.

Linda Tillery and the **Kit McClure Big Band**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz's Gala 10th Anniversary Concert—With Zoot Sims, Joe Newman, Phil Bodner, Gene Bertoncini, Maxine Sullivan, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Klezmorim—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 3 and 7.

Barry Manilow—Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Monday, Feb. 21, through Saturday, March 5, except Sunday, Feb. 27, at 8.

Max Roach, Bill T. Jones, Arnie Zane, and Connie Crothers—A program incorporating jazz and dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 24-26, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 2.)

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America—With Robert Kraft. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Billy Bang String Ensemble—With dancer Rrata Christine Jones. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Wednesday, Feb. 16, from 10 to 2: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Walter Bishop, Jr., Universal 4th Cycle. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Benny Powell quintet. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. . . . ¶ Wednesdays at ten and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband, with Leon Thomas. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 17, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Jimmy Madison band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Louis Hayes, Charli Persip, Bobby Watson, Robin Eubanks, James Williams, and Clint Houston. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 20, at 10 and midnight: Janet Lawson quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 24, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Orpheus Gaitanopoulos nonet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25-26, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Lloyd McNeill sextet and the Andrew White quartet, with Michael Carvin. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays: Daniel Poncé. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 18: New York Hot Trumpet Repertory Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19: Barry Wallenstein and Charles Tyler in a program of jazz and poetry. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 25: Don Cherry. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 26: Odeon Pope trio. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 9.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Porfirio Di Donna—Abstractions from the past four years in oil, watercolor, and charcoal. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

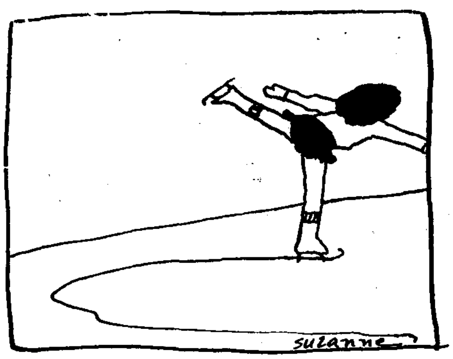
Klaus Fussmann—Loosely executed paintings of interiors and landscapes (some with figures), and still-lifes. Through March 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

DeWitt Hardy—Crisp watercolors—Maine houses, figure studies, and flowers. Through Wednesday, Feb. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Darryl Hughto—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Peter Hutchinson—Recent works. Through March 31. (Gibson, 205 E. 78th St.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Examples of his celebrated body paintings, plus related works.



Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lois Lane—New paintings. Through March 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

John Linnell (1792-1882)—About a hundred oils, watercolors, and drawings by an English artist who did portraits and idyllic landscapes and who was a patron of William Blake. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Leo Lionni—Meticulously executed pencil drawings of botanical forms and rock formations. Through March 12. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Kay Rosen / Robert Schecter—Conceptual works, served up in book form, stemming from the artist's interest in language. / Wall pieces of overlapping zigzags in black-painted cardboard. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Bob Thompson (1937-66)—Paintings of revelry and more pastoral themes by an artist whose interest in jazz is visible in his works. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Herk Van Tongeren—A dozen recent abstract bronzes. Through March 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Helen Miranda Wilson / Jody Mussoff—Paintings, many of them small and on domestic themes, which this artist considers her visual diary. / Figure drawings of considerable dexterity, done with colored pencils. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Chairs (one from Tokyo's Imperial Hotel), lamps, tables, and other objects. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. The *Metropolitan* has a larger show of Wright designs.)

Group Shows—At the **CARUS,** 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: Max Beckmann heads a show of German Expressionist graphics with eighteen of his etchings and lithographs; there are also one or two works apiece by Kirchner, Kokoschka, Nolde, and others. Through April 1. . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: The versatility of paper as a medium is explored in a show of works by nearly forty artists, among them Douglass Morse Howell, Robert Rauschenberg, and Anne Elliott. Through March 12. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A score of paintings and works on paper by Bauhaus associate Herbert Bayer and a scattering of works by other members of that era, among them Kandinsky, Klee, and Schwitters. Through April 15. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **SCHLESINGER-BOISANTÉ,** 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Works incorporating found objects by Fred Brathwaite, Michael Hafftka, Keith Haring and LA 2, and Justen Ladda. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Benny Andrews—Recent collages and paintings. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings from the past twenty-five years. (Glass Gallery, suite 8W, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through March 3.

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—"Street in San Miguel" and other paintings originating from his 1946 summer in Mexico. Through March 3. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Barnes—Recent paintings, and pastels on Masonite, mostly of violent scenes with figures lifted from literary arcana—Baron Corvo's works, for example, or Edward Trelawny's. Through Friday, Feb. 25. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Helen Bershad—Acrylic paintings of large, simple geometric forms arranged in grid patterns and touched up with pastel scribbles. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Haber-Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Isabel Bishop—A small show of oils which includes one of girls at a lunch counter, plus the small etching that inspired it, and the intermediate working drawings and photographic enlargements made during its development. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky (1907-82)—A two-part exhibition of his geometric abstractions at the Washburn galleries: Paintings from the fifties at 42 E. 57th St., and others, done in his last two years, at the downtown branch, at 113 Greene St. Both shows through Wednesday, Feb. 23.

Sarah Canright—Abstract paintings on paper, plus three shaped-canvas compositions. Through Wednesday, Feb. 23. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Janet Fish—Recent paintings of glittering glassware and dresser-top junk, and, for the first time in her career, portrait figures. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Juan Gomez Quiroz—Still-lifes, mostly of wine bottles and pitchers, painted in multicolored cross-hatching, plus pastels of flowers. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 23. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Grillo—Paintings of nudes done since 1976. Through March 31. (Lumbard, 38 E. 57th St.)

Theophil Groell—Landscape paintings and drawings from the past two years. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

David Hare—Semi-abstract paintings developed from an interest in the black-hole hypothesis. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Don Hazlitt—Recent paintings and drawings, many of them diptychs and all of them with apocalyptic themes. Through March 12. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Hejduk—Two sets of models and drawings for recent architectural competitions in Berlin and Philadelphia, plus other drawings. Through March 5. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Jacob Lawrence / Carl Nicholas Titolo—Recent graphite drawings of people building things with their hands. Through Thursday, Feb. 24. / Small works on paper incorporating objects collected during a recent trip to Italy. Through March 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

George McNeil—New oils. Through March 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—New sculptures, about half of them columns incorporating pieces of a church organ salvaged from the 1978 fire at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Ben Norris—Large watercolors, in most of which young people are seen reflected in puddles of rainwater. Through March 3. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Carolyn Plochmann—Richly textured paintings and works on paper, a number of which are organized around portrait figures. Through March 5. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Lawrence Poons / Stanley Boxer—New paintings. / Small-scale paintings—one is two inches by two. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Judy Rifka—Recent paintings. Through March 12. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Schwedler (1942-82)—A memorial show of abstract and nonobjective paintings and constructions. Through March 9. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hunt Slonem—Large, bright-colored paintings filled with showy flowers, tropical birds, references to Old Masters, sculptural forms, and so on. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Randy Stevens—Satirical drawings by an artist whose subject matter has changed from cheerleaders and beauty parlors to art-gallery openings and show-biz stuff. Through March 5. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ger van Elk—Large photographs of flowers (both handmade and garden-grown) served as the canvases for this artist's paintings. Through March 5. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Maine landscapes in oil. Through March 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **aaron berman,** 50 W. 57th St.: Abe Ajay, Elisabeth Munro Smith, and Sylvia Wald are among the dozen artists showing painted constructions and wall reliefs. Through March 26. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Twentieth-century folk painters Grandma Moses, Nan Phelps, Israel Litwak, Abraham Levin, and others. Through March 12. . . . **getler-pall,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper by gallery artists Steven Sorman, Charlotte Brown, Stephanie Rose, and others. Through March 5. . . . **janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by eight New York artists, including Robert Ryman, Jerry Zeniuk, and Marcia Hafif (who was also the curator for this show). Through March 5. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carolyn Brady—Watercolors emphasizing flower, fruit, and other still-life objects that are seen in surroundings of patterned wallpaper and wicker furniture. Through March 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Daniel Buren—An installation extending through two rooms at the Weber gallery, in one of which panes of glass painted with broad vertical stripes are arranged to form a grid pattern on the wall. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

John Ford—Paintings in which a human figure (or face) is barely discernible through the interstices of a complicated grid pattern. Through Feb. 27. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.)

Gérard Garouste—History, real and imaginary, and mythology are the subjects of these paintings, some of them immense, by a French Expressionist. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway, and Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jannis Kounellis—Wall sculptures incorporating metal, found objects, and fragments of plaster casts of classical sculptures. Through March 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Craig Langager—Life-size wall sculptures in mixed mediums, some devoted to pantherlike predators and some to placid, deerlike creatures, plus drawings, one of which shows a huge alligator on a rooftop. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt / Aldo Spoldi—A glittering installation, made with metal foil, bright paint, and a lot of irony, in which Thanksgiving and Miss Piggy are contrasted with tenement houses and their rats and roaches. / Playful wall constructions of painted wood—a table flattened out into two dimensions, for instance, with a diner at one end. Through Wednesday, Feb. 23. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

John Lees—Paintings of stark medieval-looking buildings and landscapes; plus related drawings and a couple of small portraits. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Margaret Leveson—Landscapes, in oil, of the Southwest and the Catskills. Through March 2. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Robert Longo—A two-gallery exhibit by this prolific young artist: Huge drawings (of children, a war-torn city) and mammoth sculptures (a free-for-all entitled "Corporate Wars," for example). Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ More huge works, including an eight-foot-tall silk screen of the dancer Bill T. Jones' head. Through March 5. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

Stephen Lorber—Still-life paintings in which baskets, the artist's favorite subject, coexist with handmade patterned quilts. Through March 2. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Constance McMillan—Semi-abstract paintings, most of them gouaches. Through March 3. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Wilhelm Moser and Hermann Spörel—Paintings by two German artists. Architectural renderings done on old truck tarpaulins, with the help of a photographic process, by the former; Neo-Expressionist works, including a Times Square scene and a pool-hall interior, by the latter. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Howardena Pindell—Abstract paintings and works on paper inspired by a recent visit to Japan. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Joyce Robins / Thomas Nozkowski—Abstract shapes outlined in cast bronze. / Drawings in oil on uniformly sized rag paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

David Salle—Large paintings full of sketchy

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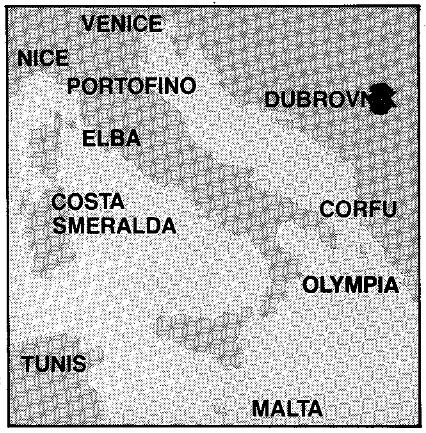

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figures and details of figures which, in several instances, are deliberately obscured by the introduction of wholly disparate objects (a lamp, say, or a coil of tubing) on shelves projecting from the canvas. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Al Souza / R. J. Kreznar—Several of his paintings contrast the straightforward images of road signs, in one panel, with abstractions, in another. / Sculptural works make up of tiers of plate glass cut into long, narrow strips. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In another gallery here, Eugene Brodsky is showing relief paintings and drawings.

Group Shows—At the **cooper,** 155 Wooster St.: Paintings by Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Frank Stella, others. Through Wednesday, Feb. 23. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Minnie Maude May Schuyler and Thomas Slaughter are among the dozen emerging artists showing their paintings, drawings, and, in the case of Slaughter, painted-paper cutouts of vases set on shelves that are attached to the gallery walls. Through March 30. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **feldman,** 31 Mercer St.: "1984—A Preview" consists of works by upwards of seventy artists (among them Alice Aycock, George Segal, Roy Lichtenstein, Ed Ruscha) which illustrate the Orwellian thesis. Through March 12. . . . **hutchinson,** 138 Greene St.: "Paint as Image" offers paintings by fifteen artists, among them Milton Resnick, Brice Marden, and Robert Ryman, in which the paint itself, and the way it is put on the canvas, is the subject. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. . . . **shafrazi,** 163 Mercer St.: A high-spirited show of works by eleven young artists the gallery calls "Champions," among them Jean Michel Basquiat, Keith Haring, and Futura 2000. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. . . . **toll,** 146 Greene St.: Large works on paper by Milo Reice, Richard Beckett, and Dennis Kardon. Through Saturday, Feb. 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

E. E. Cummings (1894-1962)—A recently uncovered painting that Cummings gave to his landlord in lieu of rent, and original works on paper, which were the basis for his book "CIOPW." Through March 26. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Franz Hitzler and Troels Wörsel—Paintings by two Munich artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays, except Feb. 21, through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

Vita Petersen—Small paintings of landscapes and interiors, plus black-and-white drawings. Through Feb. 28. (New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. Open daily; closes at 4 on Saturdays and Sundays.)

Terry Rosenberg—Recent terra-cotta sculptures and related drawings. Through March 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

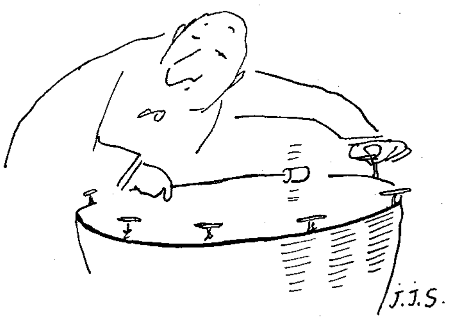
Group Shows—At the **80 washington square east galleries,** New York University: The annual small-works competition show, whose participants were chosen this year by Ivan Karp. Through Friday, Feb. 25. . . . **pratt manhattan center,** 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Paintings by David Headley, Heather Holden, and Susan Crile; photographs by Dana Simmons and Hannah Wilke; and collages by Frederic Amat. Through Saturday, Feb. 19.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Rogi André (1905-70)—Portraits of French artists and writers in their homes or studios. The subjects include Colette, Gide, Matisse, and Utrillo. Through March 25. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 10 to 1:30.)

Lewis Baltz—"San Quentin Point," a series of silver-gelatin photographs from 1982. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Marilyn Bridges—Aerial photographs of Yucatán ruins. Through April 10. (Centro Mexicano del Libro, 24 E. 81st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8; opens Sundays at noon.)



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Sonja Bullaty and Angelo Lomeo—A two-gallery exhibit of color prints by each of these photographers. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6. Through Feb. 27.)

Roy DeCarava—The Studio Museum in Harlem has mounted an exhibit of a hundred and twenty-five of his silver prints of jazz musicians. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David Finn—Photographs of close-up and full views of Cellini's sculptures—the saltcellar in gold, "Perseus," and so forth. Through Saturday, Feb. 19. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Marvin Lazarus (1918-82)—Robert Motherwell, Ad Reinhardt, Man Ray, and other artists photographed in the fifties. Through March 17. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Olivia Parker—New works, including still-lifes, by an artist who has begun using a banquet camera. Through March 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Tad Yamashiro—Each photograph consists of several negatives printed side by side. Through Feb. 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Group Shows—**international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Scandinavian photography, part two, which concentrates on the past seventy years. Through March 5. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **photo center gallery,** New York University, 721 Broadway, two blocks south of 8th St.: An exhibit from the Witkin collection which spans the history of photography, no less. Prints by Talbot, Carjat, Weston, Arbus, etc. Through Thursday, Feb. 24. (Mondays, except Feb. 21, through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists Frank Gohlke, Nicholas Nixon, Sheila Metzner, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 26. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italian drawings by such masters as Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. All of the works, which number close to a hundred, are from the museum's collections. Through April 17. . . . ¶ A show of eighty paintings, sculptures, and decorative works received as gifts in the past year, ranging from third-millennium B.C. metalwork cosmetic boxes to a 1982 watercolor by Dorothea Rockburne. Through March 27. . . . ¶ A display of about a hundred designs by Frank Lloyd Wright which includes architectural drawings, furniture, and ceramics. Through Feb. 27. A complementary show is at Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An architectural exhibit consisting of one large model of each of three skyscrapers under construction in Hong Kong; Jeddah, Saudi Arabia; and Boston. Also, drawings and photomontages. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A small exhibit marking Joan Miró's ninetieth birthday combines paintings and two large ceramic pieces. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Yves Tanguy retrospective: More than a hundred and twenty-five paintings and works on paper by the French-American Surrealist. Through Feb. 27. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 21, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Ellsworth Kelly, accompanied by the drawings he used as studies. Through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit of approximately thirty paintings by the Eight, commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of their show. Through March 20. . . . ¶ A Frank Stella print retrospective. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The museum's permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Feb. 21, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Among the highlights of three separate but related exhibits—on deep-sea diving, on underwater photography, and on animal life in the sea—are a seven-foot model of a deep-sea diver's suit and a model of a sixteenth-century diving bell. Through May 15. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A show of twenty-five clay and glass vessels by Glen Lukens (1887-1967). Through April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of nearly a hundred Buddhist paintings and sculptures identified with the remote Vajrayana monasteries that lined the trans-Himalayan trade routes during a thousand-year period that began in the seventh century A.D. Through April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Tiffany Studio designs: An exhibit of decorative desk sets, lamp bases, and jewelry that underscore the shop's trademark combinations of bronze, copper, and silver with Favrile glass and enamel. Through April 17. . . . ¶ A show of drawings, prints, and models representing four centuries of designs for theatre buildings as well as for stage sets and costumes. Through May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of six very large constructions in mixed mediums by Frank Stella, who took his inspiration from photographs of eighteenth-century Polish wooden synagogues. Through May 1. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The variety and abundance of symbolic animal imagery in ancient and medieval art provide the basis for a show of cylinder seals and illuminated manuscripts, drawn primarily from the library's collections. Through April 10. . . .

¶ William Blake: Twenty-one watercolors done as illustrations for "The Book of Job," an autograph copy of the collection of his poetry known as the Pickering Manuscript, and other works. Starts Friday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A small show honoring the fortieth anniversary of the publication of "Le Petit Prince" has an unbound copy of the classic in Saint-Exupéry's hand, complete with his drawings, and first editions. Starts Friday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A display of about fifty drawings by the eighteenth-century French draftsman Gravelot, which ultimately appeared as etchings for the books he illustrated. Starts Friday, Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Currier & Ives Sail and Steam," an exhibit of forty-five prints; the earliest among them is a rendering of an accident on Long Island Sound, entitled "An Awful Conflagration of the Steamboat Lexington," which was printed by the New York *Sun* in 1840 as the paper's first illustrated extra. Through May 1. (Open daily except Tuesday, Feb. 22. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 21, from 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibit of Italian still-life painting covering three centuries (starting with the fifteen-nineties) offers among its forty-six works two attributed to Caravaggio, from the Galleria Borghese, in Rome. Through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than fifty American landscapes and genre scenes; chief among the paintings, drawings, and engravings is a pairing of two of Thomas Cole's multipanelled panoramas—"The Course of Empire" and "Voyage of Life." . . . ¶ A display of historical printed matter related to the life of blacks in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century New York. Through Feb. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of color-field paintings by Sam Gilliam. Through March 13. . . . **photography:** Roy DeCarava's series on jazz musicians. Through March 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Paul Zaloom (performance), Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Lawrence Weiner, Ian Wilson, Hanne Darboven, and other artists showing works incorporating words. Through April 2. . . . ¶ "One Year Performance," Tehching Hsieh's exhibition of photographs and three hundred and sixty-five maps documenting the days and nights he spent living on the streets of New York. Through March 12.

Just Above Midtown/Downtown, 178 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Two dozen artists are participating in "Photography: New Approaches." Through March 2.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615.—Pooh Kaye (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 17-20, at 8:30; Mary Overlie (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 24-27, at 8 and 10 (different shows).

P.S.I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—"Abstract Painting: 1960-69," with works by Al Held, Brice Marden, and Doug Ohlson, is one of the many shows here devoted to art from the sixties. Through March 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 16: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Carol Neblett, Roberta Peters, Carlo Bergonzi, and Leo Nucci; conducted by Anton Guadagno. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 17: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Patricia Craig, Placido Domingo, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 18: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Catherine Malfitano, Viorica Cortez, and Kenneth Riegel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 19: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Carol Neblett, Roberta Peters, Carlo Bergonzi, and Leo Nucci; Anton Guadagno. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 19: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, and Bernd Weikl; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 21: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Viorica Cortez, Placido Domingo, and Mario Sereni; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 22: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, and Bernd Weikl; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 23: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Patricia Craig, Dano Raffanti, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 24: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Catherine Malfitano, Viorica Cortez, and Kenneth Riegel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 25: "Arabella," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Kathleen Battle, David Rendall, and Bernd Weikl; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 26: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Viorica Cortez, Neil Shicoff, and Mario Sereni; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 26: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Patricia Craig, Placido Domingo, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Benjamin Britten's "The Turn of the Screw," conducted by Hugh Keelan and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 570-1888. Thursday, Feb. 17, and Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Opera Ensemble of New York—Ruth Bierhoff conducting the final performances of Henry Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" and Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne." Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays, Feb. 16 and 23, and Fridays, Feb. 18 and 25, at 8, and Sundays, Feb. 20 and 27, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Bellini's "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi." Staged by Ian Strasfogel, with the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Denis Vaughan. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Feb. 23, and Friday, Feb. 25, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 27, at 3. For tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays, from 9:30 to 5:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a varied program on Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8; Friday, Feb. 18, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 7:30 (all with Hildegard Behrens, soprano). . . . ¶ Christoph von Dohnanyi conducting a program that includes the American première of Manfred Trojahn's "First Sea Picture" on Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8; Friday, Feb. 25, at 2; and Tuesday, March 1, at 7:30 (all with Bella Davidovich, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—André Previn conducting a Haydn-Debussy-Brahms program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Music from Japan—Gunther Schuller directing the American Symphony Orchestra, with Kaori Kimura, piano; Shikou Tokiwazu, sangen; and the Newark Boys Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program of Viennese music, with Paul Gallo, horn. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Raymond Leppard conducting a Prokofieff-Mozart program, with Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 3.)

University of Michigan Wind Ensemble—H. Robert Reynolds conducting a program of concertos. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting, with Lionel Party, harpsichord, and Bernard Yanotta, clarinet. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

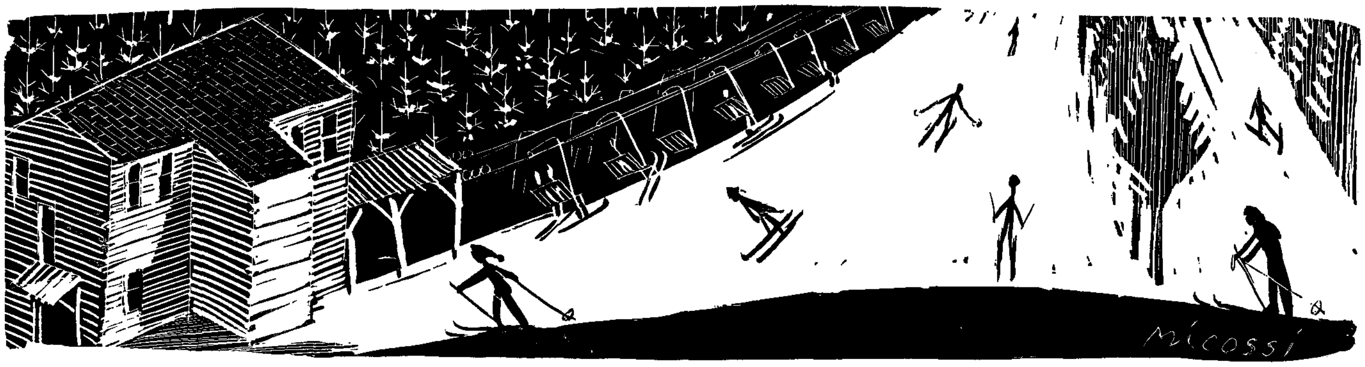
New York Choral Society—Margaret Hillis directing a performance of Brahms' Requiem, with Marvis Martin, soprano, and William McGraw, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

RECITALS

Bernard Yannotta—Clarinet, with the Columbia String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing the first in a series of four concerts of vocal and instrumental chamber music, this one an all-Bach program. With Crail Conner, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, counterten-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

or; John Ostendorf, bass; Edward Carroll, trumpet; and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8. *For information about tickets, call 869-0970.*)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Schubert-Brahms-Schönberg program, performed by Benita Valente, soprano; Harold Wright, clarinet; and the Galimir String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of contemporary music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Dorian Woodwind Quintet—A program of twentieth-century music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Benita Valente and Richard Goode—Soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Homero Francesch—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Gregory Haimovsky—Piano, in an all-Debussy program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

The King's Singers—A vocal group from King's College, Cambridge. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Patricia Spencer, flute; David Wakefield, horn; Chris Finckel, cello; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Lee Luvisi, piano, and Timothy Eddy, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—A recital of Brahms' three string quartets. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; James Buswell, violin; Leslie Parnas, cello; Emanuel Ax, *piano;* Charles Wadsworth, *harpsichord* and organ; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 20, at 5.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Mostly Monteverdi, Madrigals and Monody," with the Gleemen and Ensemble Chanterelle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Borodin Trio—Chamber music. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 3.)

Boehm Quintette—The first in a series of three concerts of American music. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 860-1357. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 3.)

An die Musik—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 4.)

International Chamber Artists—Sara Lambert Bloom, oboe; David Carroll, bassoon; Sidney Harth, violin; John Perry, piano; Joaquin Valdepenas, clarinet; and Froydis Ree Wekre, horn. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 5. For information about tickets, call 840-2824.)

Seth Kimmelman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Eugene List—Piano, with the Vermont Festival Players. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Doris Yarick-Cross—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—Paul Dunkel conducting the second in a series of three concerts, this one an all-American program. With Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Apple Trio—Joyce Guyer, soprano; Sandra Church, flute; and Nancy Revzen, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Tafelmusik—*The second in a series of four* concerts of baroque and contemporary chamber music. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 777-1827. Monday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

William Albright—Organ. (Park Avenue Christian Church, Park Ave. at 85th St. Monday, Feb. 21, at 8:15. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

William Sharp—Baritone, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Jeani Muhonen—Flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

For the Love of Music—The fifth in a series of six concerts, this one a program of music by Leclair, Sperger, Fauré, and Brahms. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Michael Gurt—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Carol Rosenberger—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Brigitte Engerer—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with John Steele Ritter, keyboard. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program devoted to Italian baroque music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 24, and Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Peter Corey—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Feb. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

Beethoven Society—A program of Beethoven arias and songs, performed by Lorna Haywood, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; David Arnold, baritone; and the Philharmonia Orchestra of the Manhattan School of Music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 3.)

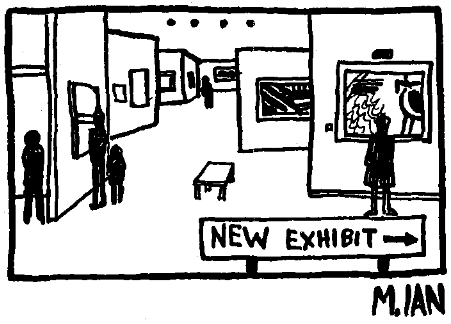
Barry Tuckwell—Horn, with Michel Block, piano, and Faith Esham, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—With Lilian Kallir, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a day-long concert of new American music, with such participants as David Amram, John Cage, Erick Friedman, Lukas Foss, Otto Luening, Rosalind Rees, and Billy Taylor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 16, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. No tickets necessary.)

Joseph Szigeti Memorial Concert—A program commemorating the tenth anniversary of the violinist's death, with Yehudi Menuhin and Isaac Stern, violin; Andor Foldes and Nikita Magaloff, piano; David Singer, clarinet; and the Guarneri Quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 19, at 8.)



SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Saturday, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Dallas, Tuesday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Denver, Thursday, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Golden State, Friday, Feb. 25. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Wednesday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Sunday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Wednesday, Feb. 23. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Feb. 17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Saturday, Feb. 19, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Tuesday, Feb. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Feb. 26, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Monday, Feb. 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Detroit Red Wings, Thursday, Feb. 24, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. The Ruthless, Sunday, Feb. 20; the Grey Lag Handicap, Monday, Feb. 21; and the Next Move Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 26. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays; last day Tuesday, March 15. Post time will be 12:30 through Saturday, Feb. 19; after that, it will be 1. The Bowie, Monday, Feb. 21.

Track Meet—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 25, at 6:30.)

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Richard Price and James Purdy reading from their own fiction. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Feb. 18, at 8.) . . . ¶ Siobhan McKenna reading from the works of James Joyce. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 21 at 8.) . . . ¶ Sara Miles, Pattiann Rogers, and Laurie Sheck reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Feb. 24, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

National Antiques Show—The annual affair, at which a hundred and fifty dealers will offer furniture, decorative arts, and bric-a-brac. *The two special exhibits will feature cowboy* memorabilia and West African tribal masks. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda. Saturday through Monday, Feb. 19-21, noon to 9, and Tuesday, Feb. 22, from 11 to 5.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, Feb. 21, from 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 16, at 2, and Thursday, Feb. 17, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 19, at 10:15 and 2: International furniture, porcelain, silver, and works of art—all from the Victorian era. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 24, at 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 17. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 23, at 2: Nineteenth-century British and Continental drawings and watercolors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 17. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. Thursday, Feb. 17, at 10: English and American books, autograph letters, and documents. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 17, at 1: English and Continental furniture, decorations, and clocks. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Feb. 16, from 10 to 1.)

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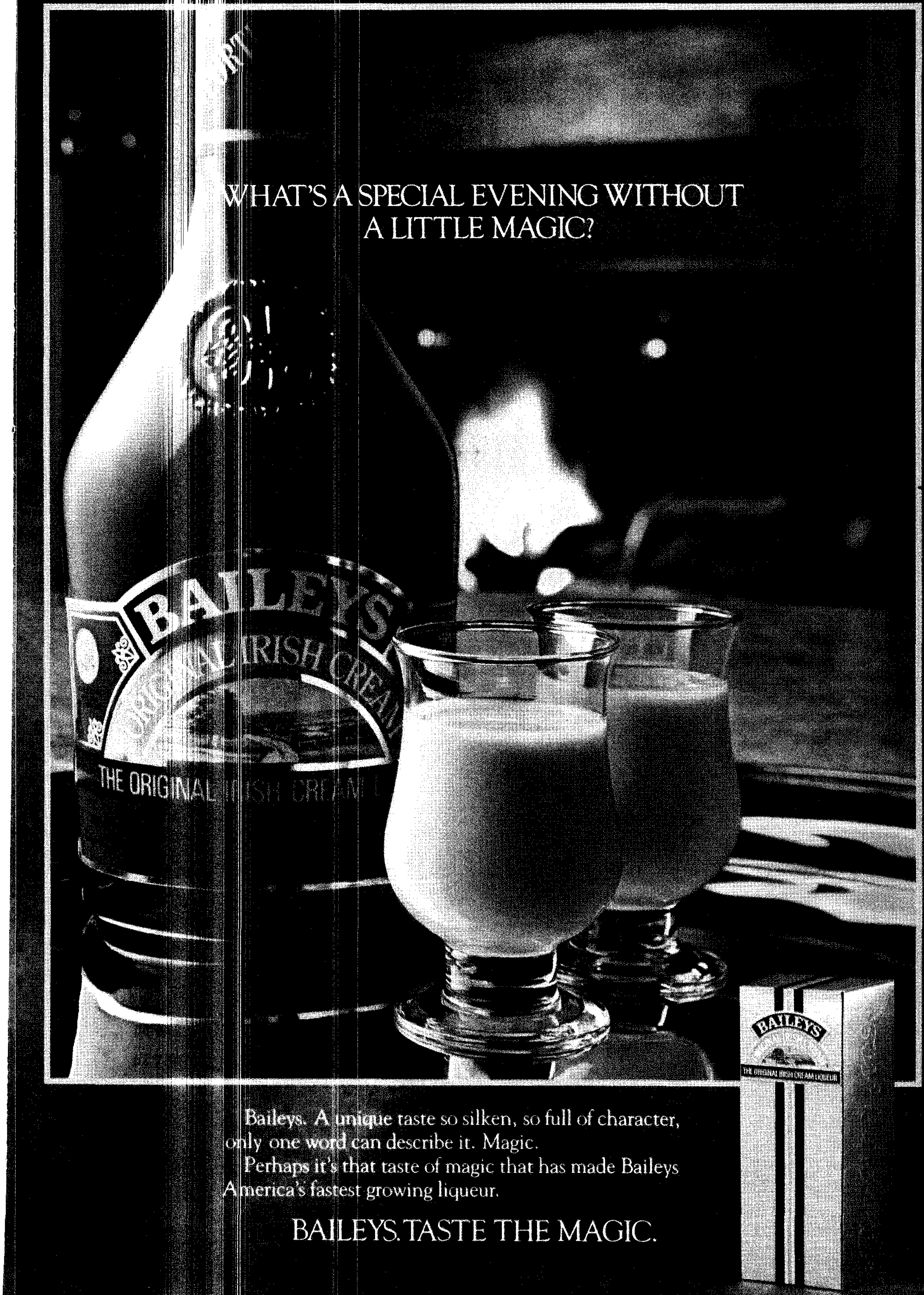
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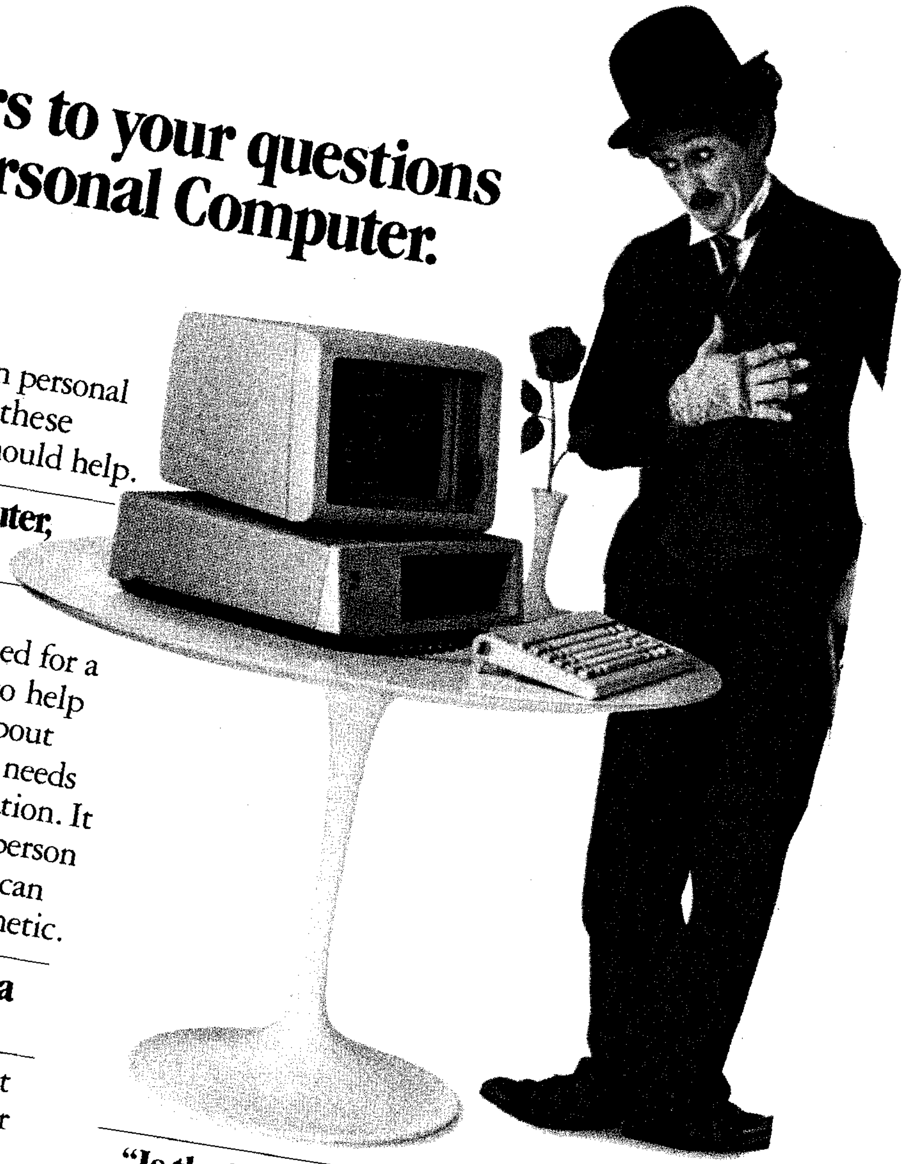
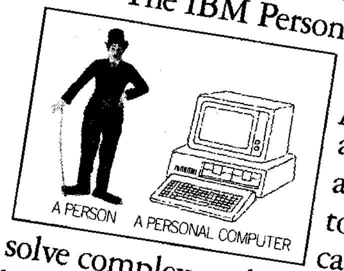
Simple answers to your questions about the IBM Personal Computer.



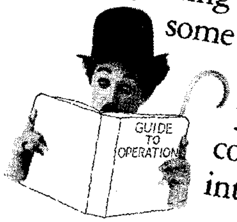
If you're personally interested in personal computers, but want to know more, these definitions, descriptions and details should help.

"Just what is a personal computer, and how can I use it?"



The IBM Personal Computer is a computer designed for a *person.* It's a tool to help accomplish just about anything a person needs to do with information. It can help a businessperson solve complex problems just as surely as it can help a small child improve his or her arithmetic.

"Suppose I've never had my hands on a computer. How 'easy' will it be?"



As with any new tool, you'll want to get comfortable with the IBM Personal Computer before putting it to serious use. You'll have some step-by-step reading, but our instructional literature involves you from the start. And the computer is on your side too—interacting with you as you learn.

There's no reason why you can't be executing programs and feeling good with the results within your first week. After a month, it should be clear that you've made a good investment, and you'll probably be telling your friends why they should get one.

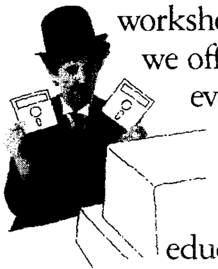
"Is the IBM Personal Computer simpler or more advanced than others?"

Both. Our system has been engineered with many advanced design features (see the chart) but their purpose is to make it simpler for you. Our ten function keys are a good example. We added them to save you a lot of time and error. They are *advanced* features that add to *simplicity* and ease of operation, and that is typical of our total design.

"What kind of software programs do you have to help me?"

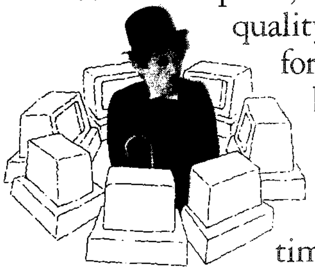
IBM Personal Computer software comes in many varieties, and it's all quality.

For example, if planning is part of your work, we have VisiCalc*— the "electronic worksheet." If you maintain a business, we offer programs that help handle everything from accounting to inventory and payroll record keeping. We also have carefully chosen programs for educational use, intelligent games, a word processing program, plus communications packages that connect you and your computer to outside information services via your telephone and a device called a modem.



"How expensive and how expandable is it compared to others?"

Because of the extraordinary amount of advanced, built-in features available in the IBM Personal Computer, it can give you more quality, power and performance for your money. You're also buying extraordinary expandability—beginning with user memory that can be increased up to 32 times. (In the chart at right, one needn't be a technical whiz to add up all the features that make our personal computer a very good buy indeed.)



IBM PERSONAL COMPUTER SPECIFICATIONS

User Memory
16K-512K bytes*
Microprocessor
16-bit, 8088*
Auxiliary Memory
2 optional internal diskette drives, 5¼", 160K bytes or 320K bytes per diskette
Keyboard
83 keys, 6 ft. cord attaches to system unit*
10 function keys*
10-key numeric pad
Tactile feedback*
Diagnostics
Power-on self testing*
Parity checking*

Display Screen
High-resolution*
80 characters x 25 lines
Upper and lower case
Green phosphor screen*
Operating Systems
DOS, UCSD p-System, CP/M-86†
Languages
BASIC, Pascal, FORTRAN, MACRO Assembler, COBOL
Printer
All-points-addressable graphics capability
Bidirectional*
80 characters/second
18 character styles
9 x 9 character matrix*

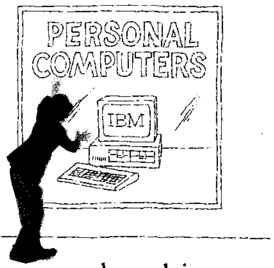
Permanent Memory
(ROM) 40 bytes*
Color/Graphics
Text mode:
16 colors*
256 characters and symbols in ROM*
Graphics mode:
4-color resolution: 320h x 200v*
Black & white resolution: 640h x 200v*
Simultaneous graphics & text capability*
Communications
RS-232-C interface
Asynchronous or SDLC protocols
Up to 9600 bits per second

*ADVANCED FEATURES FOR PERSONAL COMPUTERS

"If I want a demonstration, where do I go and who will show it to me?"

Go to any authorized IBM Personal Computer dealer. The salespeople there have received special training and you should find them all quite helpful.

Ask your dealer to run the software programs that interest you most, and get your hands on the system yourself. Then you'll begin to see what this tool for modern times can do for *you*.



For more information on where to buy the IBM Personal Computer, call 800-447-4700. In Alaska or Hawaii, call 800-447-0890.

The IBM Personal Computer
A tool for modern times

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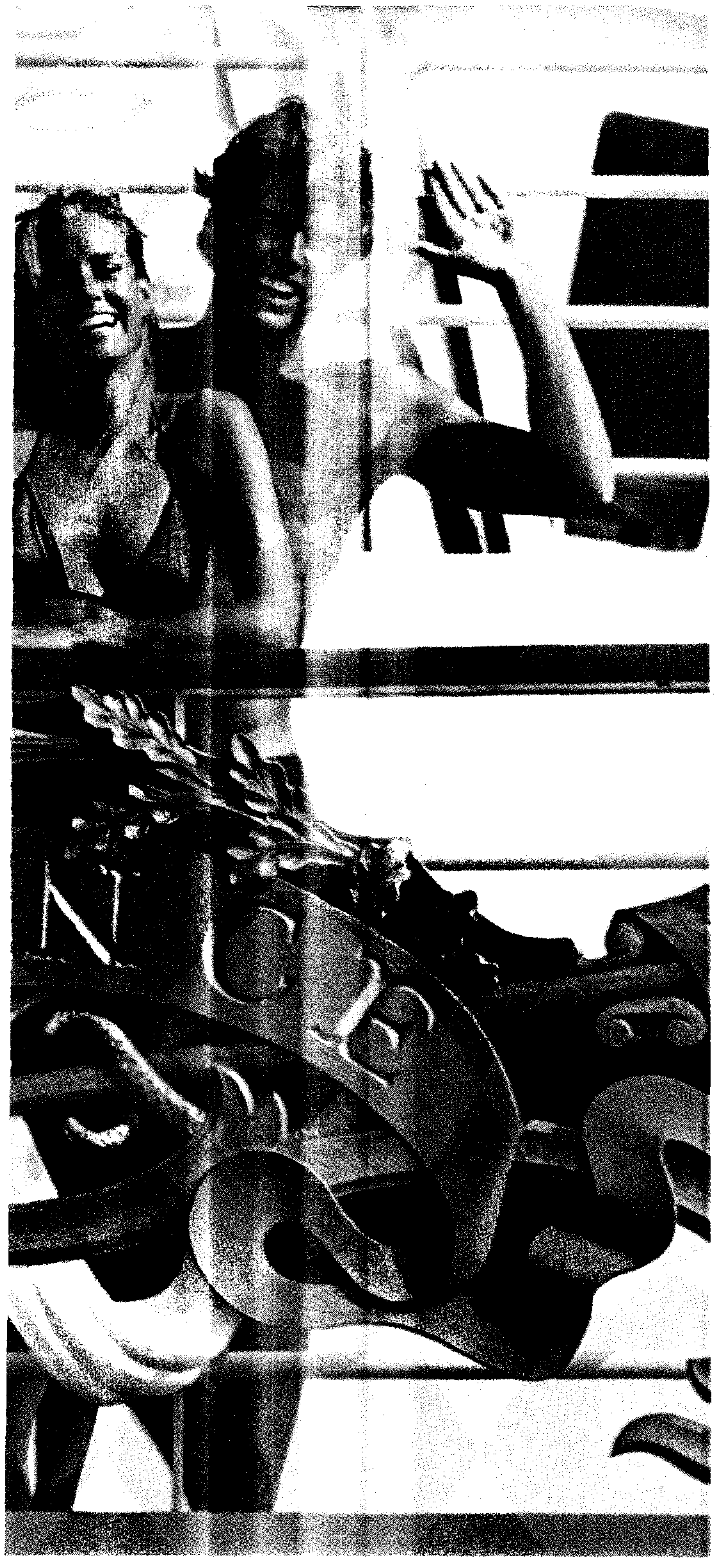
Eight Days
Prisoners Of T



There's a touch of salt, and more than a touch of promise, in the air.

The polished railings gleam like satin beneath your fingertips.

And somehow, when you set sail, your worries don't come with you.

For seven, eight, ten or fourteen unfettered days, you'll tan your body and refresh your mind.

You'll visit island beaches the color of pearls, set gently into waters the color of turquoise.

You'll meet people from all over the world. Share a drink at sunset in the Viking Crown Lounge.

Or take a walk on the promenade deck. Just you, and the stars, and the incredible vastness of the sea.

Somewhere along the way, you may suddenly begin to recognize a feeling you'd almost forgotten.

It's called peace.

To find it, talk to your travel agent about cruising with Royal Caribbean. Year-round from Miami.

And escape from earning a living. Long enough to live a little.

ROYAL CARIBBEAN

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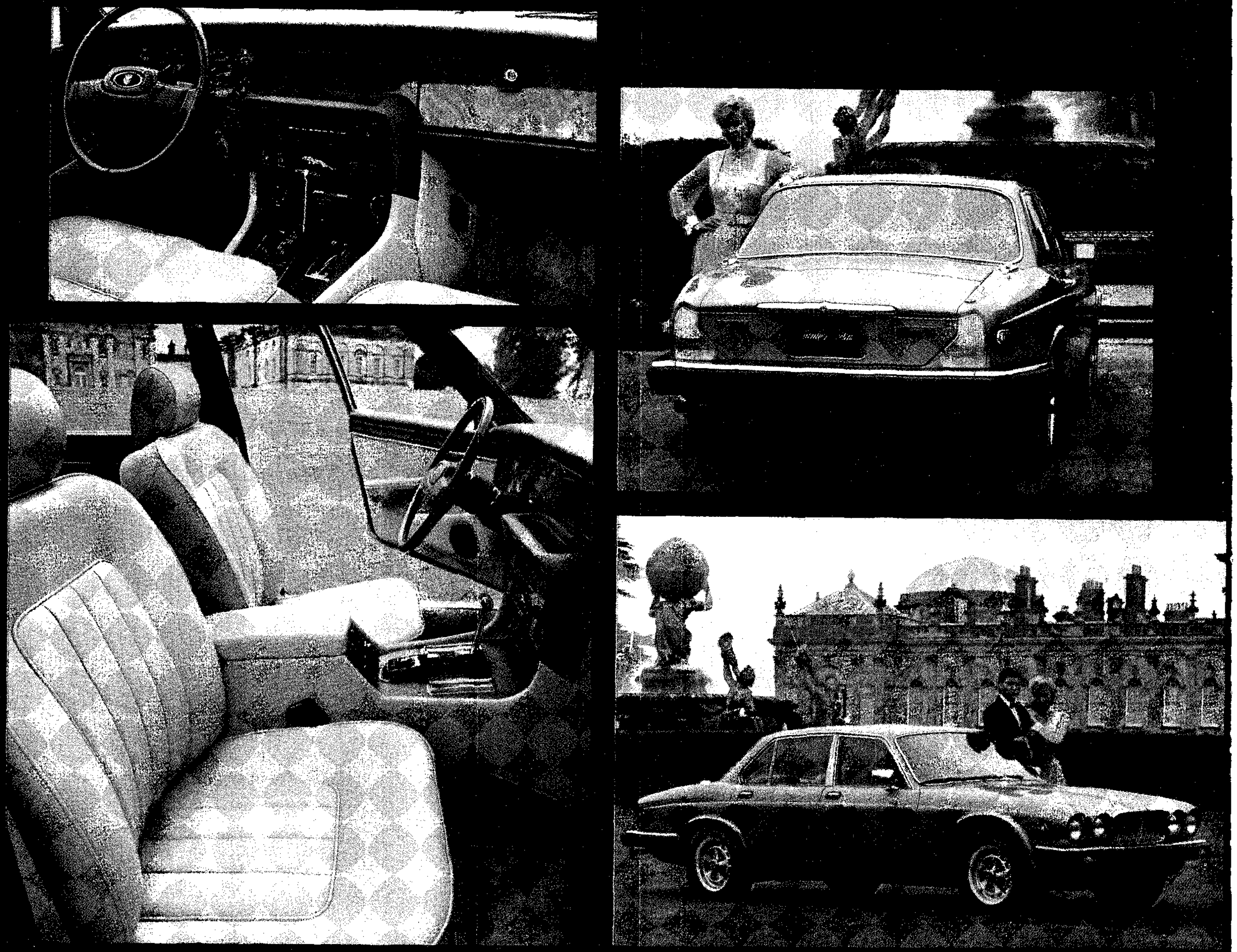

Vanden Plas

Elegant, exclusive and uncommonly beautiful.
Here is the 1983 limited edition of the best Jaguar ever built.

Long famous as custom coachbuilders to the aristocracy of Europe, Vanden Plas has created this superb limited edition 1983 Jaguar sedan.

Frankly intended for only the most discriminating motorists, the Vanden Plas represents a new standard of Jaguar luxury. Its fittings are a discreet blending of rare mirror-matched walnut veneers, supple leather and deep carpeting enhanced by custom throw rugs. Both front and rear seats are individually contoured to offer armchair comfort. Rear seat passengers enjoy individual swivel based reading lamps and a console with separate controls for the heating and air conditioning system and windows. Electronic conveniences abound, from a new trip computer to the power sunroof and a heating and air conditioning system that regulates itself. There is custom striping on the magnificently sculptured exterior of the car, and Vanden Plas identification on the rear deck.

But perhaps the ultimate glory of this exclusive machine is that it has the heart and soul of a purebred Jaguar. It moves, handles and responds with a special quickness and grace. Its engine is an electronically fuel injected version of the famous Jaguar double overhead cam six. Its directional precision is superb thanks to power rack and pinion steering. The Vanden Plas is well balanced and smooth in motion because it has Jaguar's racebred four wheel independent suspension system. And it stops with authority thanks to four wheel power disc brakes.

The 1983 Vanden Plas is beautiful to see, luxurious in its fittings and vividly responsive in motion. It is also backed by the best warranty Jaguar has ever offered. For two years or 36,000 miles, whichever comes first, Jaguar will repair or replace any part of the car that proves defective. The only exception is the Pirelli P5 tires, which come with their manufacturer's warranty. Your dealer has full details on the 1983 limited warranty.

When you are ready for the most luxurious of all Jaguars, the Vanden Plas is waiting. We invite you to drive it soon. For the name of the dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

JAGUAR, Leonia, N.J. 07605

JAGUAR
A BLENDING OF ART AND MACHINE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Feb. 16: "Eye of the Needle" (1981; directed by Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan; and "Death Valley" (Dick Richards), with Paul Le Mat and Catherine Hicks.
Feb. 17-18: Theatre closed.
Feb. 19-20: "The Funhouse" (1981; Tobe Hooper), with Elizabeth Berridge and Cooper Huckabee; and "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
From Feb. 22: "El Cid" (1961, Anthony Mann), with Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren, Raf Vallone, and Geneviève Page.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Tootsie" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 17: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz); and "Conan the *Barbarian" (John Milius), with* Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Feb. 18-24: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla.
From Feb. 25: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Feb. 17: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz).
From Feb. 18: "The Sting II" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Feb. 17: "48 Hrs." (†).
From Feb. 18: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 17: "Videodrome" (David Cronenberg), with James Woods.
From Feb. 18: "Lovesick" (Marshall Brickman), with Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 17: "The Verdict" (†). From Feb. 18: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 17: "The Entity" (Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver.
From Feb. 18: "48 Hrs." (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 17: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
Feb. 18-19: "The Entity" (Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver.
From Feb. 20: "The Road Warrior" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Feb. 17: "Independence Day" (Robert Mandel), with Kathleen Quinlan and David Keith.
From Feb. 18: "Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Verdict" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Feb. 16: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz). From Feb. 17: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Feb. 16: "The Man from Snowy River" (George Miller), with Kirk Douglas and Jack Thompson. Feb. 17: Theatre closed. From Feb. 18: "48 Hrs." (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "48 Hrs." (†). From Feb. 18: "The King of Comedy" (Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"We of the Never Never" (Igor Auzins; an Australian film).

NOW SHOWING
BUSTER KE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Feb. 16: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From Feb. 17: "Local Hero" (Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 19: "The Road Warrior" (†). From Feb. 20: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "The Entity" (Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver. From Feb. 18: "Lovesick" (Marshall Brickman), with Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "Videodrome" (David Cronenberg), with James Woods. From Feb. 18: "The Sting II" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: Feb. 16: Theatre closed. Feb. 17: "Enigma" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Martin Sheen and Brigitte Fossey. From Feb. 18: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Twilight Time" (Goran Paskaljevic), with Karl Malden.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Without a Trace" (Stanley Jaffe), with Kate Nelligan and Judd Hirsch.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 17: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
From Feb. 18: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 17: "Videodrome" (David Cronenberg), with James Woods.
From Feb. 18: "The Sting II" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "The Entity" (Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver. From Feb. 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Let's Spend the Night Together" (Hal Ashby), with the Rolling Stones.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Sophie's Choice" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "One Down, Two to Go." From Feb. 18: "Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "Sorceress." From Feb. 18: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 22: "In the King of Prussia" (directed by Emile de Antonio), with Martin Sheen. From Feb. 23: "Poetry in Motion" (Ron Mann), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Feb. 16: "Man of Marble" (1977; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Identification Marks: None" (1964; Jerzy Skolimowski; in Polish). Feb. 17: "Camouflage" (1977; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish); and "Birchwood" (1971; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). Feb. 18: "Man of Iron" (1981; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "The Passenger" (1963; Andrzej Munk; in English and Polish). Feb. 19: "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac; and "Siberian Lady Macbeth" (1962; Andrzej Wajda; a Yugoslavian film). Feb. 20: "Without Anesthesia" (1978; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Contract" (1980; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish). Feb. 21: "Walkover" (†); and "Landscape After Battle" (1978; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). Feb. 22: "Hunting Flies" (1969; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Everything for Sale" (1968; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish). From Feb. 23: "Camera Buff" (1980; Krzyztof Kieslowski; in Polish).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Vortex" (Scott B and Beth B), with Lydia Lunch.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman. From Feb. 18: "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech. From Feb. 18: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 2: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 24: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian). From Feb. 25: "Street Music."
Theatre 4: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Parsifal" (Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German), with Karin Krick and Michael Kutter.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Feb. 17: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†).
Feb. 18-24: "Mon Oncle" (†).
From Feb. 25: "Jour de Fête" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Coup de Torchon" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Sophie's Choice" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 2: "La Nuit de Varennes" (Ettore Scola; in French), with Harvey Keitel and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 3: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Winter Kills" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "Muddy River"

(in Japanese). From Feb. 18: "The Pirates of Penzance" (Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "We of the Never Never" (Igor Auzins; an Australian film).
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "Tootsie" (†). From Feb. 18: "Lovesick" (Marshall Brickman), with Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 24: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From Feb. 25: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 17: "Best Friends" (†). From Feb. 18: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 24: "Tootsie" (†). From Feb. 25: To be announced.

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "Missing" (†). From Feb. 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz).
Theatre 2: "Sorceress."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 17: "Videodrome" (David Cronenberg), with James Woods. From Feb. 18: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 17: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini. From Feb. 18: "The Sting II" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

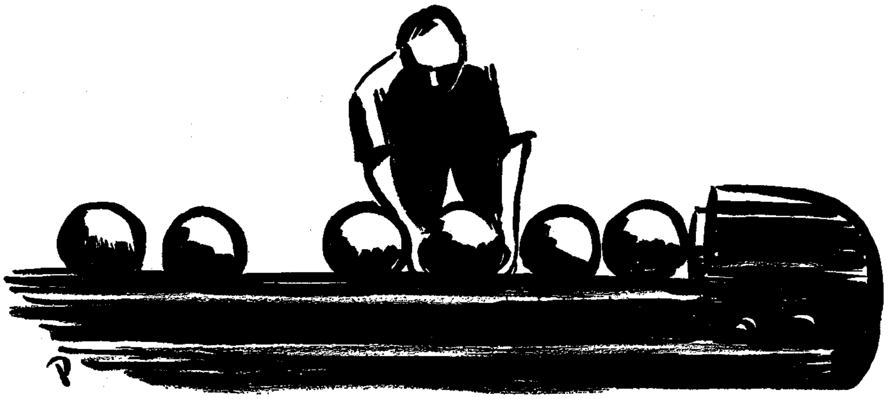
CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Entity" (directed by Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "The Verdict" (†). From Feb. 18: "Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight.
Theatre 3: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz).
Theatre 4: "House on Sorority Row."
Theatre 5: Through Feb. 17: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell. From Feb. 18: "The Verdict" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (†).
Theatre 3: "Diner" (†).
Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Let's Spend the Night Together" (Hal Ashby), with the Rolling Stones.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "Enigma" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Martin Sheen and Brigitte Fossey. From Feb. 18: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.
Theatre 2: "Without a Trace" (Stanley Jaffe), with Kate Nelligan and Judd Hirsch.



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MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through Feb. 17: "Peter Pan" (†).
From Feb. 18: "The Pirates of Penzance" (Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt.

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Sorceress."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "Videodrome" (David Cronenberg), with James Woods. From Feb. 18: "The Road Warrior" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "One Down, Two to Go."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "Treasure of the Four Crowns." In 3-D. From Feb. 18: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "Xtro." From Feb. 18: "The Sting II" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 17: "The Last American Virgin." From Feb. 18: "Lovesick" (Marshall Brickman), with Dudley Moore and Elizabeth McGovern.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 17: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 18: "America—From Hitler to MX" (1983; directed by Joan Harvey), a documentary.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Feb. 17: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
From Feb. 18: "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 16: "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnel Lindblom; and "The Virgin Spring" (1960; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and Brigitta Valberg.
Feb. 17: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Lea Massari; and "Grand Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.
Feb. 18-19: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.
Feb. 20: "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.
Feb. 21: "The Browning Version" (†); and "Dead of Night" (1945), a five-part English film about the supernatural.
Feb. 22: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.
Feb. 23: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973; Victor Erice; in Spanish); and "Lord of the Flies" (1963; Peter Brook), with a cast of children.
Feb. 24: "Foreign Correspondent" (†); and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.
Feb. 25-26: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Léa Massari; and "Forbidden Games" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 17: "The Roommates" (1973) and "Kamasutra" (1983).
Feb. 18-19: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine; and "Desperate Living" (1977; John Waters), with Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce.
Feb. 20-22: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Quest for Fire" (†).
Feb. 23-24: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer); and "Vixen" (1969; Russ Meyer).
Feb. 25-26: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Feb. 16: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Servant and Mistress" (1978; Bruno Gantillon; in French), with Victor Lanoux and Andréa Ferréol.
Feb. 17: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
From Feb. 18: "The Pirates of Penzance" (1983; Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Feb. 16: "Freud" (1962; John Huston), with Montgomery Clift and Susannah York; and "Equus" (1977; Sidney Lumet), with Richard Burton and Peter Firth.
Feb. 17-19: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Feb. 20-21: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale; and "Apocalypse Now" (1979; Francis Coppola), with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.
Feb. 22-23: "The Good Earth" (†) and "Dragon Seed" (†).
Feb. 24-26: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Feb. 17: "Rollerball" (1975; Norman Jewison), with James Caan and John Houseman; and "Death Race 2000" (1975; Paul Bartel), with David Carradine.
Feb. 18-19: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977; John Badham), with John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney; and "Grease" (1978; Randal Kleiser), with John Travolta, Olivia Newton-John, and Stockard Channing.
Feb. 20: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" (†).
Feb. 21-22: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "New York, New York" (1977;

Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro.
Feb. 23-24: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (†) and "Anatomy of a Murder" (†).
Feb. 25-26: "Ship of Fools" (†) and "Voyage of the Damned" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Feb. 16: "A Star Is Born" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Garland, James Mason, and Charles Bickford; and "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant.
Feb. 17: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Woyzeck" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes.
Feb. 18: "City of Women" (1979; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni; and "The Spider's Stratagem" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian).
Feb. 19: "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "Easy Rider; (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson.
Feb. 20: "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone; and "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.
Feb. 21: "The Searchers" (†); and "How Green Was My Valley" (1941; John Ford), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, Roddy McDowall, Sara Allgood, and Barry Fitzgerald.
Feb. 22: "A Slave of Love" (1978; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian), with Yelena Solovei; and "The Lady with the Dog" (1960; Josef Heifitz; in Russian).
Feb. 23: "Newsfront" (†); and "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith" (1978; Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Tommy Lewis.
Feb. 24: "Scandal" (1950; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Yoshiko Yamaguchi; and "No Regrets for Our Youth" (1946; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Susumu Fujita.
Feb. 25: "The Tin Drum" (†); and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
Feb. 26: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (1972; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Chinese Roulette" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Margit Carstensen.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 17: "The Great Waltz" (1938; Julien Duvivier), with Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, and Miliza Korjus; and "Stars and Stripes Forever" (1952; Henry Koster), with Clifton Webb, Debra Paget, and Robert Wagner.
Feb. 18-19: "San Francisco" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy; and "Two Sisters from Boston" (1946; Joe Pasternak and Henry Koster), with Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson, and Peter Lawford.
Feb. 20-21: "Show Boat" (†) and "Till the Clouds Roll By" (†).
Feb. 22-23: "Of Men and Music" (1951; Irving Reis); and "Ludwig van Beethoven" (1970; Hans Conrad Fischer).
Feb. 24-26: "Maytime" (1937; Robert Z. Leonard), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and "New Moon" (1930; John Conway), with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 16: "The Rains Came" (1939; Clarence Brown), with Myrna Loy, Tyrone Power, and George Brent; "Jesse James" (1939; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, and Randolph Scott; and "A Walk in the Sun" (1945; Lewis Milestone), with Dana Andrews, John Ireland, and Richard Conte.
Feb. 17: "Face to Face" (1976; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Night Is My Future" (1947; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Mai Zetterling.
Feb. 18-19: "Little Malcolm" (1974; Stuart Cooper), with John Hurt and John McEnery; and "East of Elephant Rock" (1978), with John Hurt and Judi Bowker.
Feb. 20: "When Worlds Collide" (1951; Rudolph Maté), with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush; and "The Day the Earth

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A detail of
John Singer Sargent's
Mrs. Louis E. Raphael
c. 1903
Oil; 57½ x 38 inches
Signed lower left

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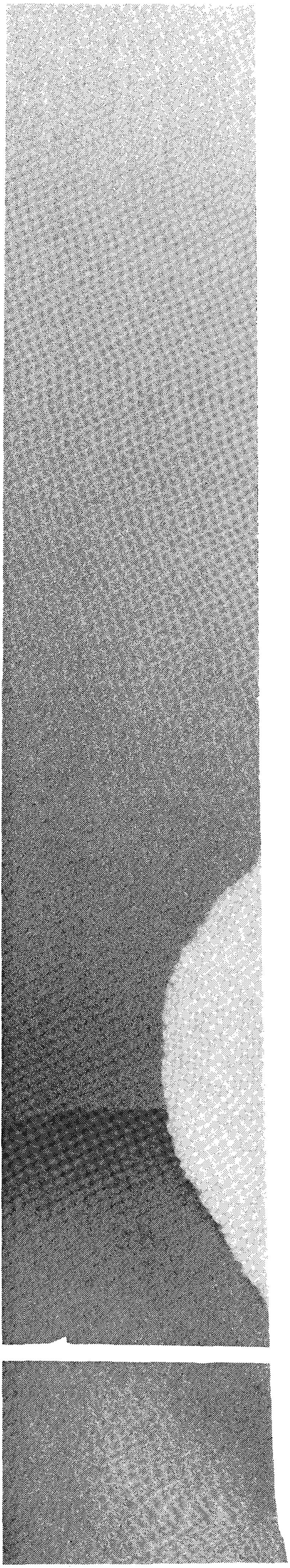

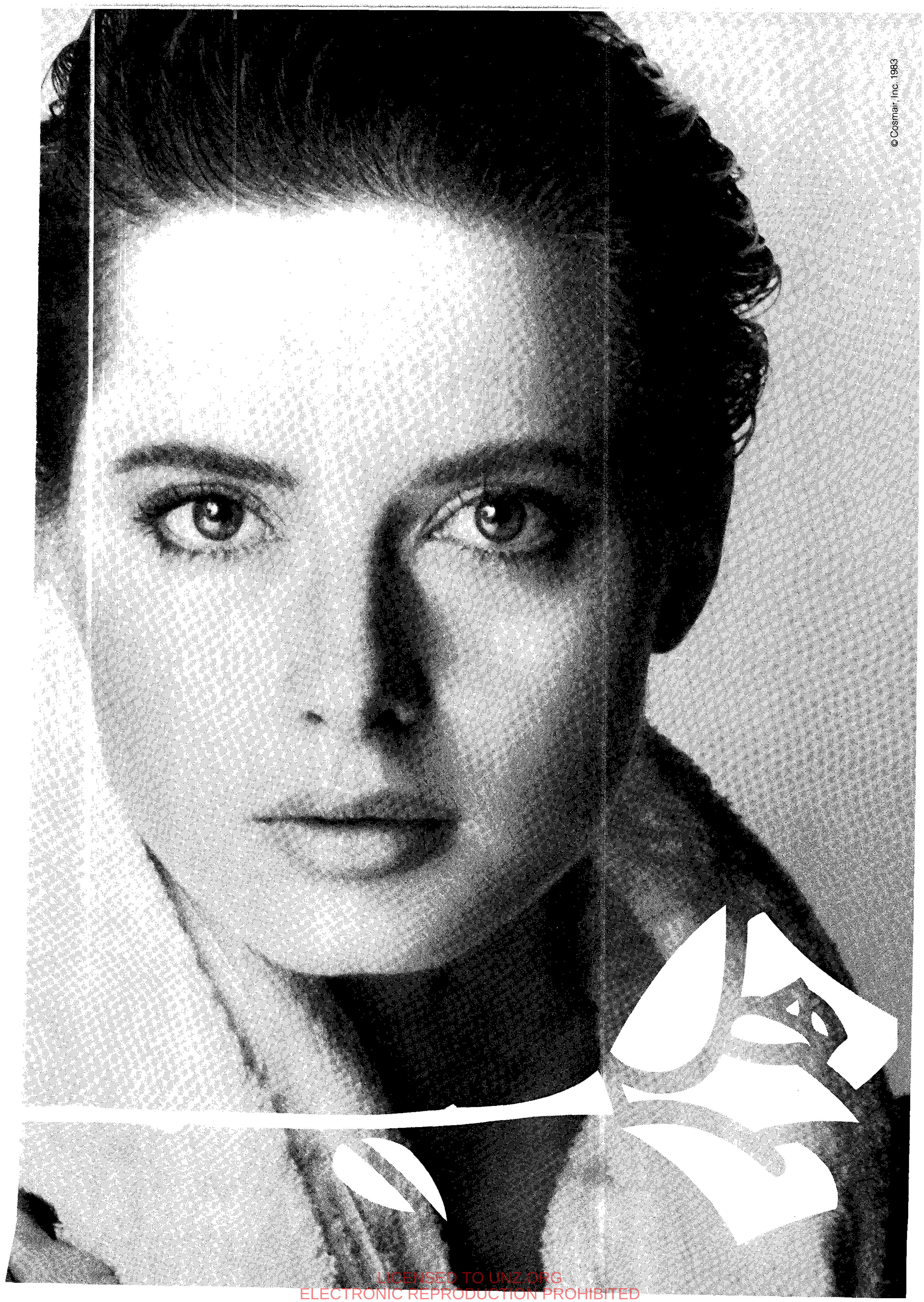

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Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe.

Feb. 21: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.

Feb. 22: "Nothing But a Man" (†); "Home of the Brave" (1949; Mark Robson), with James Edwards; and "Dutchman" (1967; Anthony Harvey), with Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr.

Feb. 23: "Roxie Hart" (1942; William Wellman), with Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou; "Rose of Washington Square" (†); and "Ali Baba Goes to Town" (1937; David Butler), with Eddie Cantor.

Feb. 24: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Vittorio Gassman, Nino Manfredi, Stefania Sandrelli, and Aldo Fabrizi.

Feb. 25-26: "Atlantic City" (1981; Louis Malle), with Burt Lancaster, Susan Sarandon, and Kate Reid; and "The Leopard" (†).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 16: "World Première" (1941; Ted Tetzlaff), with John Barrymore and Frances Farmer; and "True Confession" (1937; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray.

Feb. 17: "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Feb. 18-19: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.

Feb. 20: "We're Not Dressing" (1934; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, and Burns and Allen; and "International House" (1933; Eddie Sutherland), with W. C. Fields.

Feb. 21: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (†); and "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart.

Feb. 22: "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine; and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.

Feb. 23: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951; Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward.

Feb. 24: "Kitty Foyle" (1940; Sam Wood), with Ginger Rogers and Dennis Morgan; and "Roxie Hart" (1942; William Wellman), with Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou.

Feb. 25-26: "Murder Most Foul" (1965) and "Murder She Said" (1962), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Feb. 17 at 2:30: "Itineraire Bis" (1983; directed by Christian Drillaud; in French), with Georges Wilson and Rufus. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 6: "Le Bâtard" (1983; Bertrand van Effenterre; in French), with Brigitte Fossey and Mylène Demongeot. Mr. van Effenterre will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 2:30: "Interdit aux Moins de 13 Ans" (1983; Jean-Louis Bertuccelli; in French), with Patrick Depeyrat and Sandra Montaigu. Mr. Bertuccelli will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 6: "Hecate" (1983; Daniel Schmid; in French), with Bernard Giraudeau and Lauren Hutton. Mr. Giraudeau will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at noon: "Our Daily Bread" (1934; King Vidor), with Karen Morley and Tom Keene. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 2:30: "Hecate." Mr. Giraudeau will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 5: "Interdit aux Moins de 13 Ans." Mr. Bertuccelli will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at noon: "Our Daily Bread." . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2:30: "Le Bâtard." Mr. van Effenterre will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 5: "Itineraire Bis." . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2:30: "The Texas Rangers" (1936; King Vidor), with Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Jean Parker, and Lloyd Nolan. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 6: "Hallelujah" (1929; King Vidor), with Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 2:30: "Stella Dallas" (1937; King Vidor), with Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, Anne Shirley, and Alan Hale. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 6: "Thomas Brandon 1908-1982." . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 2:30: "Une Etrange Affaire" (1983; Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Michel Piccoli, Gérard Lanvin, and Nathalie Baye. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 6: "Une Chambre en Ville" (1983; Jacques Demy; in French), with Dominique Sanda, Richard Berry, Danielle Darrieux, and Michel Piccoli. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2:30: "Toute une Nuit" (1983; Chantal Akerman; sparse French dialogue, no subtitles), with Aurore Clément and Véronique Silver. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 6: "Paradis pour Tous" (1983; Alain Jessua; in French), with Patrick Dewaere, Jacques Dutronc, Fanny Cottençon, Stéphane Audran, and Philippe Léotard. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at noon: "Man's Castle" (1933; Frank Borzage), with Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young, and Glenda Farrell. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2:30: "Une Chambre en Ville." . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 5: "Toute une Nuit." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Feb. 22: "He Saw Her Burning" (1982; Joan Jonas), a video installation. Continuous showings noon to 6. Miss Jonas will perform with her film on Tuesday and Friday, Feb. 22 and 25, at 6:30, and Saturday, Feb. 26, at 3; for tickets, call 570-3617. Miss Jones will give a gallery talk on Thursday, Feb. 24, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ANATOMY OF A MURDER (1959)—Otto Preminger wheels slowly around a courtroom story of a rape-and-murder case. James Stewart, Lee Remick, George C. Scott, and Arthur O'Connell as a lawyer on the bottle. Duke Ellington's score. Plodding stuff, but the cast is good, and courtroom drama always works. The judge is played by, of all people, Joseph N. Welch, celebrated opponent of Senator McCarthy; it is almost as if he wrote his own sage and pungent lines. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 23-24.)

LE BEAU MARIAGE—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/4/82.) (Waverly; starting Feb. 18.)

BEST FRIENDS—The script raises the question: Why does formalizing a living-together relationship by marriage often wreck it, leaving both partners feeling trapped? But the scriptwriters (Barry Levinson and Valerie Curtin) have nothing but sitcom answers. It stays on the surface, yet it's dissatisfied with the surface; it's a deeply indecisive movie that starts escaping its subject as soon as the newlywed screenwriting partners—Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn—go off on their wedding trip and into a series of comic nightmares. Directed by Norman Jewison; with Jessica Tandy, Barnard Hughes, Audra Lindley, and Keenan Wynn. Two performers give the film a little bounce—Ron Silver and Richard Libertini. (1/24/83) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 17.)

THE BROWNING VERSION (1951)—The cuckolded schoolmaster of Terence Rattigan's play requires a virtuoso actor. In this version, directed by Anthony Asquith, it got one. If the sustained anguish of the role does not give Michael Redgrave a great deal of room to move around in, it does give him a chance to show what he can do in tight quarters, and that, it turns out, is considerable. He is superb. With Jean Kent as his wife, Nigel Patrick as her lover. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 21.)

COUP DE TORCHON (CLEAN SLATE)—Bertrand Tavernier's film is set in some sort of French colonial Dogpatch in Africa, in 1938, and it stars Philippe Noiret as a cuckolded weakling who is jeered at by the brutal white men who exploit the natives. He is also the only officer of the law in the area, and he secretly kills off the exploiters, using his reputation for being cowardly and ineffectual as a cover. The movie is torpid even in the early sequences that aim at sly farce, and its thesis is that even such drastic and half-mad cleanup jobs are hopeless. Tavernier may think he's bringing out the rage behind despair, but all he brings out is his sense of futility. The film chokes on its own unresolvable ambiguities. With Isabelle Huppert, who frisks about nakedly and amusingly, and Jean-Pierre Marielle, Stéphane Audran, Guy Marchand, Eddy Mitchell, Samba Mane, Abdoulaye Diop, and Irene Skobline. The script, by Jean Aurenche and Tavernier, is based on the American pulp novel "Pop. 1280," by Jim Thompson, which was set in the American South. In French. (1/24/83) (Paris.)

DINER—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Embassy.)

DIVA—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film is a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

DRAGON SEED (1944)—If M-G-M had had a sense of shame, this abomination (and box-office flop) wouldn't have been released. Based on a novel by Pearl S. Buck, it is about the effects of war on a Chinese family, but it was made in a California-built China, and the Chinese simple-folk characters are played by Katharine Hepburn, Turhan Bey, Walter Huston, Agnes Moorehead, Hurd Hatfield, Akim Tamiroff, Aline MacMahon, and Henry Travers. Directed by Jack Conway and Harold S. Bucquet, from a script by Marguerite Roberts and Jane Murfin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 22-23)

E. T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Loews New York Twin; starting Feb. 18.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—René Clément's beautiful, lacerating film on the themes of innocence, Christianity, war, and death. It is perhaps the greatest war film since "Grand Illusion." (Neither deals with actual warfare.) On a crowded highway outside Paris in 1940, a delicate five-year-old girl wanders away from the strafed bodies of her parents, clutching her dead puppy in her arms. She and an eleven-year-old peasant boy become playmates; their game—their passion—is to collect dead animals for their private cemetery, and for this game they steal crosses from churches and graveyards. Clément's method of presentation—a series of harsh contrasts between the intuitive, lyric understanding of the two children and the ludicrous comedy of the quarrelsome, ignorant peasant adults—is perhaps unfair to the adults. But it's an act of kindness to the audience: without the element of gross caricature we might dissolve in tears. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. From the novel by François Boyer. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25-26.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—Hitchcock appears to have concocted this spy thriller out of all the breathtaking climaxes he'd been hoarding; there's the assassination with the gun concealed in a newsman's camera, the Dutch windmill going against the wind, and a tremendous finale aboard a transatlantic plane from London on the very day war is declared. The plot that links all this is barely functional, and the jaunty reporter-hero (Joel McCrea) is held down a bit when he has to attend to the ever-busy heroine (Laraine Day), but the movie is intermittently first-rate, and the topnotch supporting cast includes George Sanders, Albert Basserman, Herbert Marshall, Edmund Gwenn, Martin Kosleck, Eduardo Ciannelli, Barbara Pepper, and Robert Benchley, who also had a hand in the dialogue. The script was by Charles Bennett and Joan Harrison. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 24.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Embassy 1, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Coronet; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ 34th Street East, and Baronet; starting Feb. 18.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

The Good Earth (1937)—Having purchased Pearl S. Buck's celebrated Chinese-family saga, M-G-M sent an expedition to China that brought back two million feet of atmospheric shots and eighteen tons of costumes, native animals, dismantled farmhouses, and a village shrine. Then five hundred California acres were landscaped and terraced to simulate a Chinese farm, locusts were rented for a scourge, and Occidentals were chosen for the leads, with Orientals in the supporting roles and as the babies. Luise Rainer, who had taken an Academy Award for her Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," won another for her monotonous yet affecting performance as the stoic O-Lan, the wife of the peasant Wang (Paul Muni); during the looting of a manor house, she picks up the jewels that raise the family out of starvation into prosperity. But Wang, spoiled by wealth, loses contact with the good earth; he becomes infatuated with Lotus the dancer (Tilly Losch, who does a lot of finger-twirling) and takes her as his second wife, and his lust almost destroys the family. The locust plague brings him to his senses. It's a sermon melodrama—a glorification of the passive, selfless, suffering mother O-Lan. (There isn't a shred of sympathy for Lotus, who is bought and sold.) The film domesticates exoticism; it's as predictable as an Andy Hardy picture, but much more sober and much, much longer. With Walter Connolly as the scoundrelly uncle, Charley Grapewin as the family patriarch, Keye Luke and Roland Lui as the sons, Jessie Ralph, and Harold Huber. The script, by Talbot Jennings, Tess Slesinger, and Claudine West, was partly based on a stage version by Owen and Donald Davis. This film, which was four years in the making, is dedicated to its producer, Irving Thalberg, who died in 1936; his associate, Albert Lewin, completed it. The first director, George Hill, who had supervised shooting the background footage in China, committed suicide, and the project was taken over by Sidney Franklin, who directed with his usual lack of imagination, individuality, and style. He was the M-G-M heavyweight champ. Herbert Stothart was in charge of the music; the montage work is by Slavko Vorkapich; Arnold Gillespie headed the special-effects department that produced the visually exciting locust attack. The cinematographer was the great Karl Freund. In sepia. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Feb. 22-23.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 20.)

Jour de Fête (1950)—As a director, Jacques Tati has a spare, improvisatory touch. As a comedian, buoyancy and impersonal eccentricity in the face of disaster are his special style. In this film, shot in the village of Sainte-Sévère-sur-Indre, with villagers playing many of the parts, the tall, ungainly Tati is the postman who attends the village fair and sees a documentary on the advanced, mechanized American postal system. He is overcome with enthusiasm for speed, and though he has no helicopter, he has his bicycle. He takes off, and what happens is unpredictable, even if you've already seen the movie—it's all so odd you forget it. Still, the film's melancholy humor is probably a little too mild or quaint for most American tastes. Written by Tati and Henri Marquet. It's not silent (it has sound effects and music), but it's not in French, either. Tati has devised a kind of unintelligible yet expressive gibberish. It's like the talk of robots who've got fouled up. (57th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 25.)

The Leopard (1963)—Visconti's remarkable, luxurious film about aristocratic attitudes; sometimes boring but finally magnificent. From Lampedusa's novel. With Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale. Superbly photographed by Giuseppe Rotunno. (Thalia; Feb. 25-26.)

Missing—As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American who had disappeared in Chile during the days after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of the role that Jane Fonda has been playing in films such as "Coming Home" and "The China Syndrome;" he's the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. And Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he looks on a serious role as a chance for redemption; Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras' antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law—the sirens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of abnormal silences and of random terror. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (New Yorker; through Feb. 17.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. It is not until afterward that these misadventures may take on a certain depth and poignancy. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; through Feb. 17.)

Mon Oncle (1958)—One often appreciates what Jacques Tati is trying to do more than what he actually brings off. His target is the depersonalization of modern life—not so much the mechanization that René Clair satirized in "A Nous la Liberté" and Chaplin in "Modern Times" but the sterile, tasteless tedium that modern hygienic design has produced. There are genuinely inventive moments: the little boys gambling on whether passersby will fall into their lamppost trap; the old man directing a chauffeur trying to park an inordinately long car; the willful garage doors; the wonderful use of the modern functional house as a cartooned face, so that heads at the circular windows become eyes looking out. But these moments are intermittent, and a fundamental miscasting confuses the issues: shouldn't the unemotional, gawky, butterfingered Tati be playing the plastics manufacturer rather than the warm, friendly uncle? With Jean-Pierre Zola, Lucien Frégis, and Alain Bécourt. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; Feb. 18-24.)

Newsfront (1979)—A salute to the men who made movie newsreels in Australia back in the forties and fifties. Directed by Phillip

Noyce, who has had the wit to use lots of actual newsreel footage. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 23.)

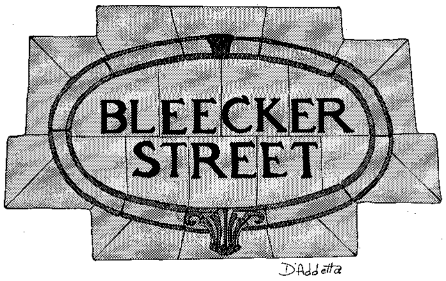
The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion;" and maybe, because it's about the Second World War and Renoir's film was about the First, at times it's like a more deracinated "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. The full fresco treatment that the directors give to the events of that summer is based on their own wartime experiences as adolescents, and on the accounts of others; it's this teeming, fecund mixture, fermenting in their heads for almost forty years, that produces the film's giddy, hallucinated realism. With Omero Antonutti (who was the father in "Padre Padrone") as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln as a black couple trying to live without succumbing to Uncle Tomism. A modest, uneven film, directed by Michael Roemer. (Thalia; Feb. 22.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 18.)

Peter Pan (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (New Embassy 49th Street; through Feb. 17.)

Quest for Fire (1982)—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001;" it's a heavy dose of Desmond ("Naked Ape") Morris, with blaring Dawn of Consciousness music. Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. If it weren't for the grisly close-ups of torn flesh and the composer, Philippe Sarde, letting himself go in the Stravinsky and Wagner department, the picture might be taken for a put-on. (If it were double-billed with the comedian Carl Gottlieb's "Caveman," its overblown solemnity might backfire.) The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup, and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and yet attractive; the sixties have made the ape look seem hip—these fellows might be rock stars. The hero Naoh falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who have pottery and the beginnings of a culture and know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. It's almost impossible to guess what the tone of much of this Stone Age love story is meant to be. At times Amoukar and Gaw are baggy-pants comics without the pants. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages" and Desmond Morris "created" the "body languages and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Cinema Village; Feb. 20-22.)



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The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked bodybuilder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy, sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Cinema II; through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Rivoli; starting Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Feb. 20.)

Rose of Washington Square (1939)—This movie starring Alice Faye is quite clearly cribbed from the life of Fannie Brice; the contrast would be entertaining if the film were double-billed with "Funny Girl." When Alice sings the title song (an old Brice number), the lyrics are changed and "Roman nose" becomes "turned-up nose;" when Alice sings "My Man," her voice is lovely and velvety, but the song isn't very intense. The young bail-jumping sharper (based on Nicky Arnstein) who gives her her heartaches is played by Tyrone Power, who's more entertaining and plausible in the role than Omar Sharif is in the Streisand version. The period of the Ziegfeld Follies and speakeasy raids is recreated in the somewhat tacky Twentieth Century-Fox manner; the cinematographer, Karl Freund, gives the material some style, even though the director, Gregory Ratoff, doesn't seem to have a grip on the story. Fortunately, Al Jolson turns up and gives the film an authentic connection to its Broadway sources. Nunnally Johnson wrote the script and produced (under Zanuck). The cast includes Hobart Cavanaugh, Joyce Compton, Moroni Olsen, William Frawley, and Louis Prima and his band; among the other songs are "I'm Just Wild About Harry" and "Rock-abye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody." The choreographer is Seymour Felix. (Thalia; Feb. 23.)

The Searchers (1956)—John Wayne is the taciturn loner Ethan Edwards, a Confederate veteran who arrives at his married brother's ranch in Texas in 1868. Learning that there are Comanches in the area, Ethan and Martin (Jeffrey Hunter), a part Cherokee young man who lives with the brother's family, go off to look for them. While they're away the Comanches attack the ranch; they return to a scene of horror—the house has been burned down and the family slaughtered, all except Ethan's two nieces, who have been abducted. The ravaged body of the older girl is found and buried; the search for the little one (played by Lana Wood) goes on. It's a peculiarly formal and stilted movie, with Ethan framed in a doorway at the opening and the close. You can read a lot into it, but it isn't very enjoyable. The lines are often awkward and the line readings worse, and the film is often static, despite economical, quick editing. What made this John Ford Western fascinating to the young directors who hailed it in the seventies as a great work and as a key influence on them is the compulsiveness of Ethan's search for his niece (whose mother he loved) and his bitter, vengeful racism. He's surly and foul-tempered toward Martin, who accompanies him during the five years of looking for the girl (who by then has turned into Natalie Wood, in glossy makeup, as if she were going to a fifties prom), and he hates Indians so much that he intends to kill her when he finds her, because she will have become the "squaw" to what he calls a "buck." The film doesn't develop Ethan's *macho* savagery; it's just there—he kills buffalo, so the Comanches won't have meat, and he shoots out the eyes of a dead Comanche. The sexual undertones of Ethan's character almost seem to belong to a different movie; they don't go with the many crude and corny touches in this one. Ford's attempts at comic relief are a fizzle—especially the male knockabout humor, an episode involving a fat Indian woman called Look (Beulah Archuletta), and the scenes with Hank Worden overacting the role of a crazy man. Throughout, the performances are highly variable. With Vera Miles, Dorothy Jordan, Ward Bond (who wears a fine top hat), Henry Brandon as Chief Scar, Ken Curtis as Charlie the singing guitarist, Peter Mamakos as Futterman, Olive Carey, John Qualen, Antonio Moreno, Harry Carey, Jr., Walter Coy, Pippa Scott, Pat Wayne, Nacho Galindo, and, in a small part, Mae Marsh. From a novel by Alan LeMay, adapted by Frank S. Nugent; music by Max Steiner; filmed in Colorado and in Monument Valley. (There are allusions to this film in "Star Wars," "Mean Streets," "Hardcore," and many others.) (Metro Cinema; Feb. 21.)

Ship of Fools (1965)—A German ship travelling from Veracruz to Bremerhaven—an ocean-liner "Grand Hotel." Katherine Anne Porter's novel was set in 1931, and though she explained the title as referring to the "simple, almost universal image of the ship of this world on its voyage to eternity" (adding, "I am a passenger on that ship"), her vessel was also a microcosm of the pre-Nazi world, and the director, Stanley Kramer, and the scenarist, Abby Mann, move the date to 1933 and turn her conception into a pompous cartoon. The fools are those who do not see what is coming, and we're supposed to observe how the passengers' character flaws will lead to the Holocaust; Kramer and Mann give us dinner-party snubs as foreshadowings of the gas chambers. The movie is staccato, loud, and crude, and the relationships in the book are deformed. The novel's central sexual entanglement is that of two young artists—Jenny, who is trying to be free, and puritanical David, who wants to own her. In the movie, George Segal's David (modelled, Abby Mann acknowledged, on himself) is a proletarian artist of great animal vitality who is being kept by neurotic, rich-bitch Jenny (Elizabeth Ashley). She is jealous of his genius, and he sums her up with "You're so full of competition. You're so full of God knows what kind of sickness." One can enjoy the movie by giggling over its florid swoony trash, such as the doomed lovers: the ship's doctor (Oskar Werner) smiling mistily, and compassionately giving injections and adoring love to La Condesa (Simone Signoret), who has met him too late. (Doctor: "You're so strange—sometimes you're so bitter, then you're like a child, soft and warm." La Condesa: "I'm just a woman.") The international star cast includes Vivien Leigh as an aging divorcée (this may be her most embarrassing screen performance—she's like a jerky Pinocchio), Lee Marvin as a comical baseball player, José Ferrer as a Jew-baiting German businessman, Michael Dunn, José Greco, Charles Korvin, Lilia Skala, Heinz Ruhmann, Werner Klemperer, Alf Kjellin, and Kaaren Verne. Greeted with widespread enthusiasm by the press, as "powerful." (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 25-26.)

Show Boat (1936)—This classic musical-melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs and the novelistic Edna Ferber plot, full of heartbreaks and miscegenation and coincidences, is hard to resist in any of its versions. This one from Universal has a believability that was lost in the 1951 M-G-M version. It features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe, singing "Ol' Man River," and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan, who sings "Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man." James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, Donald Cook, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Clarence Muse, Queenie Smith, E. E. Clive, and Harry Barris. The screenplay is by Oscar Hammerstein II, from the 1927 Ziegfeld musical that Kern and he wrote, based on the Ferber novel. The lyrics for "Bill" were written by P. G. Wodehouse—the song was a reject from one of the ten musicals on which Kern and Wodehouse had collaborated; Kern is said to have taken the inspiration for "Ol' Man River" from Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." (A 1929 version, also from Universal, starred Laura La Plante, Alma Rubens, Joseph Schildkraut, and Stepin Fetchit as Joe.) (Regency; Feb. 20-21.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 24.)

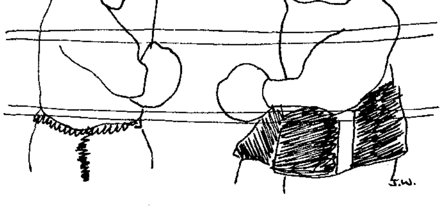
There's No Business Like Show Business (1954)—Square and garish. Conceived as entertainment for the whole family, this musical is about a family of Irish vaudevillians—the Five Donahues; Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey are the parents, and Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, and Johnnie Ray are their progeny. The plot is almost insultingly sentimental; it involves a misunderstanding between O'Connor and the girl he loves—Marilyn Monroe, as a seductive but goodhearted Broadway star. You have to put up with Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. But there's good, fast hoofing by Dailey and O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor, who has a gleeful bounciness; she and O'Connor are wonderful together. And the Irving Berlin songs can carry you through a lot of tedious silliness. The costumes are so grotesquely tasteless they become enjoyable—Ethel Merman sings the title song in a monstrous white gown that looks as if it's going to attack her. With Hugh O'Brian. The choreography is by Robert Alton and Jack Cole; the script is by Henry and Phoebe Ephron, from a story by Lamar Trotti. Directed by Walter Lang. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 21.)

Till the Clouds Roll By (1946)—This monster thing, spawned at M-G-M, was meant to be the life of Jerome Kern. Robert Walker was the actor given the role (unlucky Walker was also miscast as Brahms), and he was surrounded by an all-star troupe that included Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin, June Allyson, and Frank Sinatra, who, in perhaps the most ill-conceived sequence in this staggeringly ill-conceived venture, sings "Ol' Man River" in white tie and white tails. There are twenty-two songs by Kern, most of them reasonably well performed, but not one performed memorably. Richard Whorf directed; Vincente Minnelli staged some of the sequences. (Regency; Feb. 20-21.)

The Tin Drum (1980)—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 25.)

To Kill a Mockingbird (1963)—When Gregory Peck got the Academy Award for his performance as an upstanding widowed lawyer practicing in a small Alabama town in the early thirties, there was a fair amount of derision throughout the country: Peck was better than usual, but in that same virtuously dull way. (There was a suspicion that Peck was being rewarded because the Lincolnesque lawyer shot a rabid dog and defended an innocent black man accused of raping a white woman.) Robert Mulligan directed, from Horton Foote's adaptation of the Harper Lee Pulitzer Prize novel, and it's all terribly conscientious—the clapboard houses, the slatted porch swings on rusty chains, the Chevy phaetons on dusty streets, the high moral sentiments, the specs on Peck's nose. Mulligan slows the pace down when he wants to suggest the mysteries of childhood or to arouse warm emotions; this works only intermittently. The movie is part eerie Southern Gothic and part Hollywood self-congratulation for its enlightened racial attitudes. Brock Peters, who flares his nostrils mightily, is the black man on trial, and Robert Duvall is the brain-damaged Boo Radley, of whom the lawyer's children (Mary Badham and Phillip Alford) are terrified. With John Megna, Ruth White, Rosemary Murphy, James Anderson, Collin Wilcox, William Windom, Alice Ghostley, Crahan Denton, Frank Overton, and Richard Hale. Cinematography by Russell Harlan; music by Elmer Bernstein; art direction by Alexander Golitzen and Henry Bumstead. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 23-24.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 24.)



The Verdict—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it's a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Feb. 17.)

Voyage of the Damned (1976)—This movie is based on the actual 1939 voyage of the S.S. St. Louis with nine hundred and thirty-seven German-Jewish refugees aboard, yet there is not a single moment in the star-packed epic that carries any conviction. As the lines drone on—paced with a sledgehammer—you may feel you could die for a little overlapping dialogue. But with this material you can't even have the frivolous pleasure of derision. Cast as a woman who doesn't excite her husband, Faye Dunaway must have decided that she'd better give the public *something*, and she comes on looking absolutely smashing, and at one point appears dressed to outdo the Nazis—she wears jackboots and a monocle. As the ship's captain, Max von Sydow acts with some distinction; most of the others—Oskar Werner, Malcolm McDowell, Katharine Ross, Janet Suzman, Maria Schell, Victor Spinetti, Julie Harris, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles, James Mason, Helmut Griem, Nehemiah Persoff, Sam Wanamaker, Donald Houston, Jonathan Pryce, Leonard Rossiter, Denholm Elliott, José Ferrer, Lee Grant, Ben Gazzara, Luther Adler, Lynn Frederick, Fernando Rey, et al.—are crippled by the dreary script, written by Steve Shagan and David Butler, and the ponderous directing by Stuart Rosenberg. You sit there wondering how there can be so many bad actors in one picture; if you hadn't seen these performers in other roles, you'd assume they were the dregs of the profession. Based on the book by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witts; cinematography by Billy Williams. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 25-26.)

Walkover (1965)—A Jerzy Skolimowski film, with the director himself playing a young prizefighter. Skolimowski's ostentatious film technique alienates one from the material; one may admire the film, but it's hard to like. In Polish. (Film Forum; Feb. 21.)

Winter Kills (1979)—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (Cinema Studio.)

The Year of Living Dangerously—With Mel Gibson and Sigourney Weaver, directed by Peter Weir. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Feb. 17. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; starting Feb. 18.)

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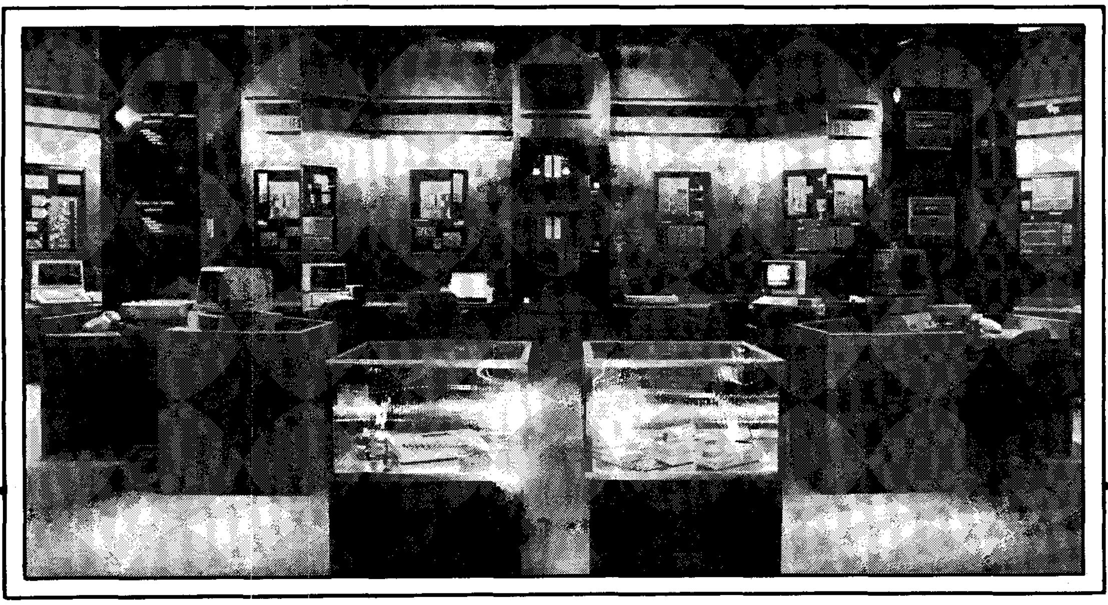

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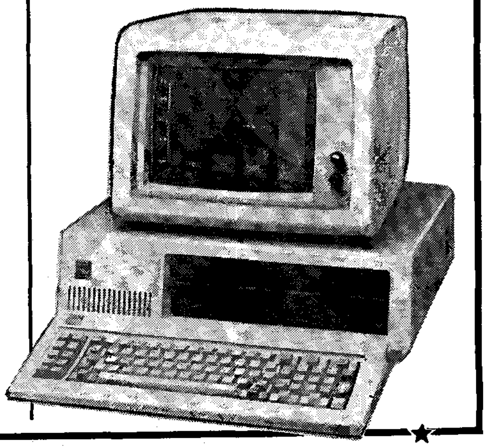

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT'S Dawn Bingo at six o'clock on the upper West Side: in one of the dark, gloomy silhouetted tenements, there is visible from the sidewalk a single yellow rectangle; a few flights above, another rectangle appears; then, across the street, a third one. The bingo boards fill up. A wet, bitter wind spits moisture on one's face, then freezes it. A gray pigeon is walking stiffly. A solitary human being huddles at a bus stop, peering up the avenue. The bus arrives—big, noisy, well-lit—scoops up the traveller, and grinds away, leaving the grim backdrop against which the person had stood: an empty lot guarded by a chain-link fence; dirty snow; ratty pennants trembling on a cord slung from a store to the bus-stop sign. A young man and a young woman cross the avenue carrying two briefcases and one red snow shovel. Climb into car parked on side street. Decide to try freeing their vehicle without shovelling. Whine; crunch; roar; screech. They drive away, with snow shovel, passing a tall, gaunt man with a cane who is lurching down the street stabbing at the ice: an N. C. Wyeth pirate (except for his ski jacket) delivering a Black Spot. On the avenue, a cat wails. Not a cat. What is it? A rooster. A *rooster?* Then a tremulous humming sound comes from within a sealed-up grocery. Up the block, light from a store illuminates a bright assembly of gum-ball machines on the sidewalk, and inside there's a luncheonette-card-shop-stationery-toy-store-newsstand (and much, much more) in operation. Aged glossies of bit players are taped to the walls, and half a dozen customers—black, white, Hispanic—are seated at the counter. It's warm, and full of pleasant sounds: jingle of change; door squeaking open and shut; water filling a coffeepot; knife, having sliced through a corn muffin, dropped on cutting board; jangle of a small bell hanging on a low swinging door that is marked "Keep Out" and separates behind-the-counter and the cash register from everywhere else, and sounds a gentle alarm when the proprietor walks through; an array of coughs and seasonal snortings; the snap of matches being struck, and the less crisp sound of lighters; conversations bubbling in Spanish. There's the smell of coffee, cigarettes. Woman behind the lunch counter has serene, lovely face, works steadily, smoothly: arms in striped sweater reach this way, that; a roll is buttered; coffee is poured; lid is put on container; container is lowered into brown paper bag. The proprietor, a tall, solemn-looking man who might be sixty or seventy, stands at the cash register. "It's cold below and it's cold above," he declares in a mournful bass voice, rolling out the words.

An elderly acquaintance who is seated at the counter turns to the proprietor and says, "I'm going home and eat hominy grits."

Proprietor says, "They're no good for you."

Acquaintance says, "They're good for *me*."

Proprietor says, "They make you sexy."

Acquaintance says, "That's what I want to be." He departs.

"Three more days!" exclaims a man in work boots.

"Until what?" says the man next to him.

"Until the weekend," says the first man. He puts some sugar in his coffee and stirs it. "I'm keeping track of weekends," he explains.

A young man with a blue backpack dashes in, asks the proprietor for change—eight quarters. He takes the change over to the greeting-card section, where there is a postage-stamp machine. A few moments later, he is seen licking stamps and putting them on red envelopes; then he darts out.

The place is filling up with people now; the sky outside is getting light.

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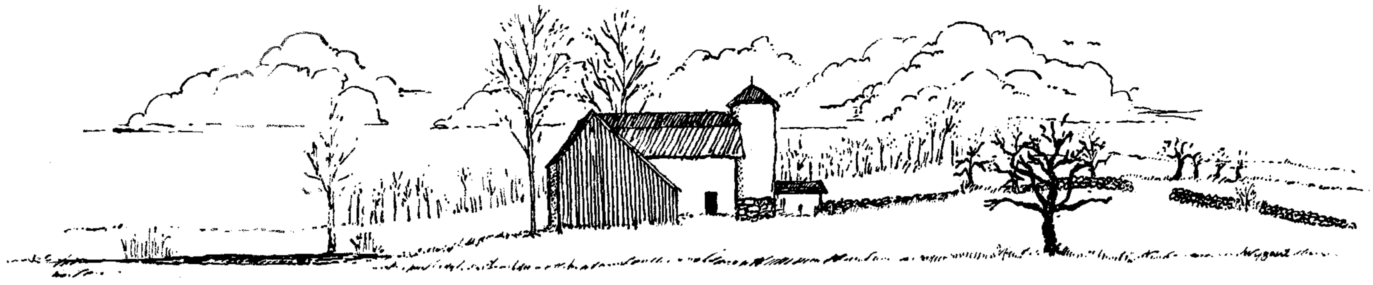
Firsts

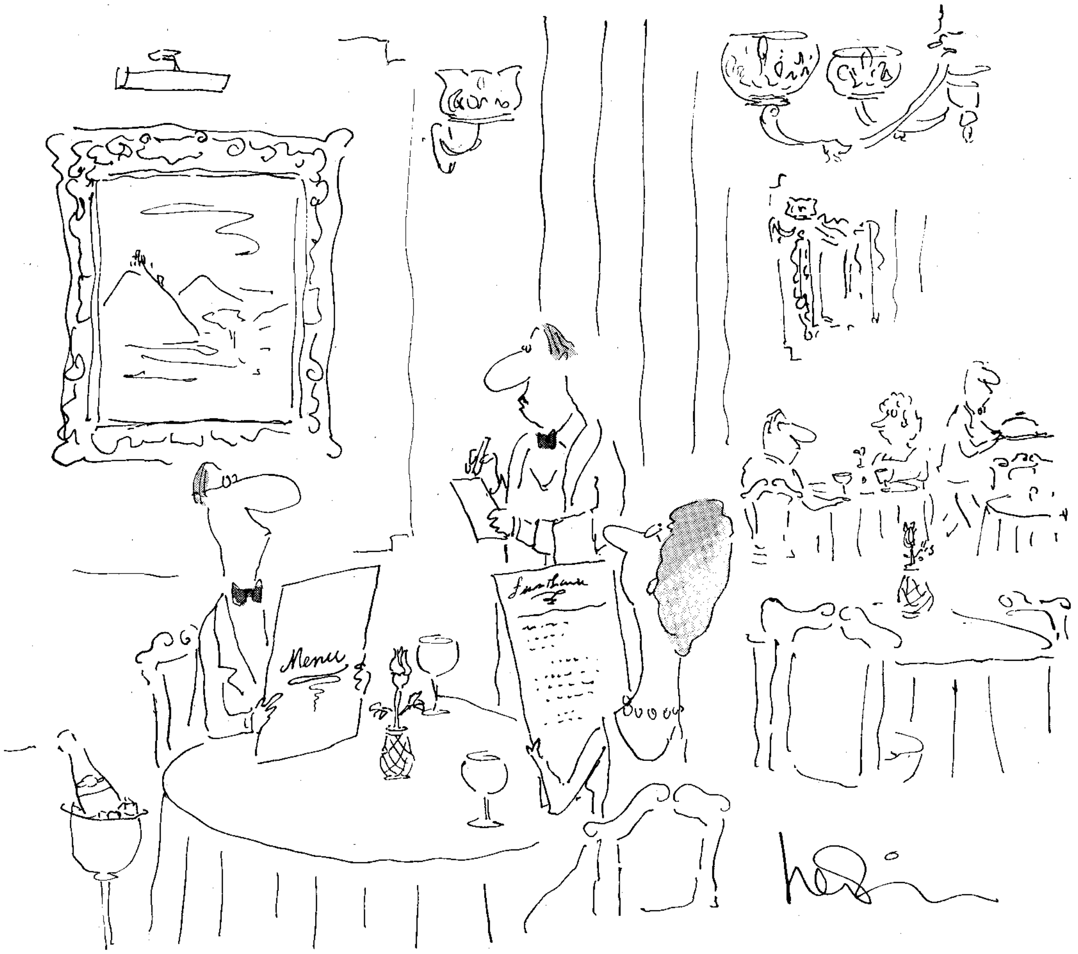
WHEN, in our youth, we attended the seashore, the spectacle never varied. All those under the age of decorum quickly stripped down to their bathing trunks and dashed across the sand, intent on being the first one into the waves. In that time,



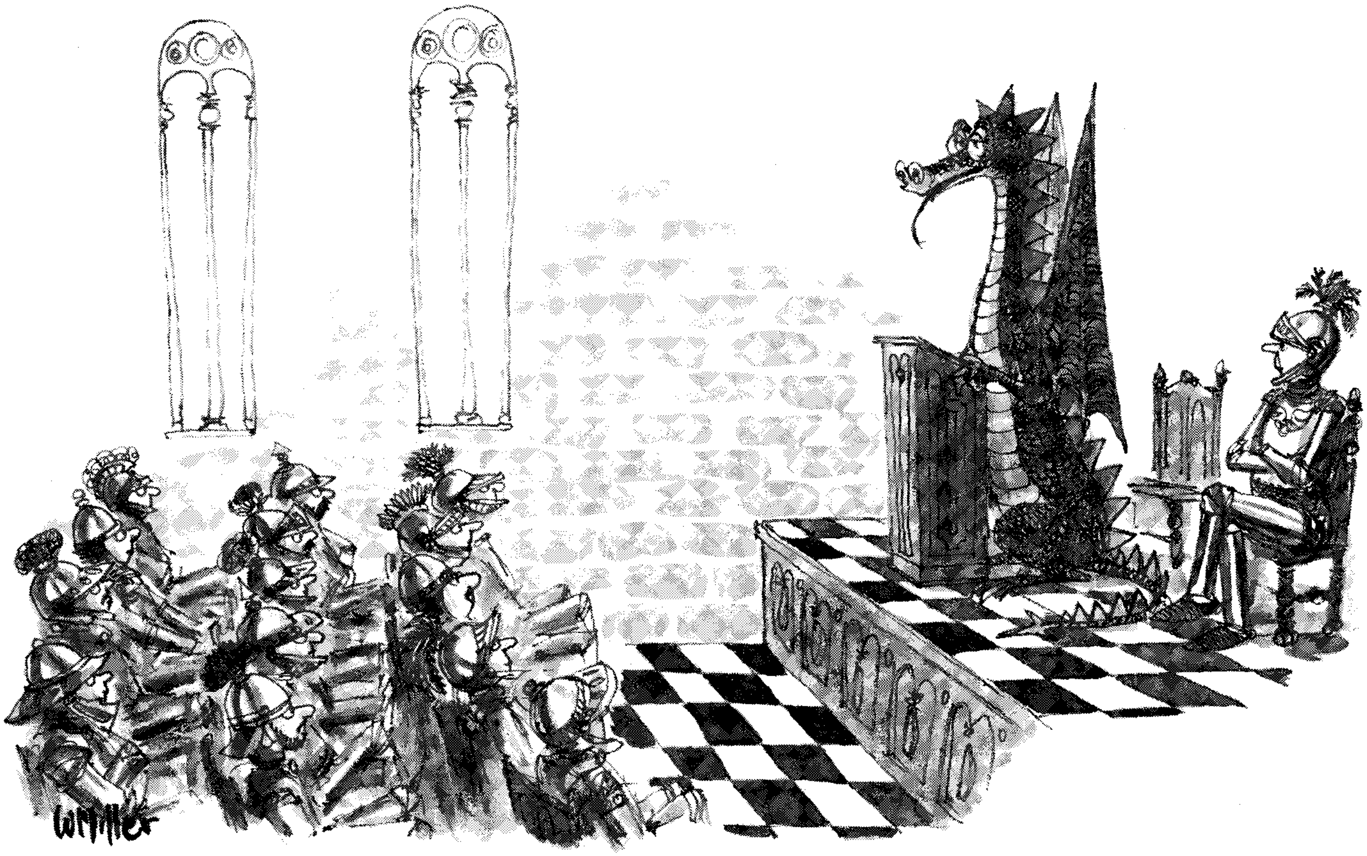
it was widely believed that the last one in was a rotten egg. Salt water seems to bring to the surface much the same competitive instinct in older folk. That's what we concluded recently while touring a preview of a new display on the deep sea, which will stay at the American Museum of Natural History through mid-May. It seemed to us that we couldn't turn a corner in the spiffy exhibition hall without meeting a mariner who had been first at something or other. Walter H. Jahn, for instance, explained that he had been the first to take photographs, top to bottom, of the Gilliss Seamount, one of thirty-two seamounts in the New England chain. "It's the first time man has ever seen this seamount visually," Jahn announced, and he added, "Almost all the photos I take are of things people have never seen. This is the frontier. It's like seeing the Rockies for the first time and having a camera with you." The giant photos, which reminded us of views of the moon's surface, were taken in black-and-white with an array of enormous cameras and strobes paid for by the Navy. Mr. Jahn told us he had just returned from a photographic expedition to the Florida escarpment, where he was using color film. "Some of my pictures from Florida would blow your socks off," he told us.

Though Jacques Mayol, the first man to descend to a depth of a hundred metres—three hundred and twenty-eight feet—while holding his breath, was not on hand for the exhibit, there was an engrossing movie about his dive. In the film, Mr. Mayol, a mustachioed Frenchman, explained that he had practically lived with dolphins for two years and they had taught him how to relax and breathe—advice he had taken in preference to that offered by a physiologist, who warned Mayol that at a hundred metres his lungs would likely collapse. The film's narrator, speaking in the dramatic tone reserved for documentaries about the deep sea (or the plains of Africa), remarked, "Through meditation, Mayol has overcome the instinctive urge to rush toward the salvation of breath." As Mayol began his record sink, he took an appropriately deep breath, grabbed hold of a sixty-six-pound weight, and slid down a wire to the hundred-metre depth, where he let go of the weight and headed back up to the surface. The narrator explained as Mayol ascended that since three minutes and some had elapsed all of Mayol's oxygen was exhausted and his brain cells were starting to die. But Mayol retained enough presence of mind to holler and mug for the cameras when he finally broke the surface.

In the middle of the exhibition room, there stood a three-quarter-size model of the sort of suit one wears if one wishes to walk on the ocean floor. Bulkier than an astronaut's getup, the gear is used mostly by the men who make repairs on deep-sea oil-drilling platforms, explained Dr. Sylvia Earle, a curator at the California Academy of Sciences. "It's called the Jim suit," she said. "It was first developed to salvage the Lusitania. 'Jim' doesn't stand for anything. It's just that the first diver who was willing to wear it was named Jim, and that was part of his price." Dr. Earle knows a good deal about the Jim suit, having worn it when she became the first woman ever to walk on the ocean floor below a thousand feet, and the first human being to stroll at that depth without being connected by a line to the surface. A movie of Dr. Earle's dive was playing right near the Mayol movie, and we watched it with her. There was a shot of Dr. Earle riding out in a boat to the spot where she would be dropped into the deep. As she speculated, in a voice-over, on what could go wrong—leaks, tangled lines, and a number of other things—the camera zoomed in on her hands, which were being wrung, apparently in a sweaty mixture of fright and anticipation. "A little Hollywood there," Dr. Earle ad-



"Before I make any suggestions, sir, may I ask how committed you are to truly fine cuisine?"



"To begin with, I would like to express my sincere thanks and deep appreciation for the opportunity to meet with you. While there are still profound differences between us, I think the very fact of my presence here today is a major breakthrough."

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mitted to us. At the dive site, Dr. Earle climbed into her Jim suit and was hoisted onto the nose of a small submarine, which was to taxi her to the ocean floor. Over an intercom, an assistant on the surface kept saying things like "Holokai, we're neutrally buoyant. Sylvia is secure. . . . Make you one hundred feet and going down." Finally, at twelve hundred and fifty feet, Dr. Earle climbed off the sub and took a walk along the ocean bottom, where she said, "This is *so great*."

Predictably, though, Dr. Earle—a marine botanist—is not content to rest on her underwater laurels. She showed us drawings and scale models of several devices that have evolved from the Jim suit and have enabled oil-rig workers and scientists to go even deeper. There's Wasp ("It's called Wasp because it's black and yellow and it sort of flies underwater"), which goes to two thousand feet. And then there's Mantis, a rocketlike vehicle that goes down to twenty-three hundred feet, and that became famous when it attacked 007 in the James Bond hit "For Your Eyes Only."

And, finally, there's Deep Rover, which is yet to go into use but will someday serve as "a Model T for the oceans," according to Dr. Earle. Resembling a one-person helicopter, it can go more than three thousand feet deep when it's made of acrylic. And if it has a five-inch glass shell the craft should hold up right down to the nadir of that proverbial hole in the bottom of the sea. Deep Rover is the next-best thing to scuba diving; its mechanical hands are so sensitive they can pick up eggs, and the scientist alone in its small cockpit faces none of the "diving by committee" problems that Dr. Earle says are endemic in submarines. But more money and more attention are needed. A natural rivalry seems to have sprung up between the space program and undersea exploration. "Just one less space shuttle would make a tremendous difference," laments a lab-coated type who appears in one of the exhibit's movies. Dr. Earle adds, "You say you want to go to the moon, and ten years later you're on the moon. Why can't you say, 'I want to walk around at thirty-seven thousand eight hundred feet, at the bottom of the ocean'?" We have no doubt that Dr. Earle will, and probably before anyone else.

Mood and Rumor

LAST week, the world divided into two groups: people asking "Who is this Laurie Anderson, and what is her art?" and people who had witnessed, over two consecutive evenings at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, her remarkable multimedia performance cycle entitled "United States." The people in the second group found themselves face to face with a question of their own: "Where, exactly, was her art?" It seemed everywhere and nowhere on the stage. The most promising target in the search for Miss Anderson's art was her almost always present person as she spoke or sang her words and music, played her unconventional, highly electrified fiddle, or summoned sounds and video images with a sorcerer's gestures. She looked a small, purposeful, vulnerable figure, in a shapeless black satin jacket and pants, and with mad, cartoon-strip spikes of Punk hair, but art was there, all right—indelible, if invisible. There seemed to be art in her hand, pointing like a hand on a clock; ticking like a metronome; resting half in, half out of her pocket; making shadow animals appear. There seemed to be art in her feet, clad in bright-red socks and flat black slippers, and carrying their owner about the stage with an oddly mechanical yet sinuous walk. Her presence was compelling even when she was doing almost nothing—moving in near-darkness to her next cue spot onstage, for instance, like a provincial stagehand in days when stagehands were burdened with dim between-scenes shapes that could as easily be trees as chairs. At moments, though, Miss Anderson's very presence seemed to fade and nearly vanish, and under the full glare of a spotlight she would turn into a faint sketch of herself.

As for the love affair that the artist appeared to conduct with "state of the art" technology—the world of video, laser, electronic tape, digital keyboards, and so forth—this served to throw her audience still further off the scent. Why did the violin produce a sound like her voice or make music after she had put down the bow? Why were the synthesizer chords in the air so much more complicated than what her fingers played on the keys? Microphones stood about like nuclear-family groupings of Giacometti stick figures silhouetted against the changing fields of light. Perhaps they knew the answers? They waited for the moment when she sidled up to each in turn, turned a knob at its metal waist, and drew its elongated head in close as she began to move her lips. But then her voice passed through the mike and came out sounding like a public-address system, like a telephone, like a child, or (pitched an octave lower) like Jack Benny.

If technology was intended only as a further sieve for the art to leak simultaneously into and out of, that art washed in and out of her audience as well. Miss Anderson said recently that she tended to be more preoccupied with mood and rumor than with hard fact. As the fashionable and knowing crowd moved through the aisles and the lobby of BAM, floating in its world of mood and rumor and reputation-mongering chat, its talk was part of the whole, a tape that Laurie Anderson might have spliced.

"The Kitchen," said one man.

"Warner Records," said a woman nearby.

"David Salle. Julian Schnabel."

" 'Semiotics' sounds so seventies. Can't use that word anymore."

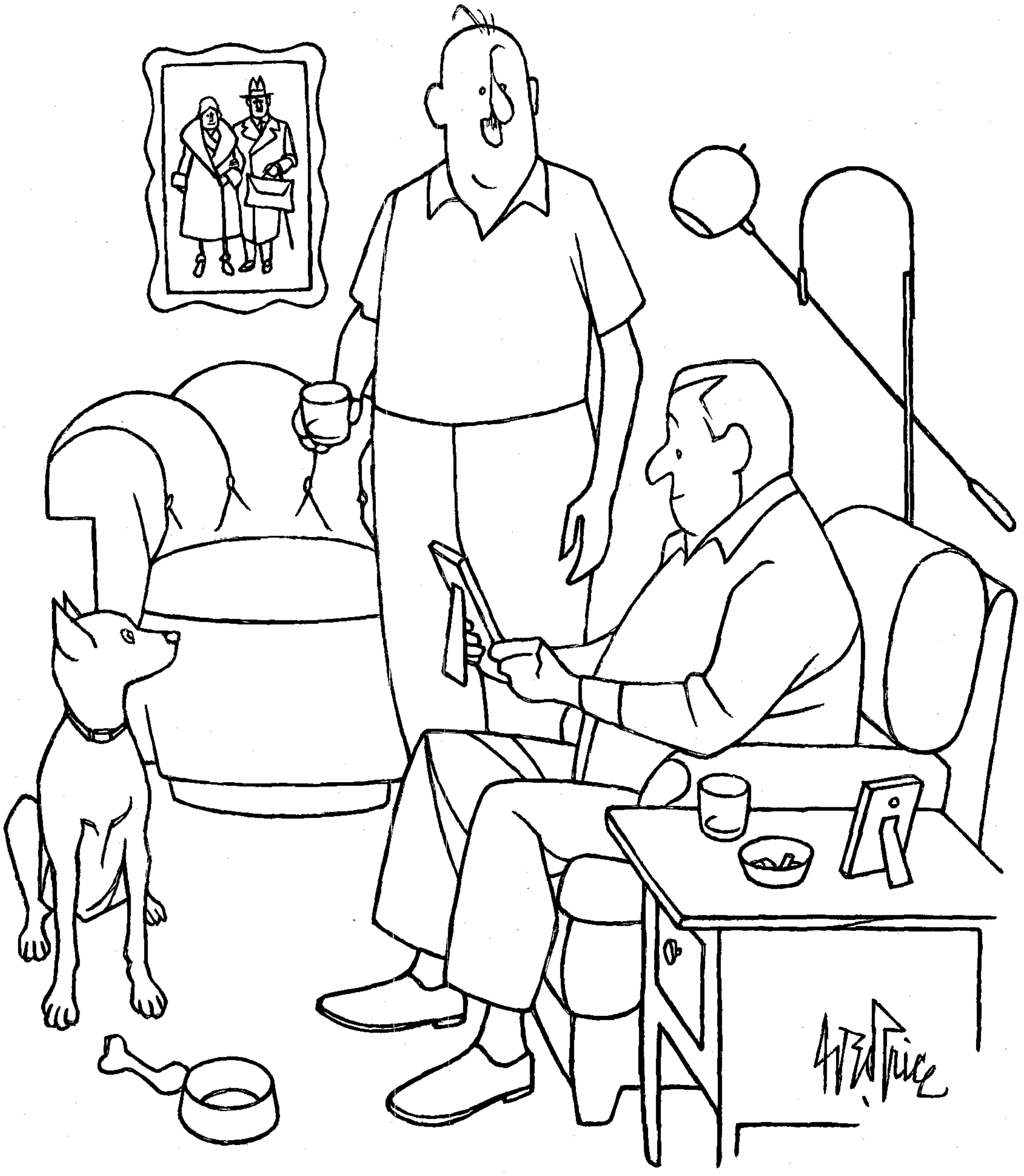
"His wife's an avant-garde dancer. He works at the Morgan bank."

"Purity."

"Rock and roll."

"They got bored and left in the intermission. Went off with that Conceptualist to have some supper at Raoul's."

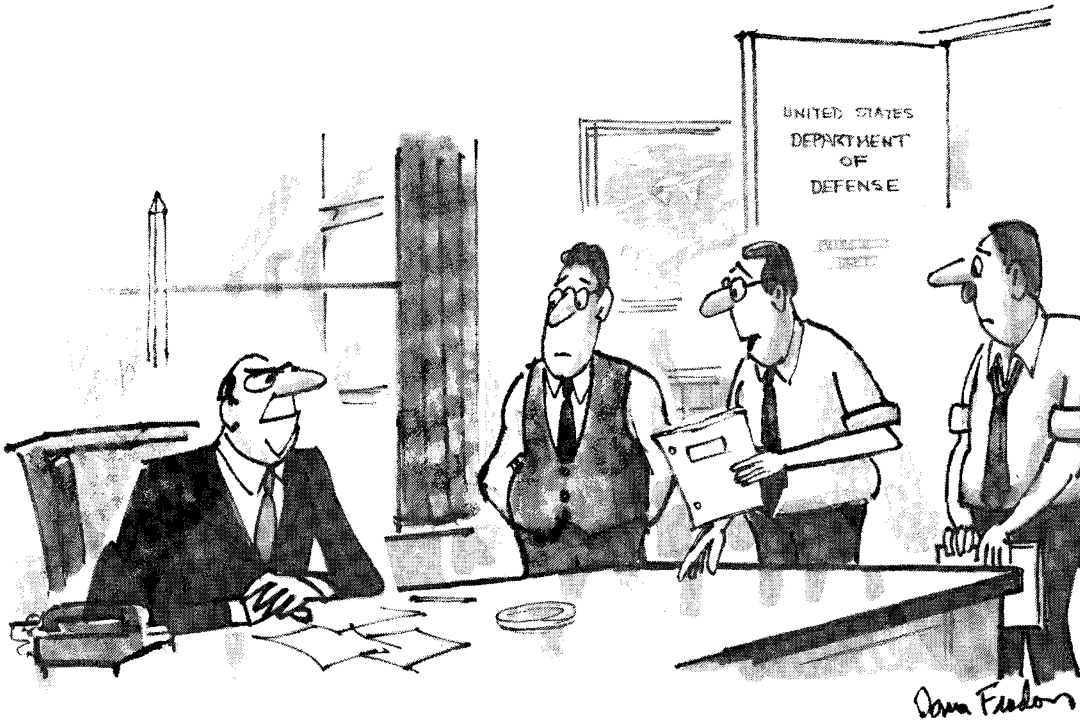
"This is really fun."



"Her mother cried at our wedding. Her old man roared like a wounded lion."

The Prune Principle

A METHOD FOR PROMOTING DRIED FRUIT—example, PRUNES—based on observations of the Prune Taste Challenge, held in early February in Manhattan:



"Sir, we find there's no way of cutting the military budget without cutting the military budget."

(1) *Identify your problem.* F. W. (Woody) Davis, executive director of the California Prune Board, shows how, isolating his industry's difficulty as follows: "We have research which indicates that people don't dislike prunes. They just never think about them. It's an awareness problem." Adds Prune Board public-relations woman Susan Mesick, "Prunes are the Forgotten Fruit."

(2) *Hire a snazzy P.R. firm.* Ketchum Public Relations, maybe. Its people will stage your media event for you. Perhaps they can build you a kiosk (color dependent on fruit; purple, which dominated the prune booth, would clearly be inappropriate for apricots) on the lower level of Grand Central Terminal. Once it's built, they can fill it with baskets of prunes (or whatever), prune recipes, and fresh-faced young people paid to impale prunes on toothpicks and hand them to passersby.

(3) *Create slogans.* Alliteration is mucho mandatory here—something like "I Prefer Prunes" sounds considerably catchier than "Snackin' Good Prunes." These slogans can be put on buttons, banners, and, with luck, the lips of the public.

(4) *Find a local angle.* This is vital if reporters are to descend in droves. (The descent in droves of reporters occupies the same place in the mind of a publicist as the ascent en masse does in the philosophy of a fundamentalist.) The Prune Board showed its abundant good sense by engaging the services of Talent Unlimited, a group of local high-school students who will sing, dance, and, if asked, wear garbage bags. (This makes them resemble prunes.) Whenever possible, the local angle should be closely tied to the product, so that the two can't be easily divorced by a TV producer who might love pictures of local high-school students and yet not prefer prunes. In this case, the Prune Board cleverly instructed the youngsters to sing about prunes. The result was "What I Did for Prunes," to the tune of "What I Did for Love," and "I Love to Eat Prunes," an adaptation of "I Love a Parade," which included the memorable lyrics:

If I'm in the mood
I'll have a few stewed
And eat them from spoons
For I love to eat prunes.

(5) *Set aside some members of the local angle for interviews.* This provides the much-vaunted human touch. Mr. Karl M. Friedman, the Talent Unlimited musical-theatre director, was a perfect choice. He told all who asked him not only that he was a professional lyricist currently engaged in raising funds to stage a Broadway show he had written ("On a Saturday Night"), and that it had taken him a scant five minutes to compose *both* prune anthems, but also that he loved prunes—loved them enough so that he often adhered to the so-called Nassau County diet, which involved the intake of prune juice. Some of the members of Mr. Friedman's troupe, though kicky and great fun, illustrated one subtle danger of the local-angle interview. When the students were asked if they *truly* liked prunes, they often said things like "Yes. I eat them all the time." Pause. "They're so full of Vitamin A." Pause. Uncontrollable giggling.

(6) *Include a gimmick.* A gimmick that creates the illusion of competition can't help enhancing your media event. Americans may or may not prefer prunes, but they love to take sides. Realizing this, the Prune Board people shrewdly designed a ballot, which the kiosk attendants made all the prune eaters fill out. The beauty of this ballot lay in the construction of the questions. No. 2, for instance, began, "I would eat prunes again," and provided three possible answers: "definitely," "probably," and "not sure." Any voter from, say, the Ukraine knows about this sort of ballot, but Americans tend to be gullible.

(7) *Declare victory.* Modesty is no virtue here. After tallying the ballots from twelve hundred and thirty-five commuters who stopped by the kiosk in a single day, a Ketchum Public Relations representative, Gay Leightheiser, announced that sixty-six per cent had indicated that they would definitely eat prunes again and twenty-six per cent were safely in the "probably" category. Only eight per cent admitted that they were not sure. "I think the results are pretty clear," Gay Leightheiser said in a firm, confident voice. "A prune consensus is developing."

MAYBE YOU CAN TOO

JANICE JOHNSON was thinking computer software when she woke up last Wednesday morning, and when Bob and the kids came down to the kitchen she had scribbled three or four things on an envelope and was thinking some more. "I don't know what came over me!" she cried. "It's like a dream or something!" And two hours later she cashed in an insurance policy and started Janico. They make computer skirts. Cotton skirts with an elastic band to fit any console. "I saw computers in this dream," Janice explained, "and they seemed sort of—well, *stark*. So I thought of dressing them up a little bit." A little bit! Janico was worth $2.3 million at noon today, and now she's bringing in a top management team from San Francisco "to handle the bills and checking account and all that stuff." They're due to arrive in fifteen minutes.

That's how fast things are moving nowadays—in computers, communications, quality control, the incentives field, all the hot spots in the economy. Friends of yours may be on their way to incredible first-quarter earnings—old chums you saw *last night!* You went out together to a little Australian restaurant for creamed onions and baked emu and sat around talking idle talk, and suddenly this morning while you drank orange juice and read the funny pages she was saying to him, "Earl, I had an idea about transceivers. Why not turn that little U-shaped gizmo around and put the little red things in from the other end?"

Why not, indeed! Tomorrow they'll be sitting pretty, their pictures in the financial section—a hundred thousand shares of ChumCo snapped up by hungry investors at $17.375—and you'll be wondering, "Why not me? Why didn't I think of that? Francine doesn't know *beans* about transceivers, she's in women's *shoes*, for heaven's sake! And yet here she's flipped the whole industry over on its ear! What's going on here?"

I know that feeling; it's exactly how I felt until ten days ago. I was in the slide business, cranking out those packets of color slides you see in souvenir shops—Yosemite, the Everglades, Homes of the Stars, Scenic Indiana—and going nowhere, while *Bam! Bam! Bam!* other people were hitting pay dirt. One day they were like anyone else and the next I knew they were off in another world. My racquetball partner, Bobby Lee, cancelled a Friday match saying his head hurt, and the next Monday he was into soybean micro-chips and formed BLeeCo, and Tuesday he spun off two subsidiaries, BLInc and BLAmCo, to get into mood publishing and to shelter some of his earnings in forests. I had never even *heard* of mood publishing! On Wednesday, it was the old guy who lives across the alley from me and raises tomatoes and keeps about thirty-seven cats—one day a sad old duffer and the next thing he's chairman of the board of Down Home Video, and suddenly next to Ms. Pac-Man and Donkey Kong you see Ringalario and Kick the Can and Starlight Moonlight and Mumblety-Peg and Video Whist, and the old geezer is raking in the loot, sitting around with a noseful of quarters.

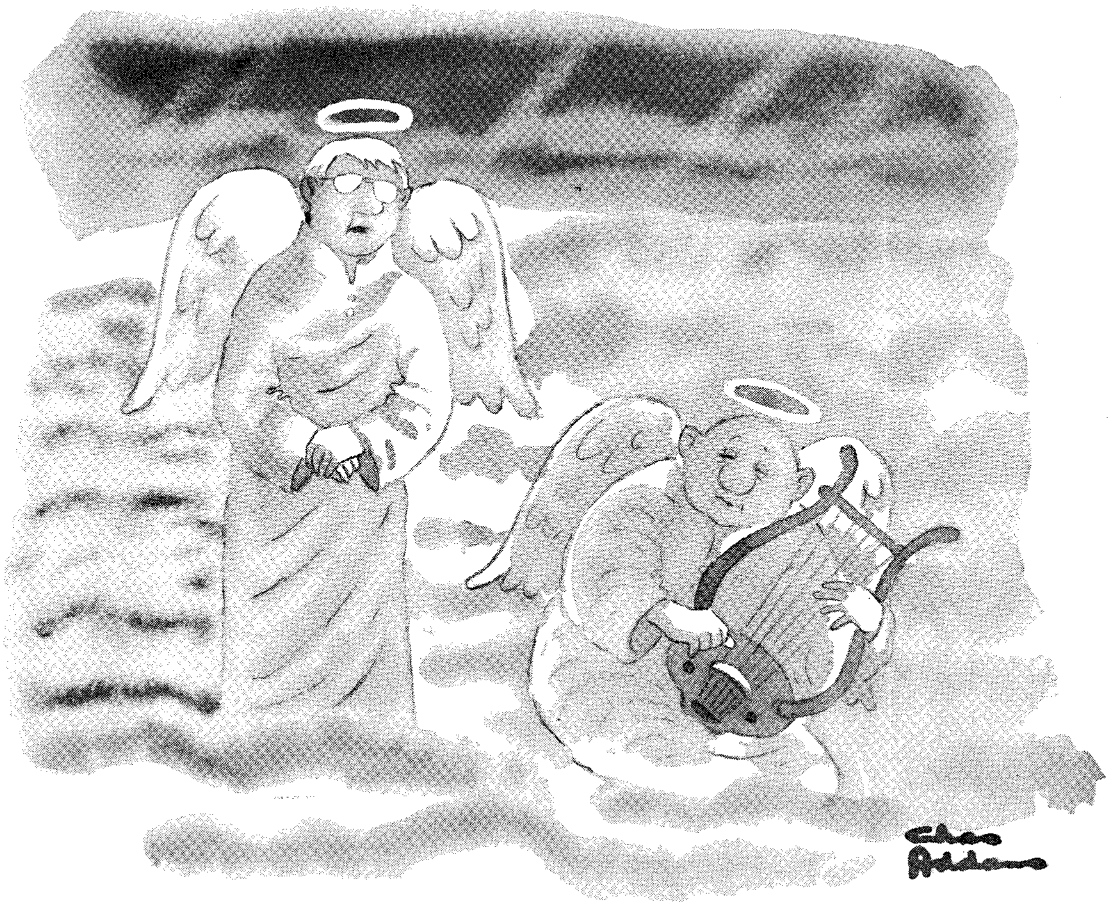
"A grave faux pas, perhaps. But not a major gaffe."

After a while, you get tired of being gracious and saying, "Gee! That's wonderful! I'm really happy for you!" You want to hide in Bobby Lee's bushes and wait for him to come out the door whistling. You want to jump on Bobby Lee and get his leg in a toehold and make him roll around in the dirt while you yell, "Tell me, Bobby Lee! Tell me fast! Tell me two or three good tips right now this minute or I'll bust your foot!"

That's what I did eleven days ago last night. He told me, too. The next day I was in business as MeCo. We make a little ultrasonic buzzer-type thing that attaches to your dashboard. It turns red lights to green in every state but Nebraska. Right now I've got more money than I know what to do with. You know what that's like? It's like breathing a different air. Like the law of gravity doesn't apply to you. Colors are brighter, food tastes better. You tell jokes and people laugh their heads off.

I'D like to share my secrets with you. Actually, one secret. It's so simple you'll wonder why you didn't think of it years ago. I'd like to blurt it out *right now*—at *no charge whatsoever*. You won't owe me so much as a *thank-you*.

"Why?" you're probably wondering. "Why would a rich guy be giving away his secret to people like us? There must be some hitch, some string attached. A guy like him isn't going to



"Since we're here for all eternity, Harry, maybe you could learn something besides 'Humoresque.'"

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share secrets just like that! A guy like him isn't about to hand out the *secret inside information* that has earned him incredible sums these past ten days! Who is he trying to kid? Whom does he take us for? We weren't *born yesterday!*"

O.K., forget it.

That's not what Janice Johnson said when I told her a couple of things, but then she isn't suspicious and small-minded, like a lot of people. She's Methodist, like me. Our church is well known for having a generous nature. Sunday morning, Janice slipped a hundred thousand dollars into the collection plate. Now, that's stewardship! We're like that. We're not stingy and mean. We don't hold with the idea that America is slipping and the economy is drying up and everyone will have less and hold on to it tighter and tighter. We think the opposite. Fabulous possibilities are all around us! Wealth abounds, if only we open ourselves up to new ways of thinking!

That's why Janice, Bobby Lee, and myself formed the Birds of the Air, Beasts of the Field Foundation over the weekend. BOTABOTFF believes that animals have much to tell us, that they *can* communicate with people and *do*—on a daily basis!—and that these important messages are lost simply because we are not receptive to them. BOTABOTFF will be spending more than six million dollars in the next few weeks on research aimed at training people to hear messages, verbal or telepathic, from the animal world.

"What sort of messages?" you're probably wondering. "Might they include business advice or investment tips?"

Sure, they might. It all depends. Depends on the animal, too.

Janice is very high on cats right now, which she sleeps with two of and claims they speak to her in dreams. Me, I don't trust them, and if a cat walked up to me this minute and said, "Mutual fund," I'd pay no attention. If I heard it from my dog, Buster, I'd listen, but not from a cat and not from snakes. Bobby Lee swears by snakes. He keeps three of them under his bed.

We all agree on one thing, though. Whales are the smartest creatures on earth, smarter than dolphins. A dolphin's ideas are ideas that whales had months ago. Humpbacks communicate halfway around the world, emitting a vast range of sounds, most of which concern food and sex but some are about marketing and development. Of course, most people can't profit from interspecies exchange because they're too dumb. They don't have the sense that God gave geese, to use an extreme example.

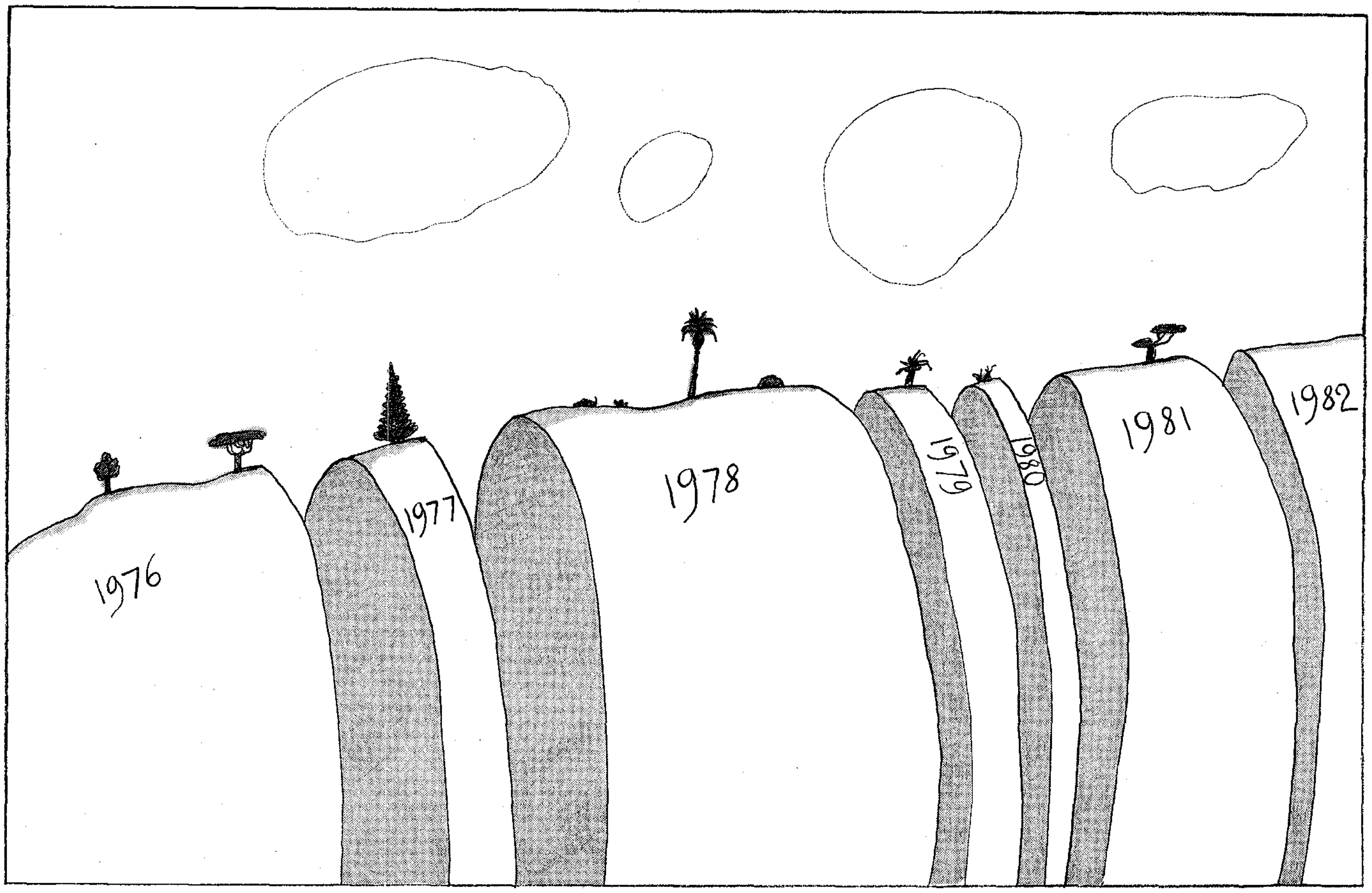
Let's take a purely hypothetical case. Let's say that your dog Buster had an ear infection, so you put him in the car and drove to the vet's. Let's say Buster was agitated and stood on the front seat with his forepaws up on the dashboard and made this strange whining sound. Let's say that you drove six and five-tenths miles through busy streets and never had to stop for a single red light. In addition, a pain in your left elbow went away and your car radio started picking up ship-to-shore off the coast of Portugal. Let's say you happened to have a cassette recorder in the car with you. Would you press *Record* and capture Buster's vocal secrets while sailing through intersections where long lines of cars on the cross streets wait for you to pass? Or would you pull over to the curb, stifle the mutt, and wait for the lights to turn red?

Let's say you do the first thing and a week and a half later you become a multimillionaire. You decide to tell someone else about it. Now let's say you're that other person. Someone tells you he got rich and offers to share the secret for free and you don't believe him, but then he tells you more and suddenly you sort of do but now he is asking $239.50 for the secret postpaid.

How long do you think that offer will stand? Is it too late already? Is that your dog? Is that a smile on his face?

—GARRISON KEILLOR

STATISTICS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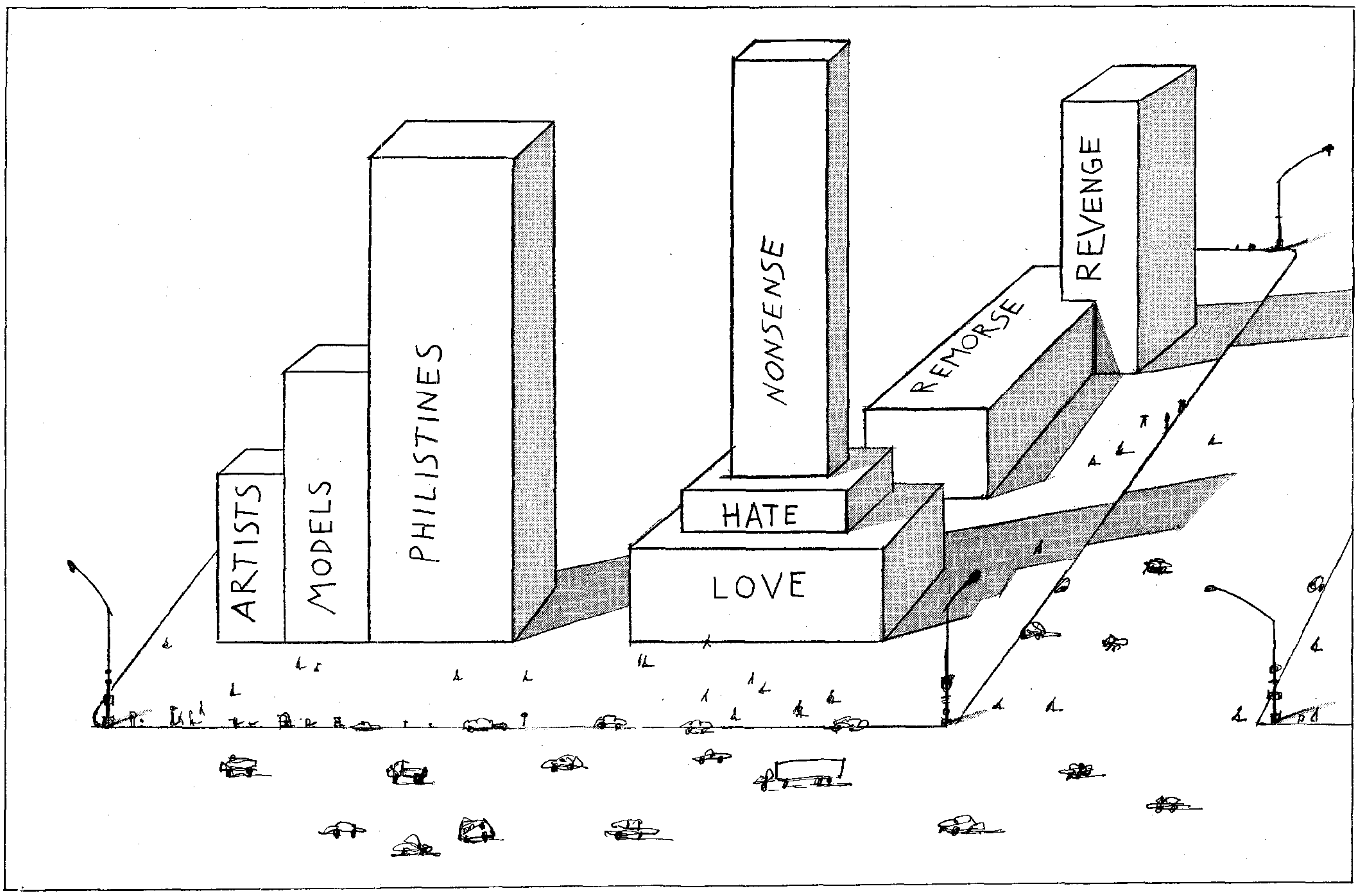
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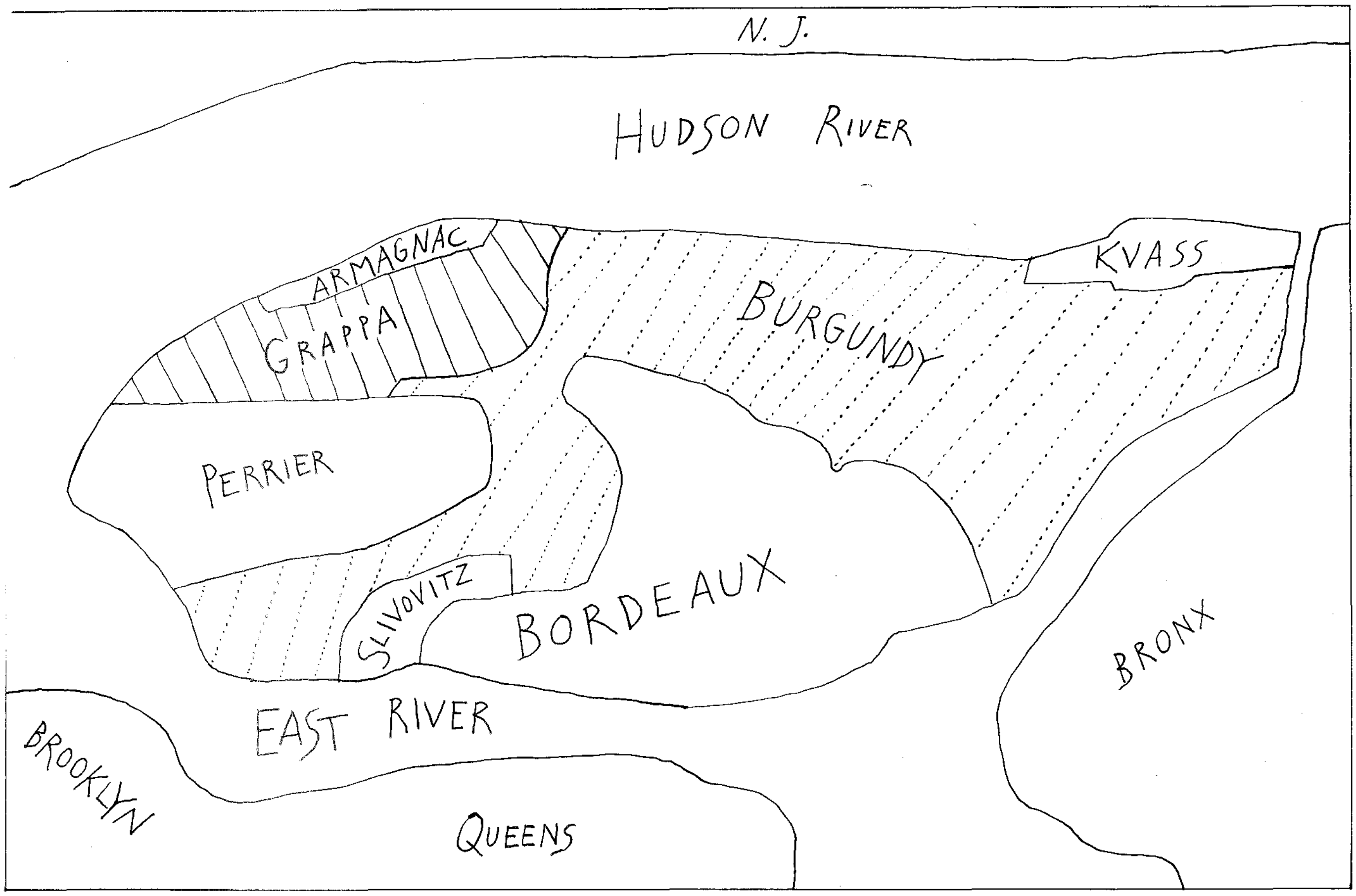
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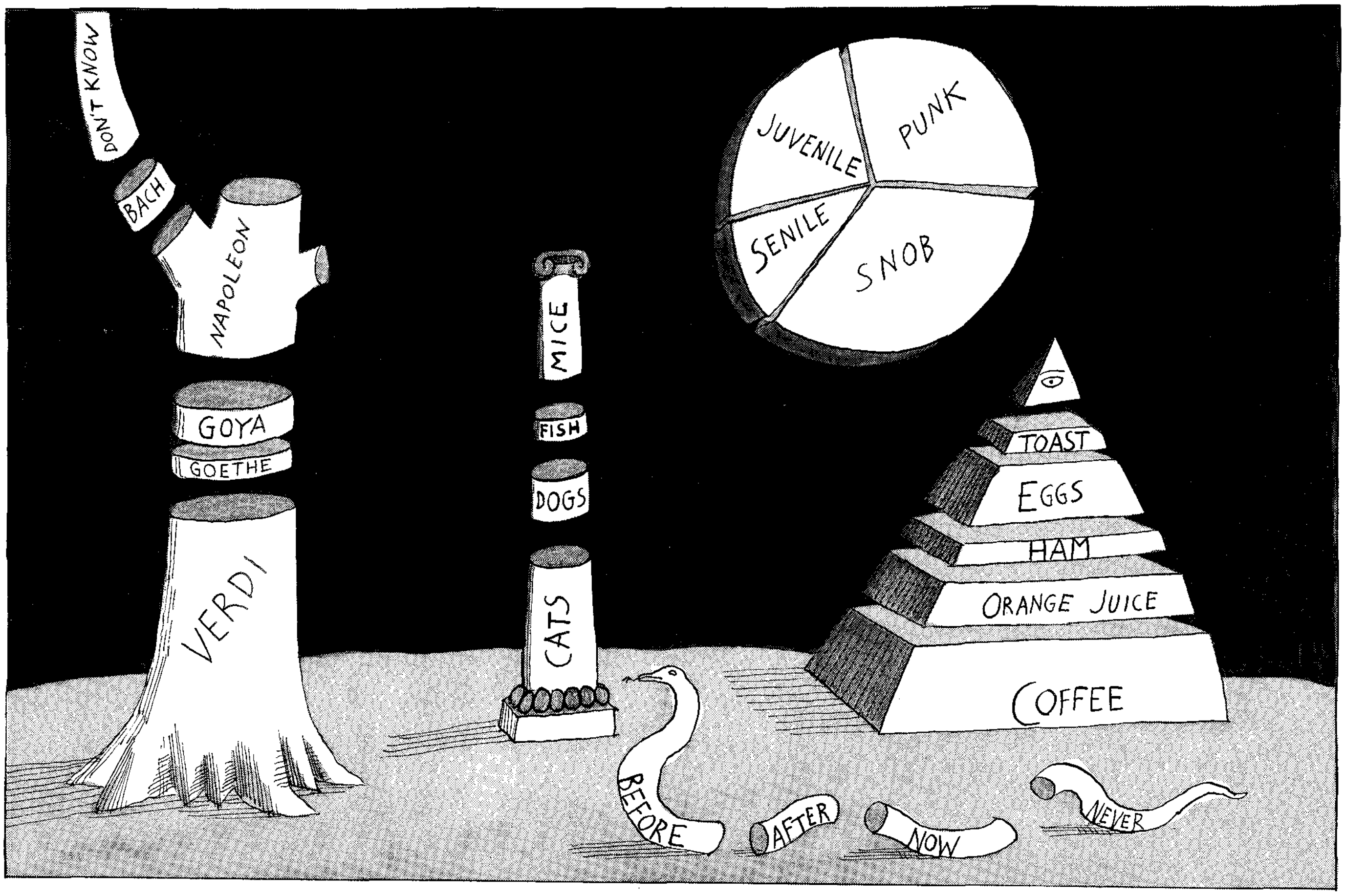
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STEINBERG

EXOTIC NILE

THE water was running in the tub and I had Theo on the telephone when Dewey Nassar appeared outside my door waving a plastic bag with a four-inch goldfish in it. This was a blue goldfish. Nassar was my landlord at the Nile, a thin fellow with no black hair on top of his head but plenty around the sides. I told Theo I'd call her back and turned off the water in the bath.

"Let's get him into something where he can breathe," Nassar said, jiggling the fish at me. We dug through the boxes of kitchen equipment. "How about this?" He peeled newspaper off a white mixing bowl. "This is Theo's, right?"

Nassar liked her because she used to clip Egypt stories out of newspapers and magazines for him. He was crazy about Egypt. When she and I separated, he was upset, and he never missed a chance to remind me that his life too had been impoverished by her departure.

The day after she left, she sent some people to take the furniture. All of it. Left me with a studio apartment, the crockery, and four table legs that belonged to my father. They were wonderful legs—Aalto, I think—but that hadn't been our arrangement. I liked Theo and I didn't care much about furniture, so I bought a bed and two lawn chairs, and a tripod lamp, and made do.

"No more cakes, huh?" Nassar flattened his hand and swam it around inside the bowl. "Plenty of room."

"Keep looking," I said.

We finally settled on a quart orange-juice bottle, but the fish didn't quite fit. It had to swim at a sixty-degree angle to keep from hitting the glass. "Looks a little cramped in there," Nassar said. "I'll get you an aquarium tomorrow." He tilted the bottle so the fish could straighten out. "Make this a happy fish."

The fish was gulping and staring at us through the bottle.

The Nile was thirty apartments bunched around a small courtyard. Nassar had built the complex in 1953 after a trip to Cairo with his mother—designed it all himself, right down to the camels in the peach stucco and the carnival striped awnings. The courtyard featured rock flower beds, a kidney-style pool, three pyramid doghouses, one each in red, blue, and yellow, and palms—skinny, wretched-looking things nine feet tall, with bits of growth at their tops. At one end he'd put a fountain shaped like a crescent moon. The water shot out of a green boat that was supposed to look as if it was flying out of this fountain. He'd put a life-size papier-mâché steer next to the pool and hand-lettered O-F-F-I-C-E on its side, with an arrow pointing toward his door. And at night, every night, colored floodlamps lit the buildings of the Nile.

He stood at one of my two sliding glass doors, looking out into the court. "I wanted a real cow," he said. "Wouldn't that have been something? Theo would've loved that."

"Thanks for the fish," I said.

THE next afternoon I went to the university library and got the new Dick Francis book. I'd been reading more since Theo left. On the steps outside the library I bumped into Nassar's wife, Mariana. She was using the pay telephone. She was wearing a short-sleeved shirt with pink and blue triangles all over it—the kind of shirt young girls find in thrift shops—and it looked good on her.

"My fault," I said. "Pardon me."

She put her palm over the mouthpiece. "Thanks for the rubdown, Buster."

"Absolutely an accident," I said.

"I believe you," she said. She was smiling, laughing a little. "Really. So get lost, O.K.?"

Nassar was parked three cars down from mine, sitting in his Toyota truck with his windows up. He had on clear-rimmed dark glasses, and he was toying with his newly grown pencil mustache. He too was talking on a telephone, a white one with a curled cord stretching toward his dashboard.

I started my car and then sat for a minute watching his wife. I didn't know her well at all. She and Theo had gone running a few times, and when they finished they'd come into the apartment for water. Sometimes in summer they sat by the pool together. I'd gotten the impression that Mariana thought I was silly, but there wasn't any evidence that that's what she thought.

Nassar rapped on my passenger-side window. He did it with his ring, so the noise was annoyingly sharp. "Hey," he said, twirling his forefinger next to his ear and then pointing toward his wife. "She's nuts. She made her hair red."

"It's very pretty," I said, turning the window crank.

He wore a yellow-and-black plaid shirt, and his face was an almost perfect oval, the wrong shape for the mustache. He tucked his head in the window and glanced around at my car. "Clean," he said. His wife had hung up and was walking toward the library entrance.

"Thanks."

"You busy? Want to take a ride?" He popped up my door lock with a thick finger. "I gotta get back before dark, though."

"I don't know," I said. I let the car roll back a little, but he opened the door, so I braked.

"Sure you do," he said. He grinned and stepped into the front seat. His boots were too big, laced up in front almost to the knee, with his pants legs pushed inside. He drummed on the glove-compartment door with the nails of his fingers. "You looking for Theo?"

"Hunting a book," I said. Theo worked at the university, but I hadn't seen her, hadn't gone looking for her. She was living with her new boyfriend at another of Nassar's properties. I'd been to her apartment a couple of times, but I hadn't met the boyfriend. In fact, I'd seen Theo only a few times, maybe half a dozen, since we split.

At the highway intersection we stopped behind a Cadillac. "A book," Nassar said. "A book. That's what I figured. I just got this new phone in my truck. I was trying it out."

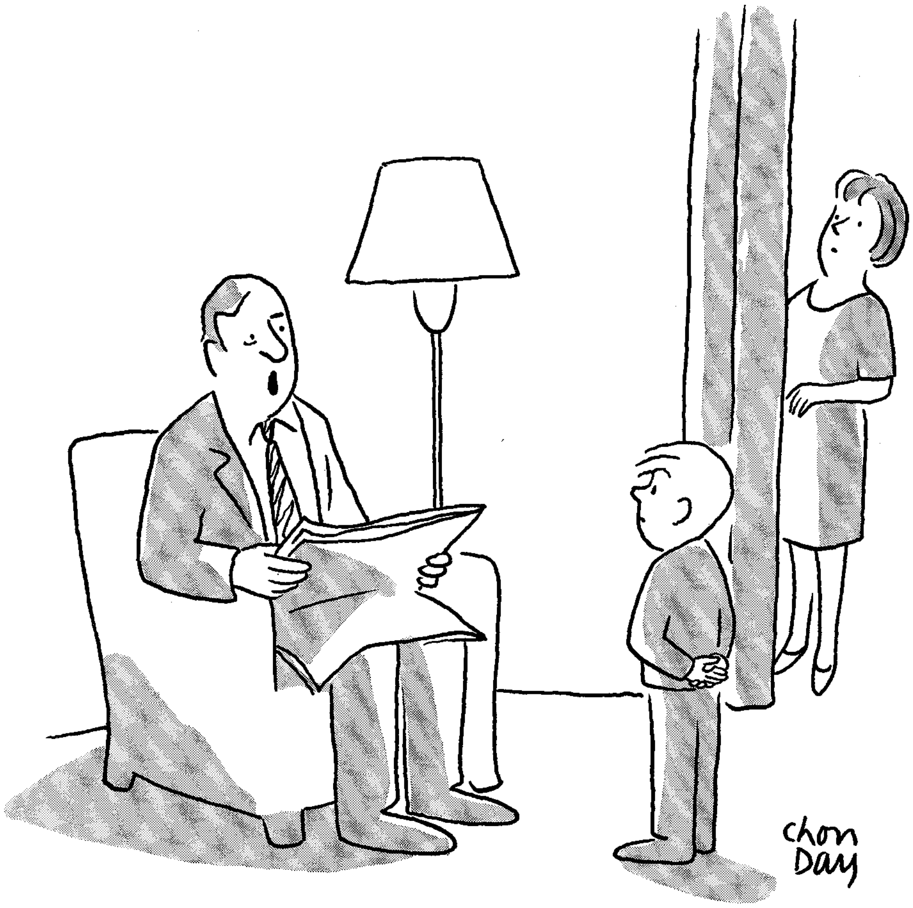
"So I saw," I said. "You were talking to Mariana."

"Right. But she didn't say anything. She said you bumped into her." We got caught at the light again and then watched a fire engine go by. He said, "How about that? Must be a fire. Let's take a look, huh?" He banged me on the arm with the back of his hand, then pointed after the truck.

"Chase the truck," I said. I swung into the turn lane.

"Might be headed for one of mine," he said. "Blue Gardens, out beyond the loop."

I made the turn and then got sandwiched between a rental van and a four-door Mercury on the highway.



"My net worth happens to be none of your business!"

• •

"Hit this dude with your horn," he said.

I poked the horn stalk a couple of times and watched the Mercury's turn signal come on, blinking slowly as if the car had some electrical problem. The fire truck was gone when we got past.

"Doesn't matter," he said. "Let's go to Howard Johnson's. Unless you've got a major date."

The road was new, smooth blacktop. A bright-green gully separated the in and out lanes, and the amber lights must have just come on. Damp air swirled through the car, tossing some papers around in the back. I let up on the accelerator. Nassar twisted around and reached over the seat.

"I'll handle it. You drive," he said. "Past the light and make a U." He sat up and hit me on the shoulder. "Get you a waffle. You've got waffle written all over you. How's my fish doing?"

"Great," I said.

The motel was on top of a small cliff overlooking the freeway. Nassar pointed to a blue-lined handicapped-parking zone by the front door. "Take that one."

The lobby smelled bad. A kid in a white short-sleeved shirt and a solid-black tie asked us if we had reservations.

"This is Ramone," Nassar said, pointing to the kid. "Ramone, this is my favorite tenant, Mr. Leaf."

"Sure," the kid said, tipping an imaginary hat.

The restaurant was large and empty. The chairs were studded with big black-headed furniture tacks. Nassar took a booth by the window, but a pretty teen-ager came out of the kitchen and told him to move because she wasn't serving that station. The girl had rough skin, blue eyes, and freckles. Her hair, which fell to her waist in back, was the color of boot leather. "Didn't you see the sign?" she said. Then she realized there wasn't any sign. "There's supposed to be a sign over here." She walked toward the table. "Says 'Section Closed' or something. You know the sign I'm talking about?"

"We missed it," Nassar said. He got out of the booth. "Which section's open?"

"Depends what you want," the girl said. "I mean, you want a meal, you're out of luck. Coffee, maybe a piece of pie. I guess you could sit anywhere. Except here—this is closed." She stuck a knee on the seat of a booth two down from ours and leaned close to the window for a look outside. "This must be the winter," she said.

"My wife's baby sister Lorraine," he said, gesturing toward the waitress. She turned around and smiled, and he said, "Two coffees, and a waffle for Mr. Leaf."

"Got no waffles," she said, smiling at me.

I smiled back at her. She looked a lot like Mariana, only younger, fresher. "Hi," I said. "How about pie?"

Nassar pointed across the room. "We're going to sit over here at the counter."

"Takeouts," she said. She wiped at the tabletop with a brown rag she was carrying, and then straightened and came back toward our booth. "Hey," she said. "What the heck. Go on in the booth. Just don't make a mess."

"O.K.," Nassar said, sitting again.

She did our table with the rag, bumping the sugar bowl and the salt and pepper shakers out of the way. "Now, on the pie"—she turned to look at the glass-fronted cooler behind the takeout counter—"I know I've got lemon, and there's a new thing, raisin delight or something. Does that make sense?"

"Well, pie's pretty messy," Nassar said.

"Naw, pie's fine. But these two aren't real good. Even the showboats won't eat 'em." She sighed and slapped the rag at the back of my seat. "We get these guys, you know? Black hair and all that, pointy shoes in ice-cream colors, and they're real polite for about ten minutes, and then bang, they're on you like some kind of squid." She started for the kitchen but stopped halfway across the room to get a ketchup packet off the floor. "See what I mean?" she said, waving the packet at us.

Outside, the motel's sign was blinking, and the sky behind it was the color of pewter. Lorraine's radio was playing "Hotel California," and through the slit into the kitchen I saw her dancing. A fat fellow in red checkered pants peered into the restaurant. He was bald, with a black beard trimmed very close to his skin.

"I sure don't like the look of that moose," Nassar said.

Lorraine brought the coffee. "Ardith's late," she said. "I guess that's why you came, huh? She may not even be on tonight. I'll have to check the schedule. Actually, I'm not on, either. I was on this afternoon."

"She thinks I'm in love with her friend Ardith," Nassar said. He got out of the booth and took Lorraine's arm, and they went across the room. I heard them talking, but I couldn't make out what was being said. Then Lorraine disappeared into the kitchen, and he came back to the table grinning. "Well, Mr. Leaf, we're going to the bay."

"We are?"

"Yeah. The Wet Club—you know that place?"

When I shook my head, he said, "It's terrific, really. Lorraine wants to eat. It's only twenty minutes." He smacked me on the biceps and wagged his head toward the kitchen. "She's driving. Don't worry. We can get your car on the way back. She's got a convertible."

"I don't think so," I said. I yawned and stretched. Then I yawned again. "I think I'll go home, take a rest. Thanks anyway."

"Aw, come on. You've got to eat, don't you?" He raised an eyebrow and pointed toward the kitchen with his head. "She's young, but she's not that young. And she likes you."

"She does?" I said. I punched him in the arm. "That makes all the difference in the world, doesn't it? Tell me how you manage to be a sicko and be charming at the same time."

"Breeding," he said.

Lorraine came through the kitchen doors smoothing the skirt of her black uniform. She stopped for a minute at the cash register, then came across the room and dropped a set of car keys into Nassar's hand. "You get him?"

"Hard to say," Nassar said. "I think he wants to go home."

"Oh, don't be such a bozo," she said, linking her arm through mine. "It isn't that far. I want you to come."

"Tell him please," Nassar said.

WE went back through town in Lorraine's convertible with the radio too loud and the top down. We had to shout to talk. "Dewey says I look like a hippie," Lorraine said. "Do you think so?"

"You aren't old enough," I said.

"I know. I've seen pictures, you know—magazine articles."

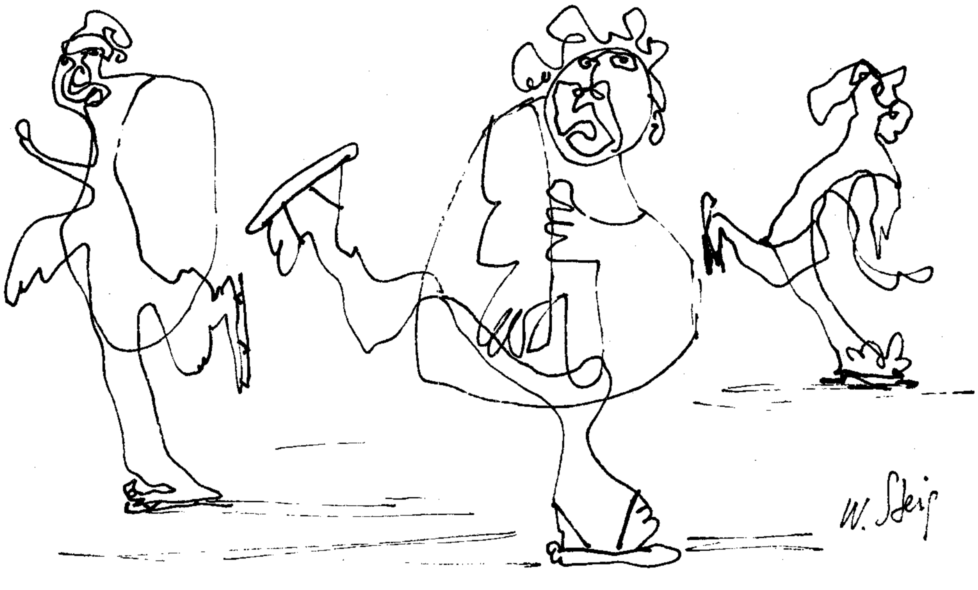
I nodded and tried to keep her hair out of my face.

"He just says it because I wear a lot of tank tops in the summer."

Nassar was low behind the wheel, playing with his mustache. He caught me looking and winked. Lorraine turned around and yelled something into his ear, and he grinned and gave her a hard squeeze on the thigh. Then she was back at me, her breath warm on my ear. She made me nervous, and I think she knew it. I liked that about her, the way she played.

Nassar was doing seventy-five and Lorraine's hair kept slapping around. Finally she pulled both hands back over her forehead and twisted the hair into a roll that she brought over her shoulder and held up in front of her to look at. "I probably ought to get rid of this," she yelled.

We went through a little town with shiny dark bushes and soft-looking lawns. Even the buildings looked good, because of the copper light. Then we were back on the highway which was lined with billboards, property-sale signs, barbed-wire fences. No trees. At intervals along the road there were brick houses that looked as if they ought to be in subdivisions. I wondered how it would feel to live out there, with the highway and the big electrical towers.



Ice Skaters

"I love it," Lorraine yelled into my ear. She pointed her hair toward the scenery. "Makes me feel romantic." She put an arm around my shoulder and pulled me toward her. "Are you married?"

"I was. Not anymore."

"You probably liked it."

I smiled at her and at Nassar, who was just then looking in our direction. "I'm afraid so," I said.

We passed a shopping plaza—a mall and a dozen smaller buildings scattered across acres of new black parking lot. A theatre marquee in one corner of the lot read "BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE FILM FESTIVAL."

"That's really wonderful," she said. "To say that. About being married, I mean." She looked toward the shopping center and at me again, then wiped a thin curve of hair off the side of her face and started playing with the radio.

By the time we reached the bay exit, the sun was gone and the juke joints had their signs on—the Hi Hat Club, the Green Parrot, Topper's, Redfish & Candy's, the Surf Café. The oyster-shell parking lots were jammed with trucks. The air was salty. There was the smell of rotting fish around. As we got closer to the bay, there were more joints, bars, fish camps. The gas stations were selling live bait and cane poles. Horns honked and cars whistled by with riders sticking out windows waving beer cans and shouting obscenities at people in front and back. There was radio music all around us—a couple of the cars had loudspeakers mounted in their grilles. A place called the Heron had a covey of white neon birds flapping across its roof.

We were moving very slowly, stopping and starting in the traffic. "So, do you like me?" Lorraine said.

Nassar bent forward over the steering wheel and nodded at me. In the open bed of the truck in front of us a huge spotted dog licked at some kind of bone between its crossed paws.

"I do," I said.

We followed the truck over a wood-planked bridge, then turned onto a gravel road. For two or three blocks we plowed through gravel that felt a foot deep. There was thunder off in the distance. The sides of the narrow road were lined with boxy houses built on telephone-pole pilings. It was very dark. Behind us the hump of the bridge was silhouetted by tavern lights. In front, the car lights hit chrome bumpers, bike reflectors, and the gold eyes of a cat that looked and then vanished.

Nassar put up the top. It made a whirring noise. The car's engine barely idled as we crunched forward. He latched the top and then pushed buttons on the armrest to raise the windows, and we were sealed in.

"I'm real glad you like me," Lorraine said.

I combed my hair with my fingers and then pressed my palms over my ears. "I can't hear anything."

"Don't be silly," she said.

"You're dead, pal," Nassar said.

Lorraine frowned at him. "Be quiet, Dewey." She rubbed my shoulder where she'd stuck her finger earlier, when she was telling me about the tank tops. "We're almost there." There was a line of what looked like Christmas decorations a couple of hundred yards ahead. We crossed a narrow bridge with no railing.

"What's over here?" I asked, waving to our left where it was pitch black except for one blue bulb dangling under a corrugated-tin shed.

"Inlet," Nassar said.

Lorraine looked. "You can't even see it." She tried the radio buttons one after the other and got static and an ad for True Value Hardware. She clicked off the radio. "I love new guys. I mean, look at how nice you're being."

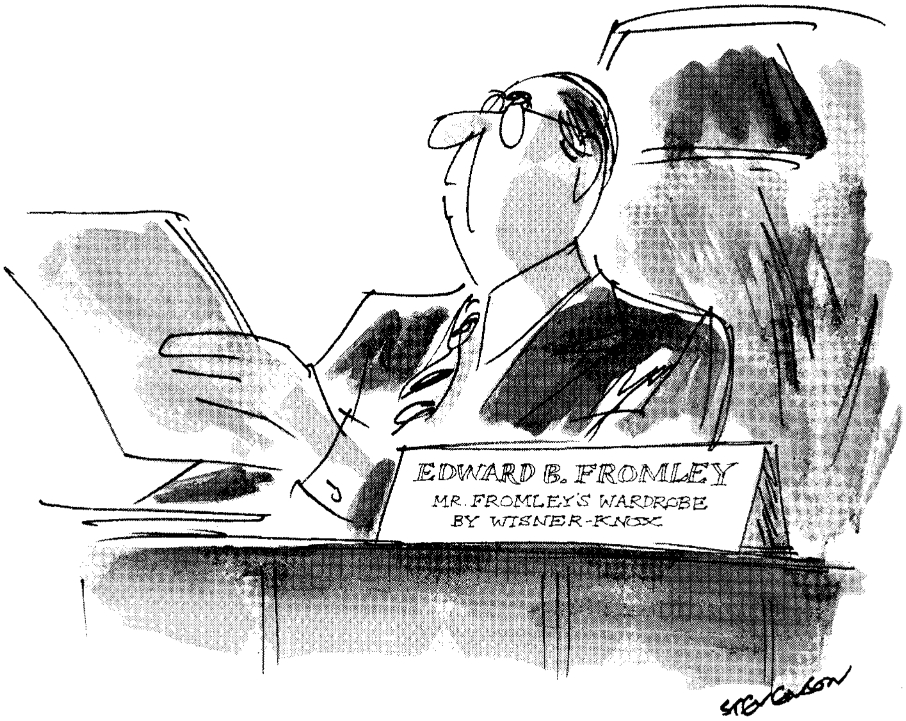
"I am being nice," I said. I looked out my window at a man in leather shorts who was washing his underarms using a spigot next to the road. "But I'm having a good time. You're really strange."

"Me?" she said.

The Christmas lights were Japanese lanterns hung over a makeshift walk running from a building down to a pier. There were a lot of bugs.

Nassar twirled the steering wheel, and the car bucked up an embankment that served as a parking lot for the restaurant. We got out. There was a wind coming off the Gulf, and there were metal things banging, a boat motor, the sound of ropes straining.

From the boardwalk the restaurant looked like a milk plant or some other factory built in the forties. It had a fresh coat of whitewash. The walls facing the bay were clear glass block.



"Are you hungry yet?" Lorraine said. She wrapped both arms around my waist and steered me toward the building.

"Not a bad joint," Nassar said.

"Lemme take a look at you," she said, squeezing my waist. She stopped on the boardwalk, then stepped in front of me, fingering my shirt but talking to Nassar. "You know, Mariana's crazy," she said. "He's just a regular guy." She started walking again, bouncing down the boardwalk toward the restaurant. The paper lanterns were jerking in the wind, making a rattling noise. I held the door and Lorraine ducked under my arm.

Nassar said, "There's this piece of furniture in here I want to show you. A highboy. Red lacquer, and paws for drawer handles, animal paws, bells all over it. Has a hydraulic system, so if you even touch it the thing floats away, tinkling."

"Sounds terrific," I said.

We got a round table next to the window, and Lorraine started reading the menu out loud.

"It's a fantastic deal," Nassar said. He looked toward the rear of the restaurant. "Used to be right back there." He shook out his white cotton napkin and tucked it into the neck of his lumberjack shirt.

I looked over my shoulder. "I don't see it. Is this the Wet Club?"

"The what club?" Lorraine said. "This is Red Head Boats." She flapped her menu at me so I could read the name.

"There ain't no Wet Club," Nassar said. "I made that up."

"That's the kind of guy he is," Lorraine said. She didn't look out from behind her menu. "Just makes up stuff all the time. What's a wet club?"

"Boy, what a low-brain," Nassar said, pointing at her. "Where'd we get this low-brain, anyway?"

"Mariana's got school tonight is where you got me," she said. "That's how come we can do all this."

Nassar stretched across the table and clapped a hand over my wrist. "We're taking you out to dinner, O.K.? Because we honestly like you. Mariana would be with us but she's at school, she's not here. You following this? The only people here are the three of us. You and me and Lorraine."

"I've got it," I said.

"See," Nassar said. He opened his hand toward Lorraine as if introducing her. "Angel of mercy."

"Pleased to meet you," I said. I swept my menu off the table, opening it with a flourish that rocked my empty wineglass. Lorraine caught the glass before it hit the table. "Thank you," I said.

"We'll just get the girl a snack," Nassar said. "Then speed by the blimp ruins on the way home. You know about the blimp ruins? Out past the Air Force base? It's crazy out there at night." —FREDERICK BARTHELME

FOUR POEMS

READING THE JAPANESE POET ISSA

(Berkeley, 1978)

A good world—
dewdrops fall
by ones, by twos

A few strokes of ink and there it is.
Great stillness of white fog,
waking up in the mountains,
geese calling,
a well hoist creaking,
and the droplets forming on the eaves.

Or perhaps that other house.
The invisible ocean,
fog until noon
dripping in a heavy rain from the boughs of the redwoods,
sirens droning below on the bay.

Poetry can do that much and no more.
For we cannot really know the man who speaks,
what his bones and sinews are like,
the porosity of his skin,
what he feels like inside.
And whether this is the village of Szlembark,
above which we used to find salamanders
garishly colored like the dresses of Teresa Roszkowska,
or another continent, and different names:
Kotarbinski, Zawada, Erin, Melanie.
No people in this poem. As if it subsisted
by the very disappearance of places and people.

A cuckoo calls
for me, for the mountain,
for me, for the mountain

Sitting under his lean-to on a rocky ledge,
listening to a waterfall hum in the gorge,
he had before him the folds of a wooded mountain
and the setting sun which touched it
and he thought: How is it that the voice of the cuckoo
always turns either here or there.
This could as well not be in the order of things.

In this world
we walk on the roof of Hell
gazing at flowers

To know and not to speak.
In that way one forgets.
What is pronounced strengthens itself.
What is not pronounced tends to nonexistence.
The tongue is sold out to the sense of touch.
Our human kind persists by warmth and softness:
my little rabbit, my little bear, my kitten.

Anything but a shiver in the freezing dawn
and fear of oncoming day
and the overseer's whip.
Anything but winter streets
and nobody on the whole earth
and the penalty of consciousness.
Anything but.

ODE TO A BIRD

(Montgeron, 1959)

O composite,

O unconscious,

Holding your feathery palms behind you,
Propped on your gray lizard legs,
On cybernetic gloves
That grasp at whatever they touch.

O incommensurate.
Larger than the precipice
In a lily of the valley
Or the eye of a scarab in the grass,
Reddish, as the sun turns violet-green,

And more vast than a galleried night
With the headlights of an ant—
And a galaxy in its body
Indeed, equal to any.

Beyond will, without will,
You sway on a branch above lakes of air
And their submerged palaces, towers of leaves,
Terraces where you can land in a harp of shadow.
You lean forward, summoned, and I contemplate the instant
When your foot loosens its hold, your arm extends.
The place you have left is rocking; into the lines of crystal
You take your warm, palpitating heart.

O not similar to anything, indifferent
To the sound *pta*, *pteron*, *fvgls*, *brd*.

Beyond name, without name,
An impeccable motion in an expanse of amber,
So that I comprehend, while your wings beat,
What divides me from things I name every day,
And from my vertical figure,
Though it extends itself upward to the zenith.

But your half-opened beak is with me always.
Its inside is so fleshy and amorous
That a shiver makes my hair stand up
In kinship with your ecstasy.
Then one afternoon I wait in a front hall,
Beside bronze lions I see lips
And I touch a naked arm
Under the scent of water and of bells.

A MISTAKE

(Paris, 1958)

I thought: All this is only preparation
for learning, at last, how to die.
Mornings and dusks, in the grass under a maple
Laura sleeping, without pants, on a headrest of raspberries,
while Filon, happy, washes himself in the stream.
Mornings and years. Every glass of wine,
Laura and the sea, land and archipelago
bring us nearer, I believed, to one aim
and should be used with a thought to that aim.

But a paraplegic in my street
whom they move together with his chair
from shade into sunlight, sunlight into shade,
looks at a cat, a leaf, the chrome steel on an auto,
and mumbles to himself, "*Beau temps*, *beau temps*."

It is true. We have a beautiful time
as long as time is time at all.

A BOOK IN THE RUINS

(Warsaw, 1942)

A dark building. Crossed boards, nailed up, create
A barrier at the entrance, or a gate
When you go in. Here, in the gutted foyer,
The ivy snaking down the walls is wire
Dangling. And over there the twisted metal
Columns rising from the undergrowth of rubble
Are tattered tree trunks. This could be the brick
Of the library, you don't know yet, or the sick
Grove of dry white aspen where, stalking birds,
You met a Lithuanian dusk stirred
From its silence only by the wails of hawks.
Now walk carefully. You see whole blocks
Of ceiling caved in by a recent blast.
And above, through jagged tiers of plaster,
A patch of blue. Pages of books lying
Scattered at your feet are like fern leaves hiding
A moldy skeleton, or else fossils
Whitened by the secrets of Jurassic shells.
A remnant life so ancient and unknown
Compels a scientist, tilting a stone
Into the light, to wonder. He can't know
Whether it is some dead epoch's shadow
Or a living form. He looks again
At chalk spirals eroded by the rain,
The rust of tears. Thus, in a book picked up
From the ruins, you see a world erupt
And glitter with its distant, sleepy past,
Green times of creatures tumbled to the vast
Abyss and backward: the brows of women,
An earring fixed with trembling hand, pearl button
On a glove, candelabra in the mirror.
The lanterns have been lit. A first shiver
Passes over the instruments. The quadrille
Begins to curl, subdued by the rustle
Of big trees swaying in the formal park.
She slips outside, her shawl floating in the dark,
And meets him in a bower wildly overgrown
With vines. They sit close on a bench of stone
And watch the lanterns glowing in the jasmine.
Or here, this stanza: you hear a goose pen
Creak, the butterfly of an oil lamp
Flutters slowly over scrolls and parchment,
A crucifix, bronze busts. The lines complain,
In plangent rhythms, that desire is vain.
Here a city rises. In the market square
Signboards clang, a stagecoach rumbles in to scare
A flock of pigeons up. Under the town clock,
In the tavern, a hand pauses in the stock
Gesture of arrest—meanwhile workers walk
Home from the textile mill, townsfolk talk
On the steps—and the hand moves now to evoke
The fire of justice, a world gone up in smoke,
The voice quavering with the revenge of ages.
So the world seems to drift from these pages
Like the mist clearing on a field at dawn.
Only when two times, two forms are drawn
Together and their legibility
Disturbed, do you see that immortality
Is not very different from the present
And exists for its sake. You pick up a fragment
Of grenade which pierced the body of a song
On Daphnis and Chloe. And you long,
Ruefully, to have a talk with her,
As if it were what life prepared you for.
—How is it, Chloe, that your pretty skirt
Is torn so badly by the winds that hurt
Real people, you who, in eternity, sing
The hours, sun in your hair appearing
And disappearing? How is it that your breasts
Are pierced by shrapnel, and the oak groves burn,
While you, charmed, not caring at all, turn
To run through forests of machinery and concrete,
And haunt us with the echoes of your feet?
If there is such an eternity, lush
Though short-lived, that's enough. But how— Hush!
We were predestined to live when the scene
Grows dim and the outline of a Greek ruin
Blackens the sky. It is noon, and wandering
Through a dark building you see workers sitting
Down to a fire a narrow ray of sunlight
Kindles on the floor. They have dragged out
Heavy books and made a table of them
And begun to cut their bread. In good time
A tank will clatter past, a streetcar chime.

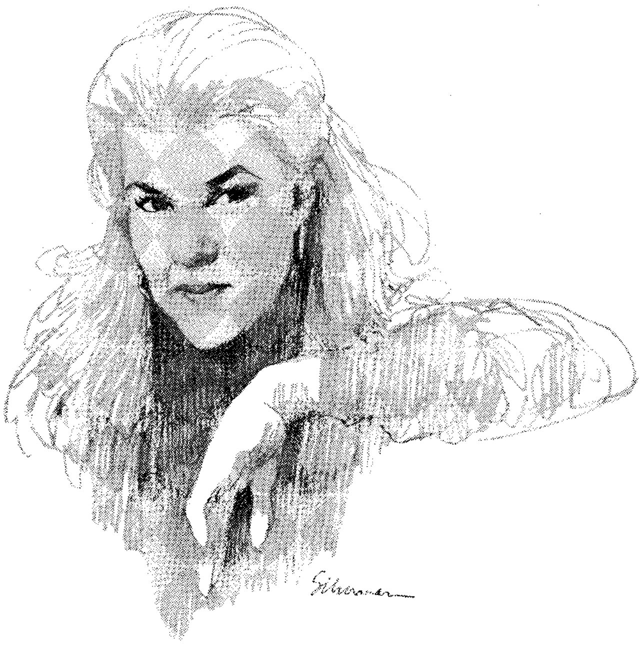
—Czeslaw Milosz

(*Translated, from the Polish, by the author, Robert Pinsky, and Robert Hass.*)

Albert Hubbell

PROFILES

NOBODY BETTER, BETTER THAN NOBODY



PONCÉ CRUSE EVANS, the woman who writes "Hints from Heloise," the syndicated household-hints column that appears in more than five hundred newspapers in twenty countries, has a cute nose and a cute smile and a strong chin that precedes her into confrontations with people who smoke in elevators and dry cleaners who ruin good silk blouses. On television (she often appears on talk shows, and forty-seven TV stations around the country use her minute-long household-hints tapes), her luxuriant head of completely gray hair catches the eye. She is only thirty-one years old. Her hair started turning gray when she was twelve, and she thinks that worry about her mother, who had many illnesses and died in 1977, made it turn grayer faster. Her gray hair and young face add to the confusion of people who expect her to be older and who are also not clear on the difference between her and her mother. Poncé's mother, Heloise, founded the column in 1959. Poncé began to write for the column occasionally under the name Heloise II in 1975, took over the column in 1977, and dropped the "II" in 1978. Her full name is Poncé Kiah Marchelle Heloise Cruse Evans. Poncé (pronounced *Pahn*-see) was the nickname of her paternal grandmother, Florence; it does not appear in the Dictionary of Common English First Names. Kiah is short for Hezekiah, a name of several uncles on her father's side. Marchelle comes from her father's first name, which is Marshal. Heloise is from her mother. Cruse was Poncé's last name before she married. Evans comes from her husband of two years, David Evans, a plumbing contractor.

When Poncé tells a story about a phone call between her and Joseph D'Angelo, the president of King Features Syndicate (her column makes more money than any other at King Features), she holds her right hand to her ear with index, middle, and ring finger bent and little finger and thumb extended, to represent a telephone. When she wants to express strong aversion, she closes her eyes, raises her thick, dark eyebrows, and turns the corners of her mouth down. When she describes how wonderful certain recipes are, she presses both hands to her breastbone, fingers spread. When she is mortified with embarrassment, she flops her head over onto the arm of the chair she is sitting in and stays like that for a minute or so. When she is having trouble with a door that is supposed to open inward but is stuck, she gives it a solid shot with her hip, like a basketball player throwing a hip check. When she realizes that someone she has just met is attempting a joke at an unexpected point in the conversation, she does a mild double take and then looks at the person as if the person were a common household object suddenly revealing a new and different use. Her regard is unusual, because whatever she looks at she looks at with one eye at a time.

"I'm an alternator," Poncé says. "That means I see with alternate eyes. I have no binocular vision and very little depth perception. Sometimes it freaks people out who ride with me, because I stay so far away from other cars, just to be on the safe side. I was born with severe astigmatism. I'm talking about *kabongas!* My eyes were so crossed all you could see were the whites. When I was born, my mother was in labor for thirty-two hours, and the doctors said that maybe the pressure on my skull was what caused the condition. I had six operations to correct it. My mother promised God that if my astigmatism was cured she'd tithe her income to the blind, and He must've liked the deal, because the operations worked. Even today, ten to fifteen per cent of the income from her estate goes to purchase Braille typewriters for children who cannot afford them. When I was on my book tour in Washington last April, I passed the hospital where I had the operations. I will always remember being in that hospital with my eyes bandaged shut, feeling totally vulnerable. When someone comes into the room, you don't know whether they've come to give you a shot, take your temperature, or give you ice cream. Listening to the hospital sounds—the cart rolling down the hall, cla-*klunk* cla-*klunk;* the bottles on the cart rattling; squeaky nurses' shoes; the sound effects of the cartoons on TV, like that weird bongo noise feet make when the guy runs; the sound of scissors cutting away tape. In the movies, they always show the doctors and nurses standing around the bed when they cut the bandage from the patient's eyes, but to be on the inside is really worse. It's probably because of that that I've had such acute hearing my whole life."

Poncé imitates sounds all the time when she talks. For example:

kneehhhh—Her hair dryer stuck on its lowest speed when she has just washed her hair and has to go on TV in half an hour.

sploof!—Baking soda coming out of the box all at once.

swt swt swt—Her mother making an abstract oil painting, applying the paint with clips from her hair.

ch-ch-ch-ch-ch-ch—Chinese people chopping vegetables.

chop chop chop—Americans chopping vegetables.

klonk! klonk!—Her father, six-two and two hundred pounds, taking a shower in a tiny shower stall with metal sides.

plunk!—Her pet macaw, Rocky, after being sprayed with a hose, falling from a tree where he had flown in an escape attempt.

ghhich!—Her father when he realized that the pilot of the plane he was boarding was a five-foot-tall woman.

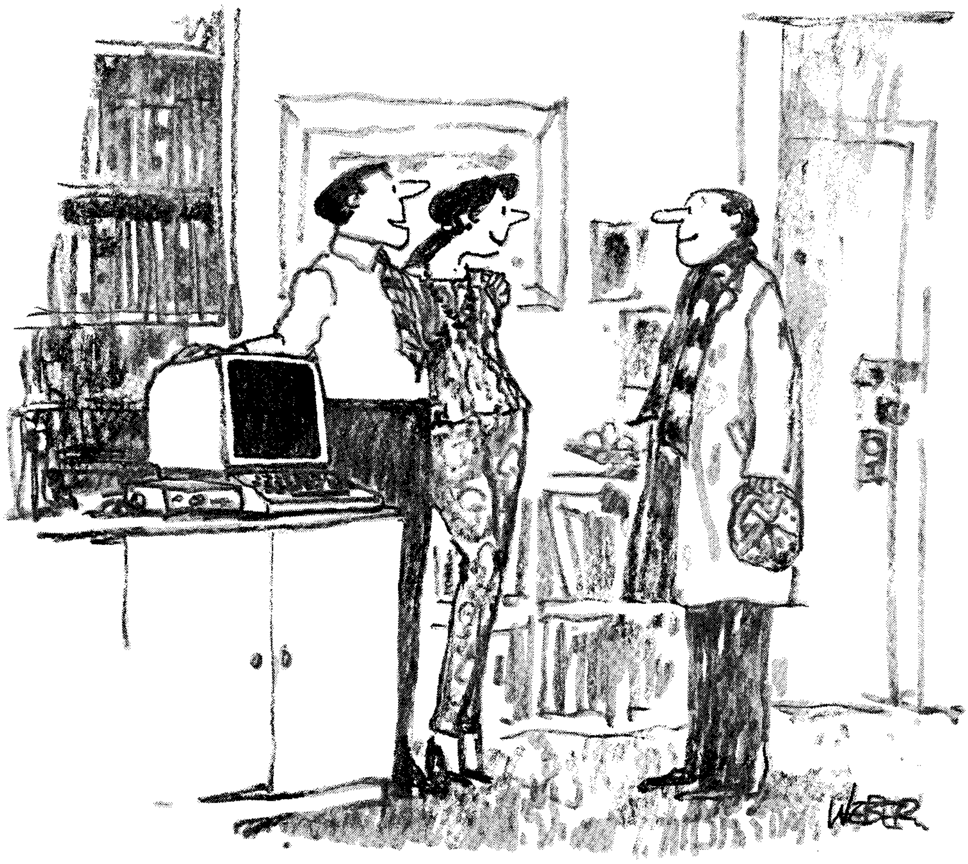
Poncé lives outside San Antonio, Texas, and not long ago I drove down to see her and her husband. From Chicago to San Antonio, the road is basically one big strip. In Illinois, I passed a motor home with a large metal nameplate on the back saying "The Humberts." When the combined Interstates 55 and 70 cross into Missouri at St. Louis, there is no sign on the bridge identifying the river underneath as the Mississippi. In Muskogee, Oklahoma—"a place where even squares can have a ball," according to Merle Haggard—I saw a Taco Hut, a Taco Bell, and a Taco Tico.

I drove around San Antonio for a long time looking for a motel. I wanted a locally owned one—the kind of motel that was built in the days when people thought owning a motel was a good way to get rich. Loop 410, the freeway that goes around San Antonio, is a circuit of more than fifty miles. The only motels I saw were the ones you usually see. Finally, driving around the side streets of a neighborhood sliced through with freeways near the center of the city, I saw out of the corner of my eye a motel that I will call the Miramar Motor Inn. I had seen no signs advertising it. It was on a street that dead-ended at a fence along a freeway. On one side of the street it had many rooms in cinder-block buildings surrounding a large parking lot, and on the other side of the street it had other buildings and more rooms. I went in and registered, and after the woman behind the counter took my money she asked, "How did you find out about this motel?"

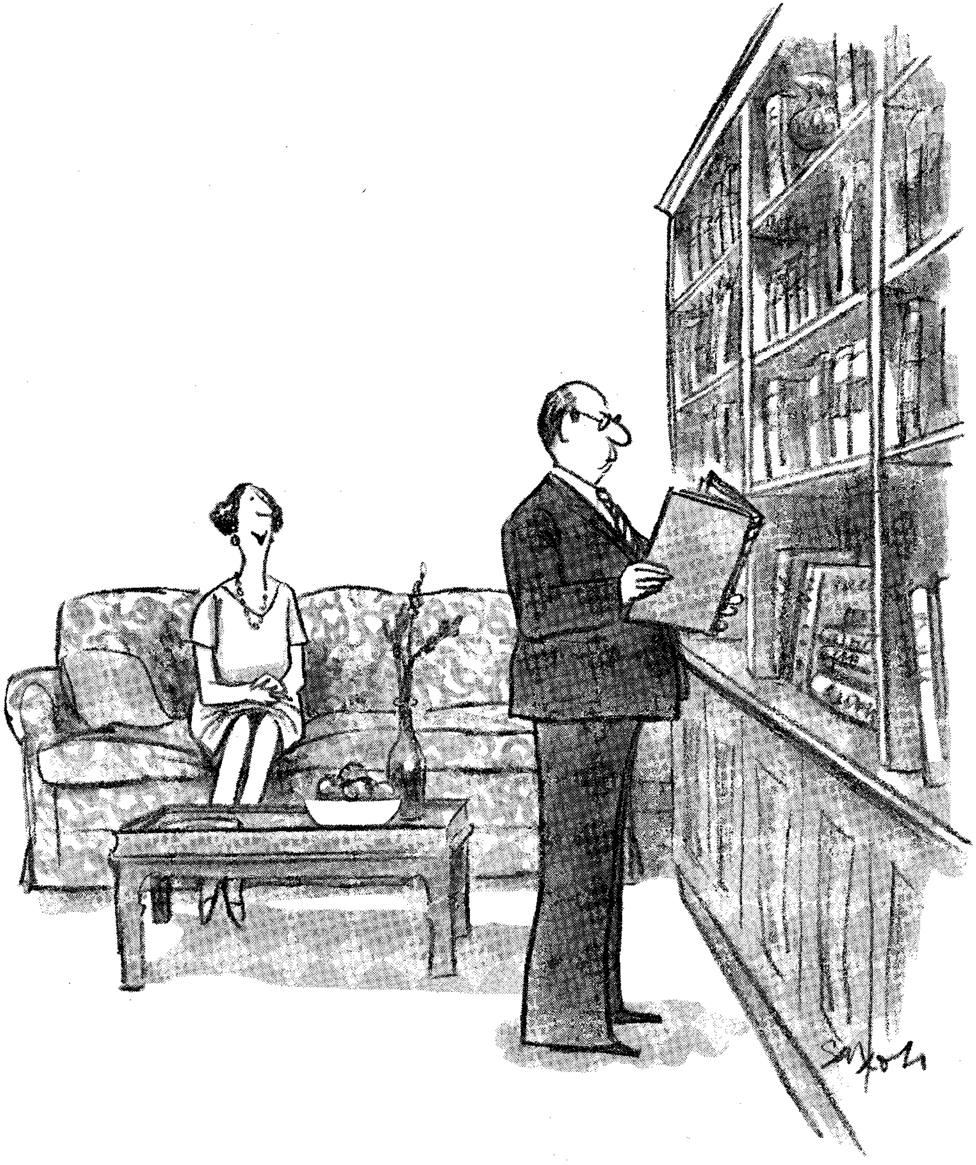
I had not been in Texas long before I started having millions of insights about the difference between Texas and the rest of America. I was going to write these insights down, but then I thought—Nahhh.

PONCÉ's mother, Heloise, was born in Fort Worth, Texas, on May 4, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bowles. She and her sister Louise were identical twins. Heloise's mother was herself an identical twin, and the day on which her daughters were born also happened to be her own birthday. As a girl, Heloise liked to rub empty spools on the soap when she was in the bath, and blow bubbles from the hole in the center of the spool. She was interested in the Orient—an interest encouraged and shared by her mother, who gave Heloise and Louise matching Chinese cedar chests for their sixteenth birthday. Heloise went to public school in Fort Worth, and she was the only girl in her high school to take shop class, and she got an A in it. She also took private lessons in smoking, to learn how to smoke a cigarette glamorously. She attended the Texas School of Fine Arts in 1938, and in 1939 she graduated from the Felt and Tarrent Business College and also from Draughn's Business College. In 1940, she married Adolph Risky, an Air Corps pilot. After two miscarriages, she thought that she could not have children, so she and her husband adopted a son, Louis. She and her son stayed in Texas when her husband went off to war. In 1943, he was shot down over Europe. Heloise received a flag and his medals in the mail, but she did not have enough money to go to Cambridge, England, where he was buried. (Thirty years later, on her only trip to Europe, she did visit the grave.)

In 1946, at a party in Fort Worth, Heloise met Marshal (Mike) Cruse, a captain in the Army Air Forces. He asked her out, and on their first date they went target shooting. They were married three weeks later, and they honeymooned in Mexico. Early in 1948, she and Louis went to join her husband in China, where he had been stationed. First, they lived in Shanghai and then they lived in Nanking. Heloise was both thrilled and horrified by China. In her book "Heloise in China," written in 1948 (published in 1971), she said, "There are no words in the dictionary to describe this country and its people." She visited Peking, which she thought was the most beautiful and mysterious city in the world. Outside the wall of the Forbidden City, she saw many Communist students machine-gunned by Chinese Nationalist troops. She managed a household without a stove or heat or running water. She used rice water for starch, beet juice to dye clothes, and cabbage to clean rugs. She shot a .22 rifle to scare away Chinese people who broke down the bamboo fence around her house and began stealing clothes off the clothesline. She and her husband became friends with their upstairs neighbors, Major Les Garrigus and his wife, Helen, who were also from Texas. One day, Helen and Heloise made one huge Texas state flag and two smaller ones and hung them on the house, causing people to wonder what new embassy that might



"Arthur, this is my wife, Sally. And this is my personal computer."



"I love to watch you look up something, Lester. It's as if we were both back at Ohio State."

be. Another time, Helen and Heloise were going shopping and they saw a Chinese man raping a goat. This became a running joke between the couples, and in later years whenever they called each other long-distance they began the conversation by saying "Baa-baa-baa."

The Cruses left China in 1948, before the Communists took over, and moved to Waco, Texas, near where Captain Cruse was stationed. In the first five years of her second marriage, Heloise became pregnant five times. She always knew she was pregnant when she felt a strong urge to go out in the yard and suck rocks. All those five pregnancies ended in miscarriages. Finally, after a difficult pregnancy and a difficult labor, she gave birth to Poncé, on April 15, 1951. The Cruses moved from Waco to Arlington, Virginia, in 1953, and in 1958 they moved to Hawaii. In 1958, Heloise and her husband went to a party of Air Force people where everyone outranked them. The conversation turned to different ways to supplement service pensions after retirement. Heloise said that she would like to write a column in a newspaper to help housewives. A colonel laughed in her face and bet her a hundred to one she couldn't get a job on a newspaper. Heloise had some engraved calling cards made, and then she dressed in her best suit, with matching purse, hat, shoes, and gloves, and she went to the office of the Honolulu *Advertiser* when she knew the editor was out to lunch. She made sure she created quite a stir, and she left her card. Two days later, she went back, and this time a secretary gave her an appointment to see the editor. Heloise often dyed her hair offbeat colors; for the appointment she sprayed her hair silver. The editor asked her if she could type, and she said no. She told him her idea for a column and offered to work for free for thirty days. The editor decided to give her a chance, and she soon began a column called "Readers' Exchange."

At first, the column offered both practical and personal advice, but after a while the household hints that the column printed attracted the most attention. Once, Heloise printed a hint from a reader which said that Sanford's X-it, an ink eradicator, would remove banana-leaf stains, and all the Sanford's X-it in Hawaii sold out and a fresh planeload had to be flown in. Another time, she said that Hershey's cocoa butter was good for soothing rough hands, and the same thing happened. After the Honolulu *Advertiser* had been running the "Readers' Exchange" for less than three years, its circulation was up forty per cent, and the editor said that it was mostly because of her. *Time* printed an article on her and her column in June of 1961, and Elwin Thompson, the editor at King Features Syndicate, saw the article and suggested to Heloise that she go into syndication. In September of 1961, King Features began to distribute "Hints from Heloise" nationally, and by April of 1962 the column was appearing in a hundred and fifty-eight papers. Her readership was so enthusiastic that when she offered free to anyone who asked for it a booklet about laundry that she had written she received two hundred thousand requests—the largest delivery of mail to an individual in the history of Hawaii. In November of 1962, she published her first book, "Heloise's Housekeeping Hints." Early in 1963, the Cruses moved back to Arlington, Virginia. In October of 1963, Heloise published her second book, "Heloise's Kitchen Hints." In 1964, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, she received the Silver Lady award from an association of communications executives called the Banshees, in recognition of her achievements as a columnist. By the end of 1964, her column was appearing in five hundred and ninety-three newspapers, in America and foreign countries. The colonel who had laughed at her at the party in Hawaii wrote to her and asked how he could get a job.

For a long time, Heloise and her husband had been looking for a place

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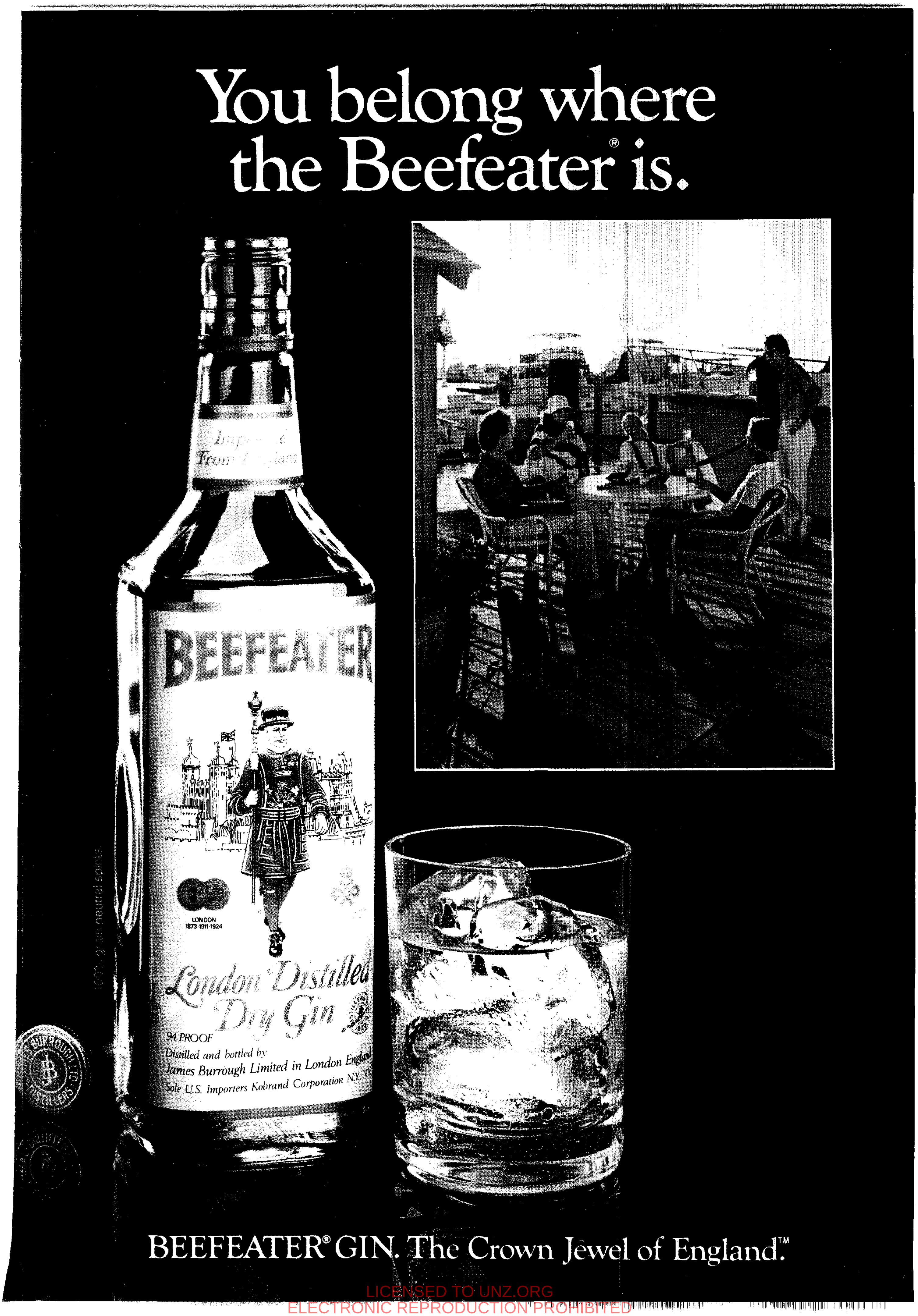
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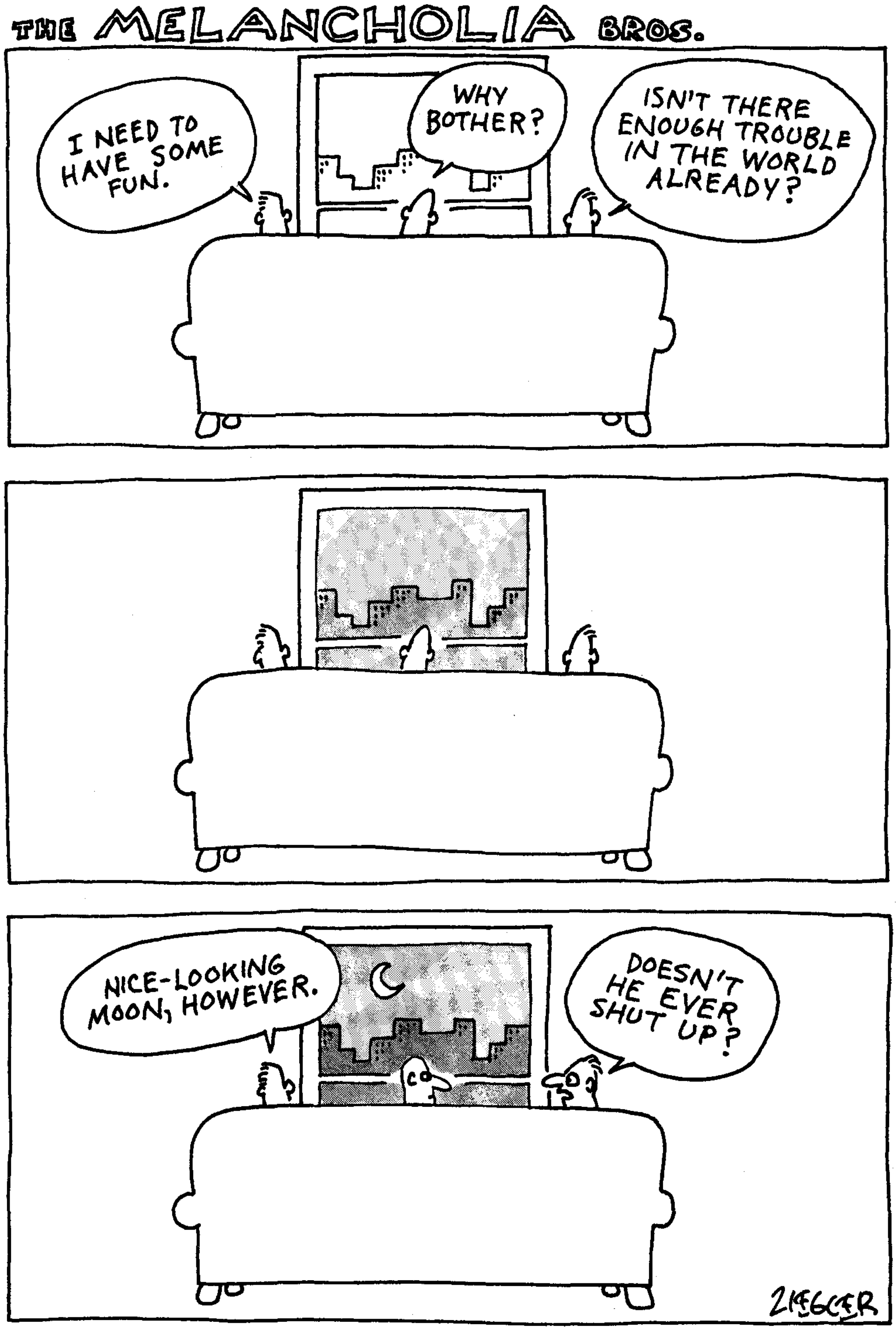
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I NEED TO HAVE SOME FUN.
WHY BOTHER?
ISN'T THERE ENOUGH TROUBLE IN THE WORLD ALREADY?
NICE-LOOKING MOON, HOWEVER.
DOESN'T HE EVER SHUT UP?
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to move after he retired. They wrote to chambers of commerce and considered many cities all over the country. They wanted a place with a good climate, low cost of living, good military hospitals, and good mail service. San Antonio won out, and in 1966 the Cruses moved into a five-room apartment on Broadway, eighty blocks from downtown. They also rented an adjoining two-bedroom apartment, converted it into an office, and knocked out a wall in a closet so Heloise could go back and forth easily. The San Antonio *Light*, a newspaper that carried Heloise's column, sent a reporter named Marjorie Clapp to do a story about Heloise soon after the Cruses moved. Marjorie Clapp mainly wrote stories about medical science, and she was unhappy to be assigned to a celebrity interview. When she arrived at Heloise's apartment, she noticed that Heloise was barefoot and had blacked out several of her teeth with some kind of black gum. She also noticed that the closet that led to Heloise's office still had clothes hanging in it, and to get through she had to push the clothes aside. Marjorie Clapp was not surprised by Heloise's strange appearance or bowled over by Heloise's celebrity, and that pleased Heloise, and the two went on to become close friends. Not long after the Cruses moved to San Antonio, Heloise and her husband divorced. In December of 1970, Heloise remarried; her third husband was A. L. Reese, a Houston businessman and widower, whom she met while doing volunteer work with the Optimist Club. Heloise did not want to move to Houston, and Mr. Reese did not want to move to San Antonio, and so they divorced, and Heloise went back to calling herself Heloise Bowles, her maiden name.

Heloise had health problems her whole life. In addition to having seven miscarriages, she had a growth in her stomach (it was successfully removed), a disease of the heart carried by pigeons, tic douloureux (a nervous disease involving severe facial twitching and pain, sometimes leading to loss of consciousness), arteriosclerosis, and a cracked vertebra, suffered when a car she was riding in was struck by a drunk driver. (After the accident, Heloise sent state legislators letters printed on little Japanese fans saying that they should pass stricter laws against drunk drivers.) At one point when Heloise was very sick, Dr. Denton Cooley, the famous Houston heart specialist, told her he could help her if she agreed to stop smoking, and she said she just couldn't, and he said, "Then I can't help you," and walked out of the room. She planned her funeral over several years, with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Lelon Cude, a couple she met at a party. They visited many cemeteries shopping for burial plots. The Cudes (who owned a funeral parlor themselves) later remembered that at one cemetery she told the director in detail how to get rid of the anthills. She had picked a site, and had a tombstone carved and set up, by 1975. The tombstone read "Heloise, Every Housewife's Friend." She died December 28, 1977, and was buried in a

• •

red silk Japanese wedding robe, which she had always worn on New Year's Eve. At her funeral, each mourner was given a long-stemmed red carnation, and a friend, Mrs. Paul Loomis, sang "There Are No Phones to Heaven"—a song written and copyrighted by Heloise. Several obituaries recalled that she had liked unusual hair coloring, and these ended with a quotation taken from an official biography distributed by King Features Syndicate: "I just can't abide a dreary look, and when I wear a blue dress and blue shoes, why I'm going to have blue hair."

PONCÉ told me how to get to her house: "Come out San Pedro past the airport, which you can't miss because the planes land practically right on top of your car, get off at the Bitters Road exit, go left under the overpass, go straight through the light (if it's green, of course) . . ." I liked the last instruction, because it reminded me of the generous specificity of many of her household hints. For example, a hint telling how to polish sterling-silver bracelets by rubbing them on wool carpeting begins, "Remove the bracelets from your arm." Before I went, I put on a new pair of socks. These socks came on a sock hanger. This sock hanger was a single piece of molded silver plastic, about three and a half inches long and an inch and a half high. Essentially, it was a little clip with teeth to grip the socks and a hook at the top so the socks could hang on display at the store. It looked somehow special to me. I put it in my pocket and took it with me. When I was sitting in Poncé's living room talking to her, I remembered I had it, and I showed it to her.

She reacted like an Audubon Society member spotting an indigo bunting at her bird feeder. "Aren't those *neat*? You can do lots of things with those. They make great tie hangers or clothespins for dainty items like lingerie or clips to keep potato-chip bags shut after opening. You can clip matching socks together when you dry them (on medium heat), and that saves having to match socks later. Kids like 'em for clothes hangers for Barbie Doll clothes. This is the good kind, too—the teethy kind."

The good kind. Poncé knows that there are sock hangers without teeth, sock hangers of light-gauge plastic which break easily, sock hangers that are only a plastic ring with a tab that goes through the socks. She knows that the heavier-gauge sock hangers with the teeth—functional, eye-pleasing in design—are the good kind. Poncé knows about sock hangers because it is her job to know. Poncé's mother believed that homemakers were "the precious backbone of the world," and she saw significance in the smallest detail of a homemaker's life. Her vision, as she expressed it in her column, was so powerful that it gave her name a status bordering on the official. To many people, Heloise is a name like Aunt Jemima or Betty Crocker, and they are surprised to find out that there was an actual woman named Heloise. Poncé inherited not only her mother's name and her mother's column but also the vision that her mother shared with millions of readers. For most of the history of the column, about eighty per cent of the hints have been ones submitted by readers (and tested by the "Hints from Heloise" staff). So many people participate in the column that the question of authorship is fuzzy: some hints readers send in, some Poncé thinks of, some her mother first came up with twenty years ago. But every hint is like another facet on the same crystal: "Hints from Heloise" will pick one item from the stream that sluices through our lives and then spotlight it, put it on a dais, examine its essence. A rubber crutch tip; a back scratcher; a skin-diving mask and snorkel; toy handcuffs; rubber fruit-jar rings; a shish-kebab skewer; a birthday-candle holder; a bowling-shoe bag; a nylon pastry brush; a Worcestershire-sauce

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bottle; a toy carpet sweeper; the skinny jar that olives come in; aquarium paint; a glass-doored china hutch; a thick book; a dresser scarf; the little piece of cork inside a soda-pop bottle cap; the square piece of sticky paper that covers the holes on a can of cleanser; a long-handled snow brush; a baby-food jar with a screw-type cap; a wire bicycle basket; a spice-bottle top; half a yardstick; the little circles of paper made by a hole puncher; a toy wagon. "Hints from Heloise" shows that these items are other than they appear. A back scratcher is perfect for cleaning the crevices behind the lint trap in an electric clothes dryer. Two rubber fruit-jar rings placed under an ice tray will prevent the tray from sticking to the bottom of the freezer compartment. Toy handcuffs can keep the cabinets under the kitchen sink shut, so crawling infants won't get into them. Thick books can weight down a towel blotting a stain from a carpet. If you wear a skin-diving face mask and snorkel when you peel onions, you won't cry.

When people complain that a hint in "Hints from Heloise" is sometimes more trouble than the problem it is intended to solve, they forget that just by naming the problem Heloise already has the battle practically won. Before "Hints from Heloise" noticed it, the problem of rump-sprung knit suits existed in the limbo of real but unnamed things. The problems of soiled artificial flowers, soggy undercrust, leaky milk cartons, sour dishrags, girdle stays jabbing, meringue weeping, soda straws sticking out of bag lunches, shower curtains flapping out of the tub, creases in the middle of the tablecloth sticking up, wet boxes in the laundry room, roach eggs in the refrigerator motor, shiny seam marks on the front of recently ironed ties, flyspecks on chandeliers, film on bathroom tiles, steam on bathroom mirrors, rust in Formica drainboards, road film on windshields—all were acknowledged and certified, probably for the first time ever, in "Hints from Heloise." Heloise was the first to call attention to the problem of unevenly distributed curtain gathers. Heloise observed that some things stick: zippers; car doors; bureau drawers; gum in kids' hair; toast in the toaster; plastic placemats to the tabletop; pieces of bacon to one another; one drinking glass inside another; envelopes to one another in humid weather. Other things slide: clothes to one end of the clothesline; purses and bags of groceries off car seats; devilled eggs to one

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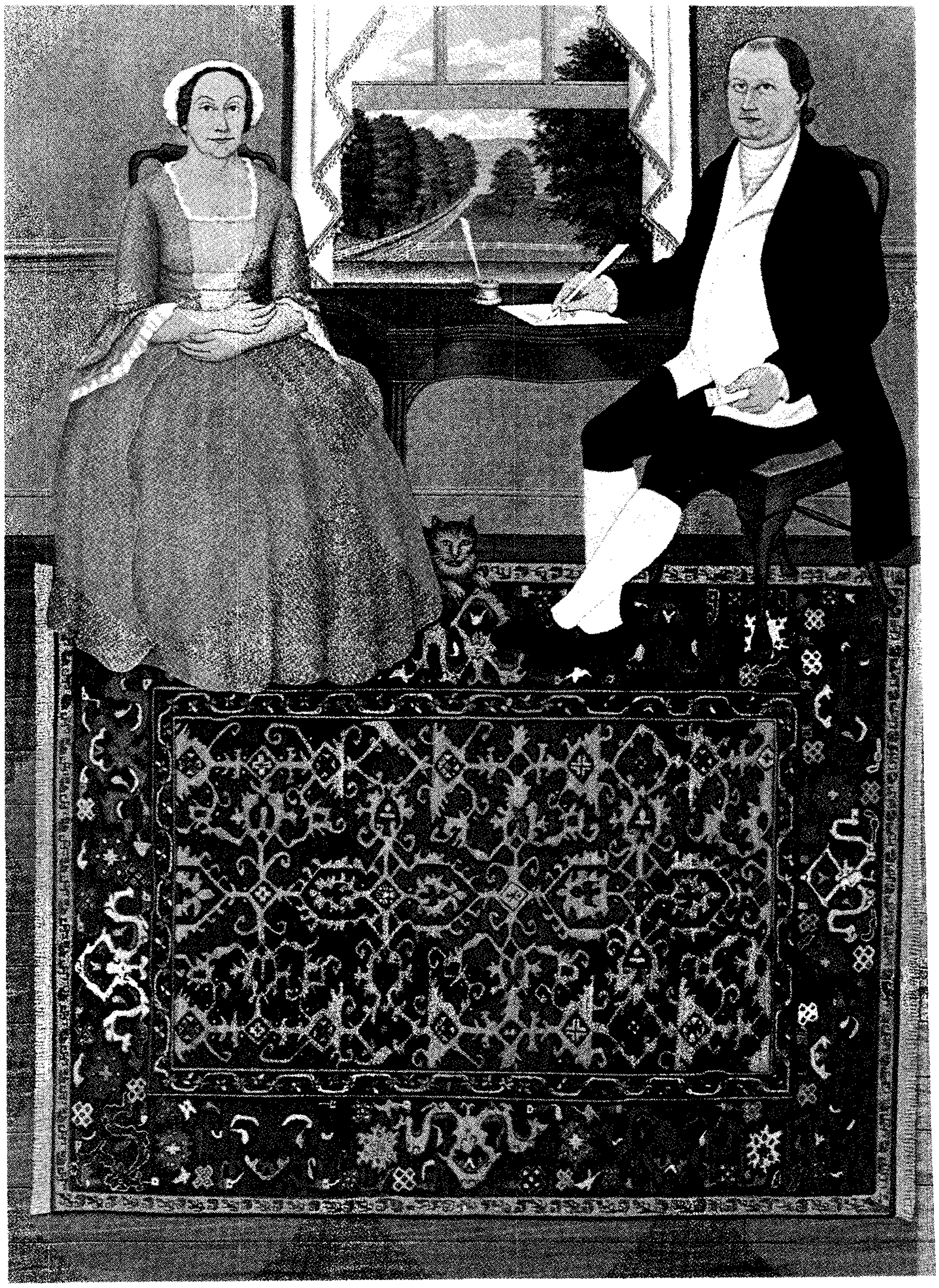

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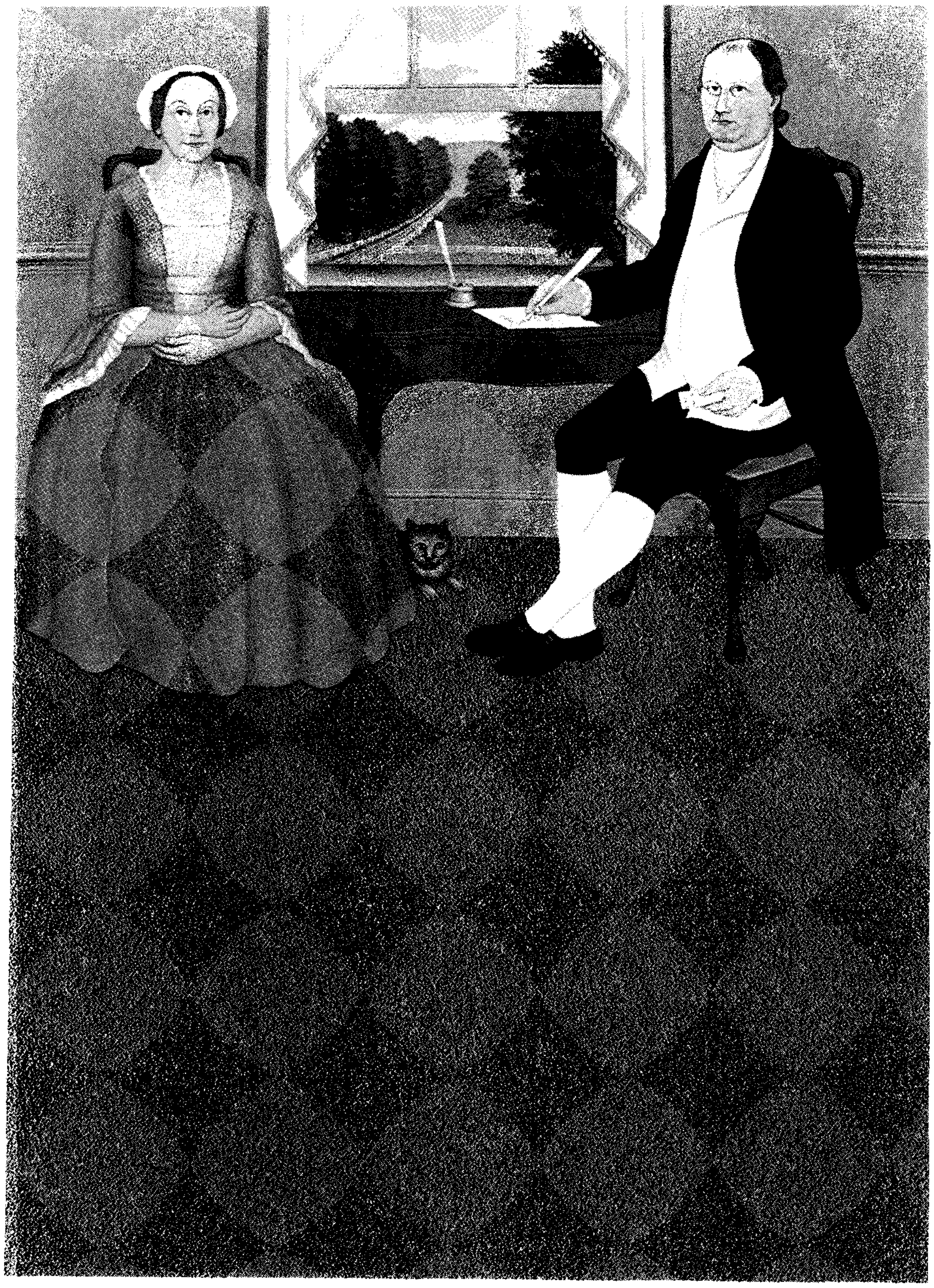

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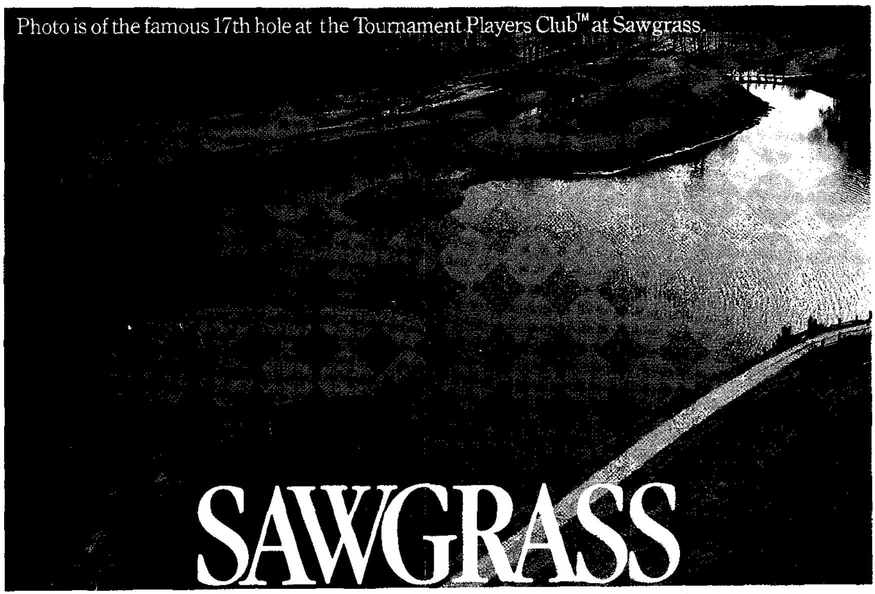
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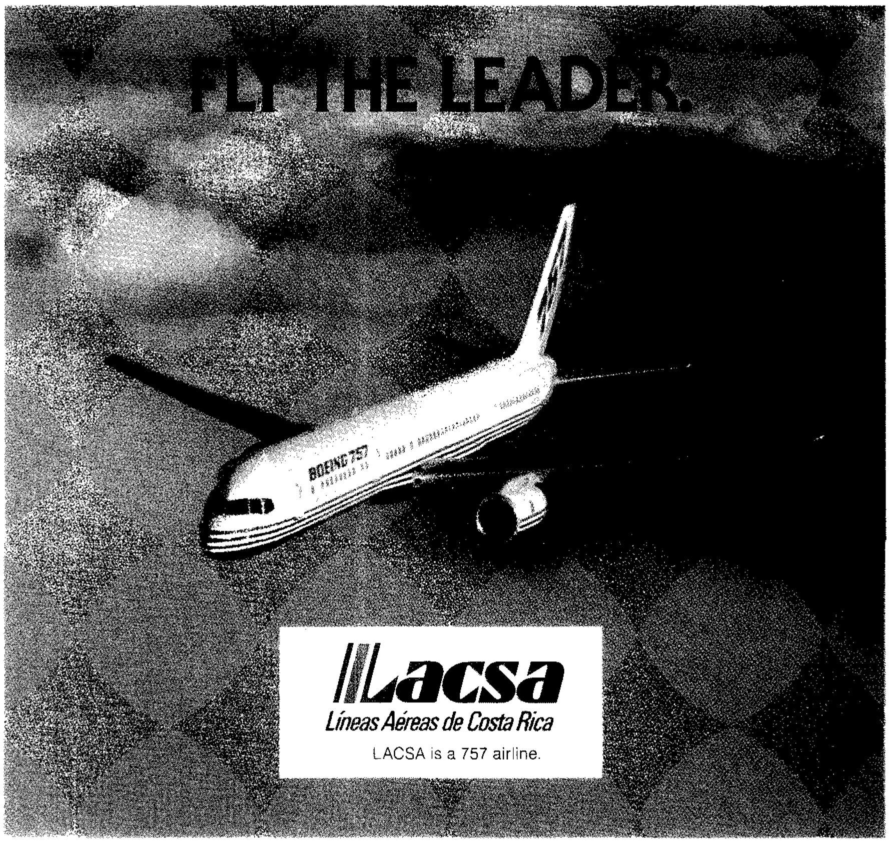
end of the serving tray; quilts off the bed; honeydew melons off the plate; sewing-machine foot controls across the floor; dog bowls across waxed kitchen floors; slipcovers off chair arms; sofa sections apart. "Hints from Heloise" noticed places that no one had officially noticed before: behind the radiator; under the bottom of the blender; between the door runners of sliding glass shower doors; between the little ridges on the bathroom scale; between the washing machine and the wall; between the stove and the countertop; where the grout meets the bathtub; where the carpeting meets the baseboard.

The intelligence at work in "Hints from Heloise" is confident. It likes to begin sentences with "Never," or sometimes with "*Never*" or "Never ever" or "Never, never, never" or "Don't ever, and I mean ever": "Never put any hot food into your freezer. . . . Never take anyone with you when shopping if you can possibly help it. . . . *Never* make one piecrust at a time. . . . Never walk down a long hall more often than necessary. . . . *Never* clean a closet or drawer when you are not angry or in the throwing-away mood. . . . Never walk into a room you are going to clean without a paper sack. . . . Never buy cheap paint for the kitchen. . . . *Never* wash windows when the sun is shining on them. . . . *Never* soak clothes over ten minutes. . . . Never iron a dish towel. . . . Never use bleach on treated cottons. . . . Never use scouring powders or bleaches on plastic cups. . . . *Never* sit, lie, or stretch out on concrete (that's cement) in any type of elasticized bathing suit. . . . Never buy shoes in the morning, because your feet *can* stretch as much as a half size by the afternoon. . . . Never put a rubber band around silverware. . . . Never use a perfume spray near silver, as perfume can mark it. . . . Never use ammonia on a mustard stain. . . . Never, never overwater a philodendron. . . . Never fill a dish to capacity. . . . Don't ever, and I mean ever, put hot grease down your sink drain. . . . Never, never, never use liquid dishwashing detergent in your clothes-washing machine. . . . Never run out of potatoes."

Although Heloise may congratulate herself and her readers for being "real smarties," she never wants to be mistaken for an intellectual. "I am no great brain, just a neighbor and friend," Heloise says. Sometimes the mathematics in the column seem to consist of one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, a dozen, a bunch, two dozen, a whole bunch, oodles, umpteen, and a zillion. (Poncé, a business minor and a math major in college, once did a physics project on the rate of water loss from a dripping faucet and its effect on water bills. She is in fact very comfortable with numbers.) With its fondness for words like "thingamajig" and "doohickey," the column sometimes seems like the bright girl in class who hides her intelligence so people won't resent her; and, also like the bright girl, the column occasionally slips and uses a precise and abstruse word. Usually, it's a word that has to do with sewing, like selvage (the little strip at the edge of a piece of fabric which is of a different weave to prevent ravelling) or rickrack (a flat braid woven in zigzags and used as a trimming) or flatfelled (sewn by placing one folded raw edge over the other and stitching on the wrong side, like the inside seam of a bluejean leg) or gimp (the round cord used as trimming on furniture).

Time has many rewards for regular readers of "Hints from Heloise." One year, Heloise discovers that a soap-filled steel-wool pad kept completely underwater will not rust for as long as two weeks. Several years later, with an intuitive leap, she discovers that rust on the cut side of lettuce leaves can be prevented the same way. One year, Heloise has a hint for "those of you troubled with 'lines' on husband's shirt collars" or for "women who complain about nylon slips clinging to their bodies." Years later, the problems of "ring around the collar" and "static cling" turn up on television. Heloise's readers never know when a simple one-paragraph hint in the column will predict a multimillion-dollar project involving soap-company executives, advertising writers, and TV-commercial directors, technicians, and actors.

In its early days, the column combined its hints with many encouraging words for housewives. Heloise not only noticed her readers' problems but also believed that her readers' husbands and children probably did not. She sometimes called her readers "my precious ladybugs," and she often ended the column "God bless you." Occasionally, out of the blue, she would say something that admitted how unrewarding the life of a housewife can be. She ended one hint about spring-cleaning with the observation "All the furniture polish in the world



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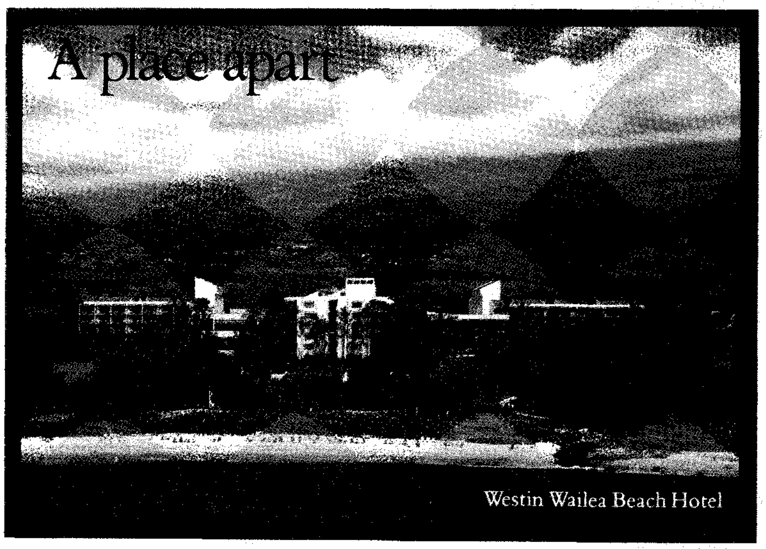

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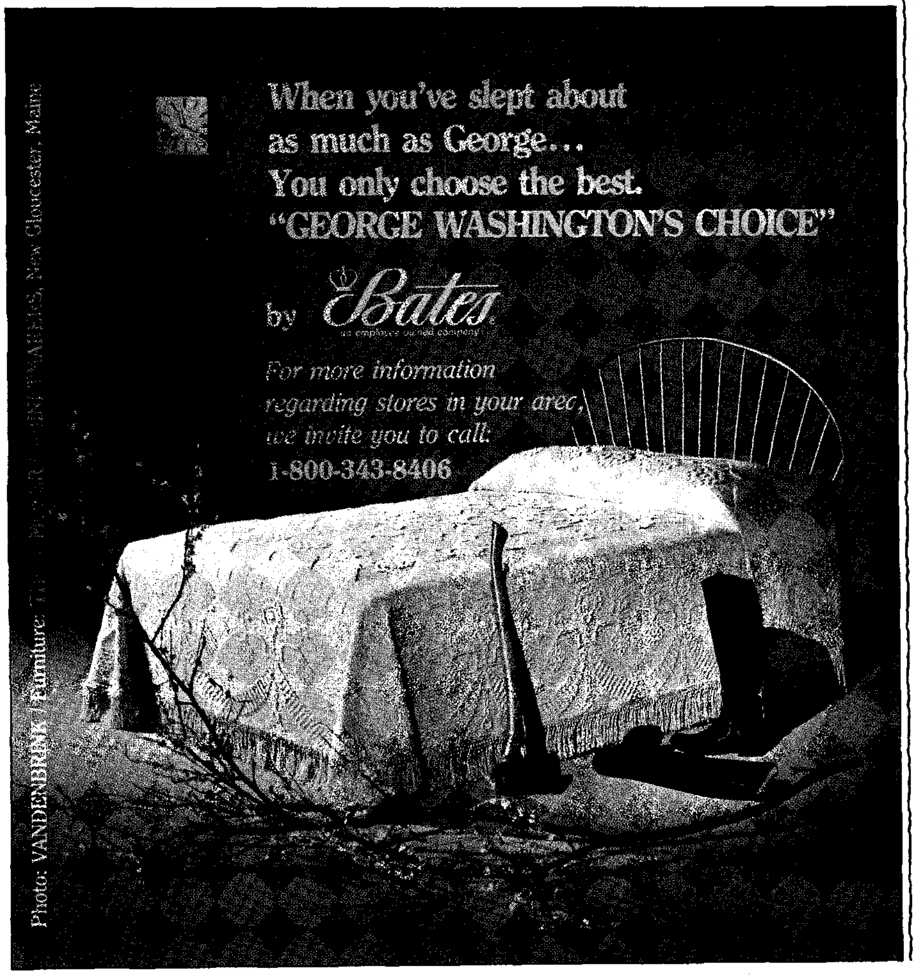
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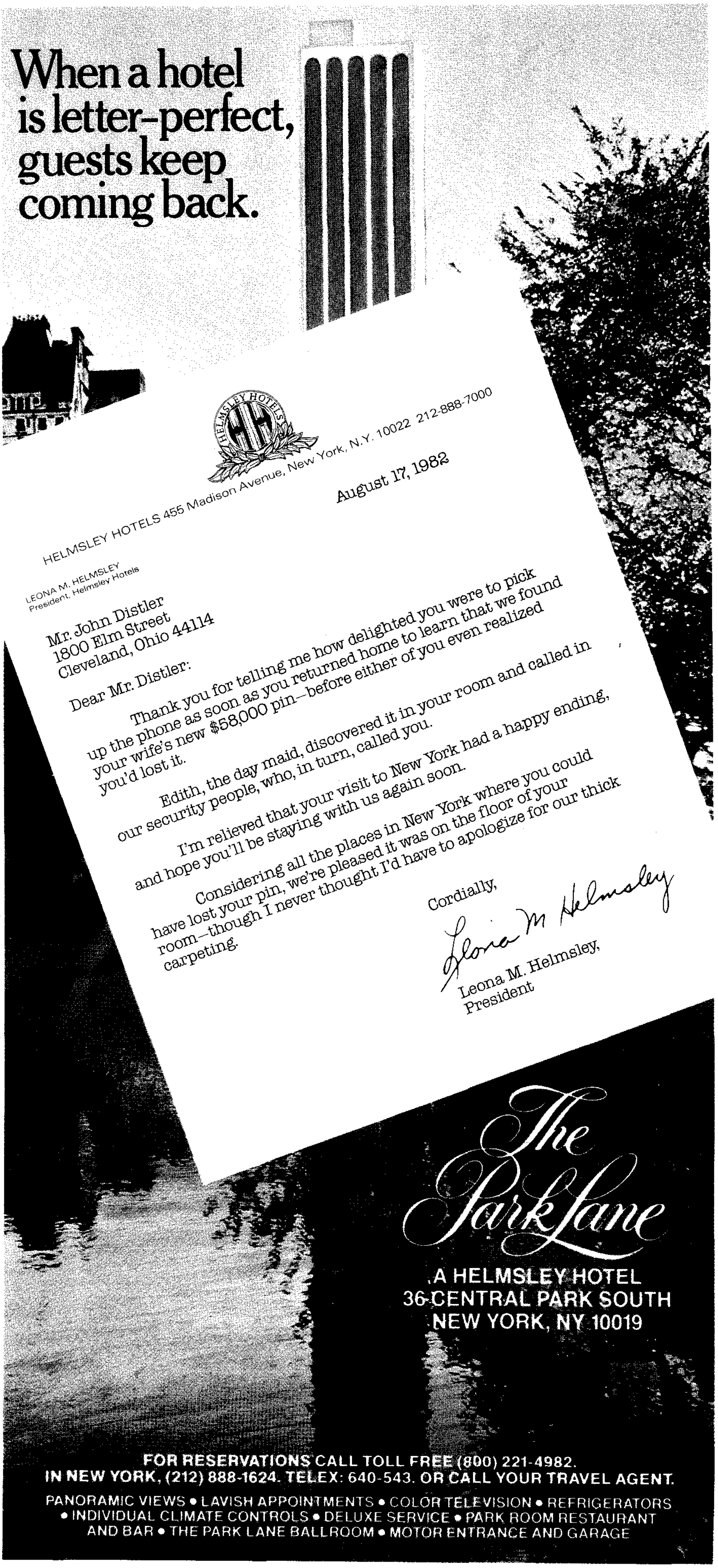
won't put a gleam in your husband's eye!" When Poncé took over the column, she figured that homemakers were no longer only housewives but might also be men, grandparents, or even children, and she enlarged the column's focus to include them. "My precious ladybugs" disappeared. As if to compensate for the loss of that old camaraderie, Poncé made the column much more down-home and folksy. Expressions like "Golly whoopers" and "Doggone and heck a mile" multiplied. She also put more emphasis on consumer advocacy and consumer safety. Poncé is less shy than her mother was, and she decided, with newspapers folding under her at an unpleasant rate, that it might be a good idea to be on television. Over all, though, the column under Poncé and the column under her mother have been alike in more ways than they have differed. Nylon net—the product for which the first Heloise found so many uses that it is closely linked with her in the minds of many people—continues to divulge new applications. So does baking soda. So does vinegar—a substance that Poncé feels so strongly about that she flew to San Francisco to address the Vinegar Institute three days after her wedding. Poncé's mother thought that nylon net, baking soda, vinegar, and kerosene were the most important household aids of all. Poncé agrees, although she might replace kerosene with prewash laundry spray, since kerosene is now hard to find and prewash spray, a recent product, has a large number of uses, from removing bumper stickers to cleaning Naugahyde. She thinks she may write a book called "Nylon Net, Baking Soda, Vinegar, and Prewash Spray."

After the first Heloise realized how powerful her column could be, she decided never to mention brand names. The second Heloise follows this rule. She calls Kleenex "facial tissue," Scotchgard "spray-type soil repellent," Clorox "a common household bleach," Kitty Litter "cat-box deodorizer," and Frisbees "flying-saucer-shaped toys." Not mentioning brand names is a good idea, because a really apt hint in "Hints from Heloise" provides an aesthetic thrill that, for a second, makes a person feel like more than just a shopper.

WHAT actually happened was I got hardly any sleep at my motel, because someone kept slamming a door right next to my room all night, and then I got up in the morning and took my shirt off the hanger and a large cockroach jumped out of the shirt pocket and landed on the floor with a strangled cockroach yell. I drove out to David and Poncé's, and Poncé and I sat around and talked for a while, and then David said, "Let's eat." Poncé and I got in her Datsun 280 ZX, and David and Tom Carey, a partner in David's plumbing business, whose sister Sue was Poncé's college roommate and maid of honor, got in David's half-ton Ford pickup. We drove to a nearby restaurant called El Jarro, owned by Arthur Hernandez, whose uncle was married to Poncé's grandfather's sister and whose cousin was Poncé's mother's doctor. It was happy hour at El Jarro, where you got two drinks for every one you ordered, so the table was quickly covered with margarita glasses. Tom Carey said that sometimes when Poncé and David got into arguments he, Tom, would referee, and would jump in and yell, "Time out!" He asked me where I was staying and I said the Miramar and he'd never heard of it. Poncé said that she had had a dream the night before that she made David ten color-coördinated bibs with little clips on them like the clips on a dentist's bib, and she was so sure the dream was real that when she woke up she went looking for the bibs. I ordered the cabrito, which is goat, and a Carta Blanca beer, and they brought me two Carta Blanca beers. Poncé said, "Did you know that the Chinese have different sweat glands than we do?"

After lunch, Poncé picked up the check, and we went into the parking lot, which was very bright, and got in the car, whose seats were hot, and we drove back to Poncé and David's. Tom Carey got in his car and went somewhere, and I got in my van, and Poncé got in David's truck. I followed them into San Antonio on the freeway—everybody passed me because I was going only sixty—and at a stoplight David leaned over and lifted Poncé's sunglasses and looked at her. We went to a restaurant-bar named Yvan, where it was also happy hour. Poncé said, "Did you see they've invented a pill that you take and it tans you? Turns you kind of orange. Only problem is, it turns your palms orange, too." The bar filled with people, and Tom Carey showed up again. Poncé said, "Did you see that they've invented a flyswatter that looks like a little gun and the swatter shoots out and comes back?" Then the owner of



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the bar came over and talked to us. Tom Carey went somewhere again. Poncé said, "Do you *really* believe the Egyptians built the pyramids with wooden rollers?" Some guy with a beard came up to Poncé and asked her where she worked, and she said, "I'm a writer." He said, "You work for Ryder Trucks?" There was a lingerie show taking place in the bar, and models in nighties were walking around describing what they were wearing and how much the nighties cost. David said, "I don't like wishy-washy broads who say, 'Gee, maybe I will if you will, maybe I won't if you won't, oh, gee, I don't know.' Poncé isn't like that—she's not an easy woman." Then a model in a mostly see-through garment came up to David and said, "Hi, my name is Terri and I work for A Touch of Class Models and I'm wearing an apron-type baby-doll negligee from Shirlee of Hollywood and it just comes in red and the panties come with it and it ties in the back and it sells for thirty-nine dollars." David said, "I'm not interested in your body, I'm interested in your mind." Then we ate dinner and I don't remember what I had.

Next we drove to a place named Fuddruckers, and there was only about a parking space and a half left in the lot, and David pulled his truck in and I backed my van really fast right next to him. We stood in the back room, at a bar that was a replica of an old Mexican tequila bar. When we came out into the parking lot, we were surprised to see there was only about a quarter inch between our vehicles. Then we drove to a place called Maggie's, which had an electric train on rails running above the bar. Then we went to a place that had a good-sized tree growing right through the middle of it and out the ceiling. Then we went to a place called the S. K. Stampede, which was a dance bar in a shopping mall called the Central Park Mall. David and Poncé left and went on home, and I tried to talk to a girl who was standing holding two drinks, and I bounced off as if she had an invisible shield around her. Everybody on the dance floor was dancing one huge synchronized Western dance, and I decided to go back to the motel. I walked out a door that I thought led to the parking lot but in fact led into the mall, which by this time was closed and empty and dimly lit. The door back to the bar had locked behind me, and all the racket in the bar was just a

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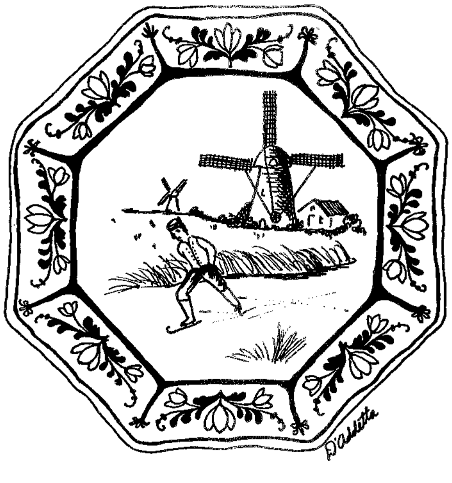
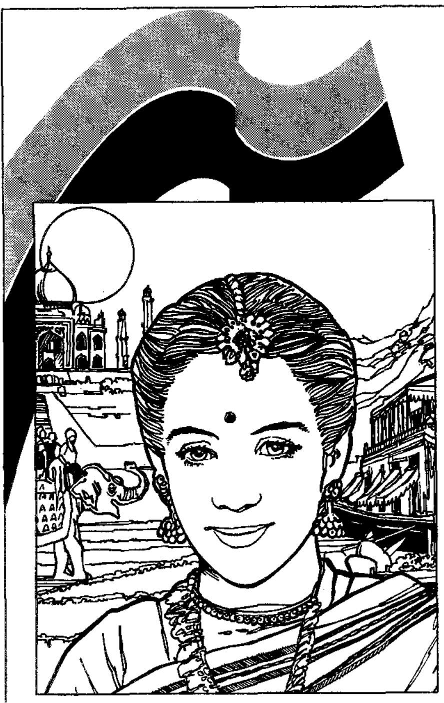
tiny noise through the door. I walked around the mall until I found a door to the parking lot, but the door was locked, so I walked to another door, but it was also locked. I sat down on the cool floor for a while. Then I stood up and examined the sliding security grate over a store window, and I noticed that the store had for sale a digital wristwatch with an alarm that played "The Yellow Rose of Texas." I thought about spending the night in the mall, and then I walked around some more. Down a corridor I heard voices, which turned out to belong to two janitors, and one of them said he would take me to someone who had a key. He took me down another corridor and down a narrow hall that was completely dark and through a door into a carpeted, track-lit office with paintings on the wall, and he left. A member of the Bexar County Sheriff's Department was in the office, and he asked me for my driver's license. I told him how I came out of the wrong door of the bar, and he again asked for my license. I said all I wanted to do was get out of the mall, and he told me to give him my license and sit down and shut up or he'd throw my ass in jail for public intoxication. I told him I hadn't seen much else but public intoxication in San Antonio that night, and his handcuffs made a cricketlike sound as he took them off his belt. I gave him my license. He asked me my birthday and I told him. I looked several times at his name tag, which said "Vela," and he asked me why I kept looking at his name tag, and what I was thinking was, I thought white people beat up on Mexicans in Texas, not the other way around, but I didn't say that. Then I sat there for forty minutes while he checked my I.D. with the police computer, and when it didn't turn up any criminal record he took me to a door to the parking lot and told me that if it had been anyone but him I'd be in the





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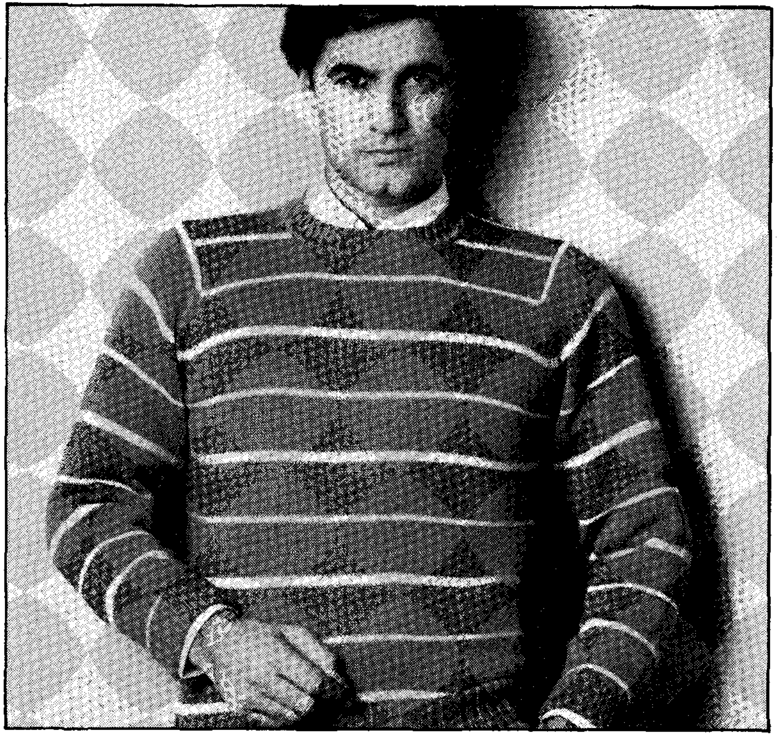
THE house that Poncé and David live in is a hundred and eighty feet long. It is a contemporary-style ranch house, and Poncé and David designed and built it before they were married. It has two driveways. From the outside, at certain angles, it looks like acres and acres of blue clay-tile roof. At one end of the house, David and Poncé and Poncé's assistants have their offices. David runs his plumbing business from his office. The card catalogue in Poncé's assistants' office lists over fifty thousand household hints, with over two thousand cards just for nylon net. At the other end of the house is Poncé's bathroom, with a special deep drawer for electric curlers and hair dryers in the counter under the sink, and a scale set into the floor through the carpeting (because a scale won't weigh right if there's carpet under it), and a mirror with light bulbs around it, and a sunken marble bathtub with taps that look like golden shells, from which Poncé can look out the window and see the grove of cedar trees where her Chihuahua, Tequila, is buried. The other rooms in the house are a conference room next to her office, where Poncé can talk to people she doesn't want to bring into any other part of her home, and two guest bedrooms, a workroom, a den, four bathrooms, a dining room, a living room, a kitchen, a walk-in pantry, several walk-in closets, the master bedroom, a sauna, and a wine cellar. The wine cellar is a climate-controlled room, not a cellar. One of the guest rooms has a miniature bar in it. The living room is decorated with antique Chinese works of art—cloisonné incense burners, a temple table, an ivory ship with ivory figurines representing a Chinese version of the Atlantis story, and a folding screen with an ivory bas-relief of horses, which Poncé always liked as a little girl because one of the horses near the bottom of the screen has his legs backward. On one wall, there are opium bags embroidered with a tiny stitch called the blind stitch. Poncé said she'd heard that the blind stitch got its



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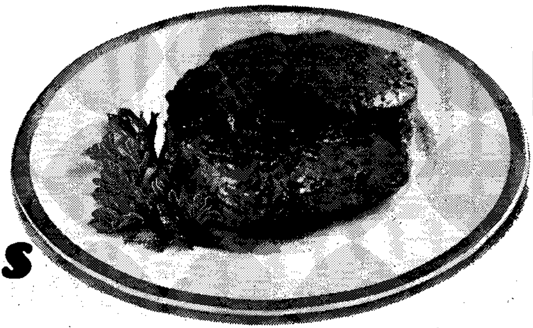

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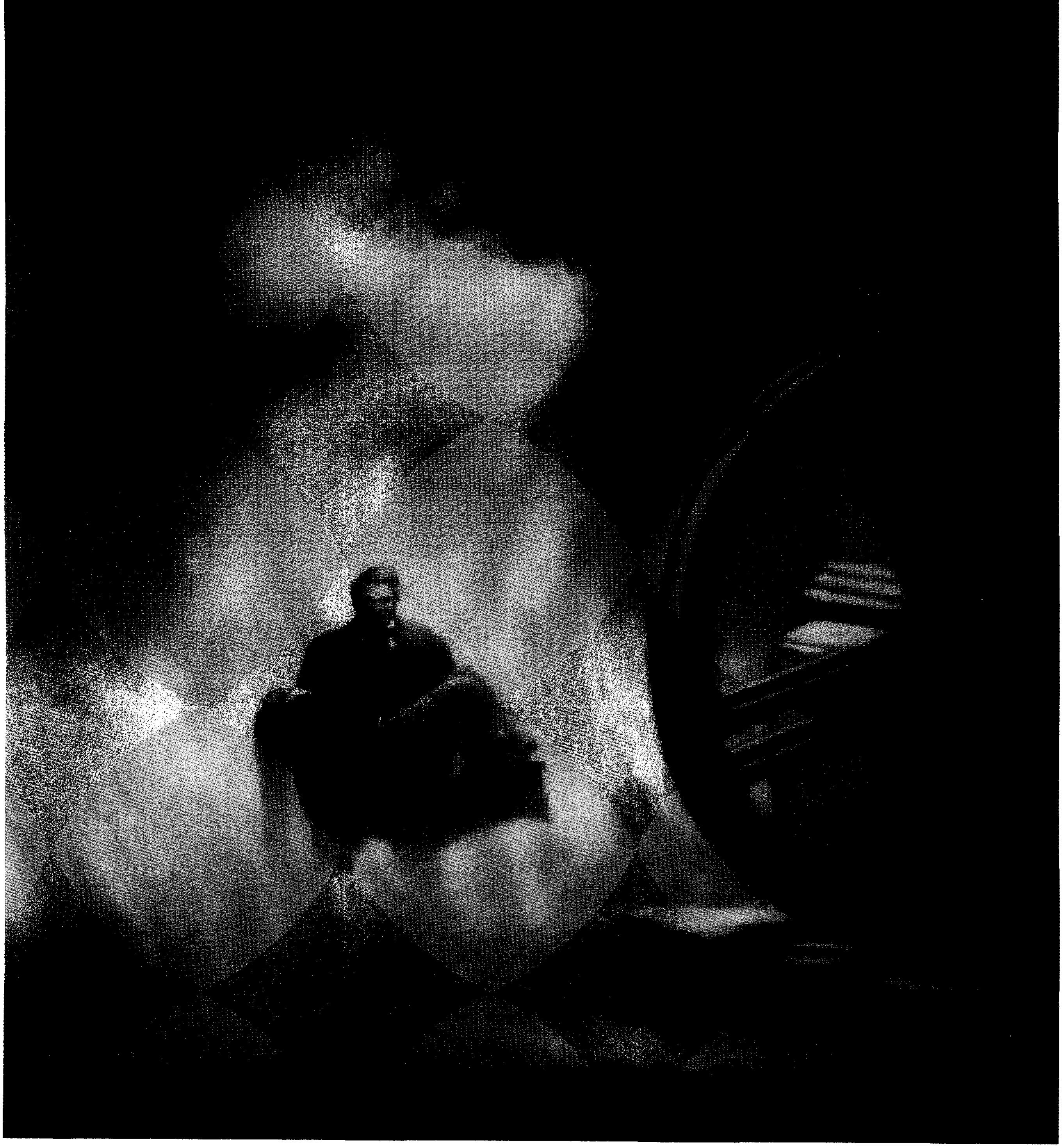

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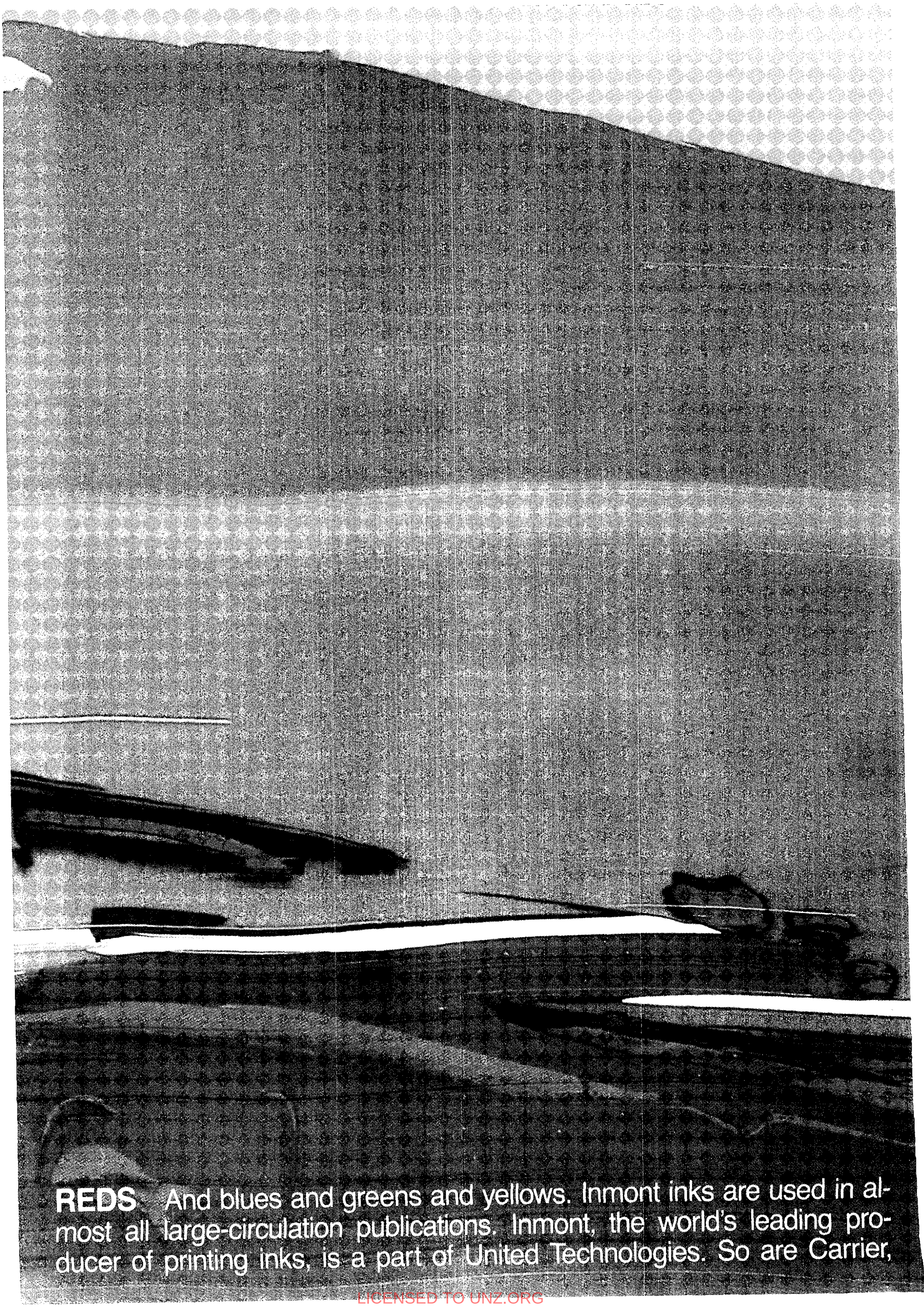

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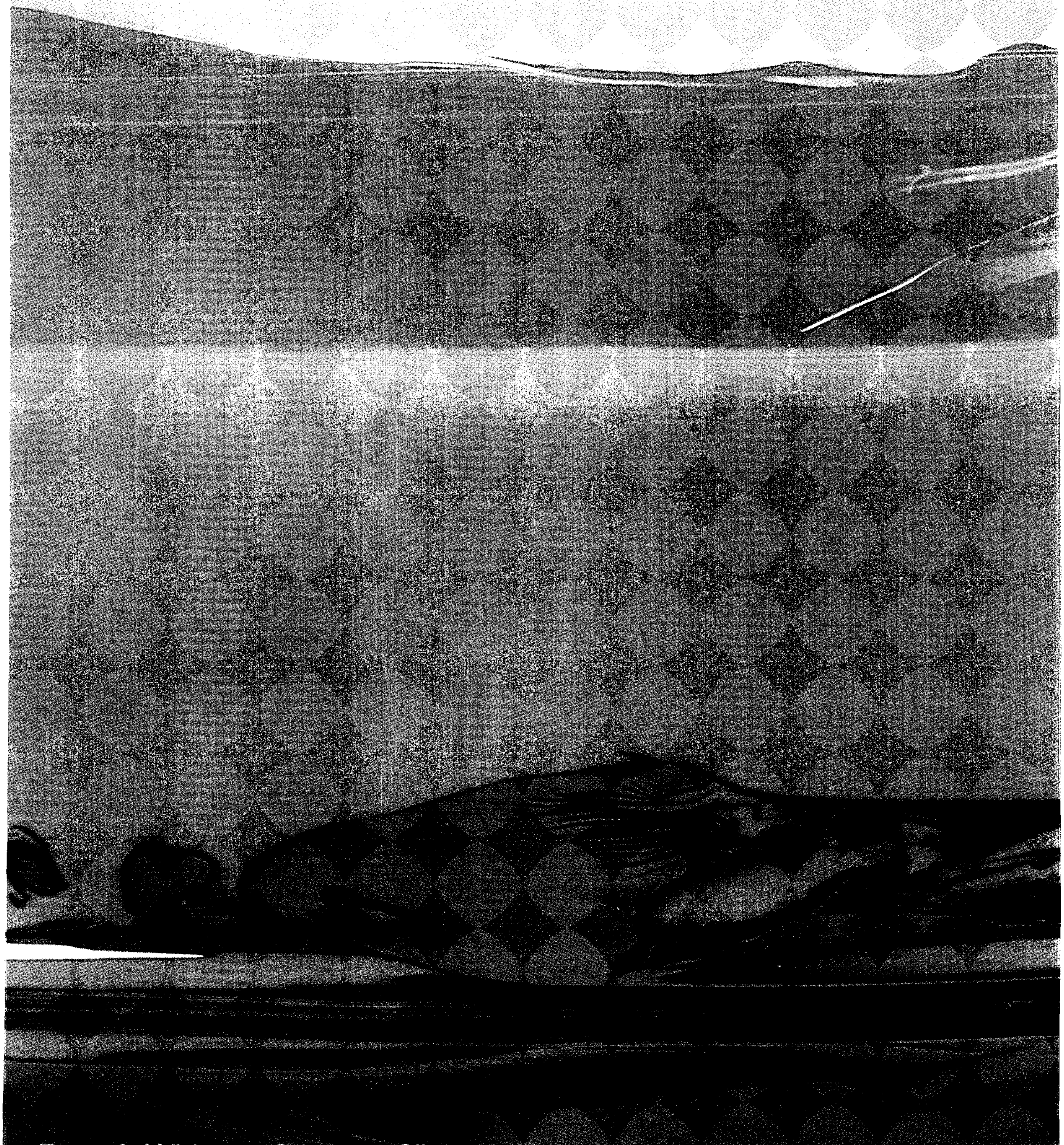

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name because women went blind doing it, and that the Communist government made the stitch illegal when it took over. The living-room windows sometimes have feathery, sketchy body and wing prints made by Poncé's cockatiel, Fussy, when he gets out of his cage and flies around the house. These prints look pretty when the sun is right, and Poncé does not wash them off. In the hall by the living room hang two of Poncé's mother's paintings, "Euphoria" and "The Death of the Arizona." The kitchen is futuristically spare, with vacant expanses of butcher block. Its simplicity is refined, like the simplicity of the ideal gentleman. It is latent with appliances; there is an electric trash compactor under the counter, and a microwave oven, two ranges, and two infrared food-warming lights. A blender and a toaster oven sit back against the wall, under quilted dustcovers. There is an extra spigot, and the water that comes out of it is a hundred and sixty degrees. The decades that Poncé and her mother spent thinking about kitchens are palpable here. By the kitchen are sliding glass doors—with decals at both human and dog eye level to prevent collisions (a hint from years ago)—leading to the back-yard patio. In the patio are two Japanese pinball machines and a swimming pool.

Poncé: "I just love to sit by the pool and watch the roadrunners tease my little schnauzer, Zinfandel. They come up onto the patio as close as they dare, and when Zin can't stand it anymore she runs after them, yapping like mad, and the roadrunners take off, and then Zin gives up, and then pretty soon the roadrunners are back."

David: "That pool's just sitting there growing algae. I put half a gallon of muriatic acid in it and nothing happened. The problem was, a guy who worked for me left the filter on recycle instead of clean for four days, and we had a big rainstorm. Now I think we've got a kind of algae nothing will kill."

The San Antonio *Light*, in a front-page story about Poncé and David's wedding, said that a wedding guest said, "I've been in a lot of houses in Texas, but this is the first one that's in two time zones." The house feels that way not just because it's big. The sunlight ricocheting off the white driveways and the spicy breath of Mexico freshened through air-conditioning make most of the house feel like midafternoon in San Antonio, but

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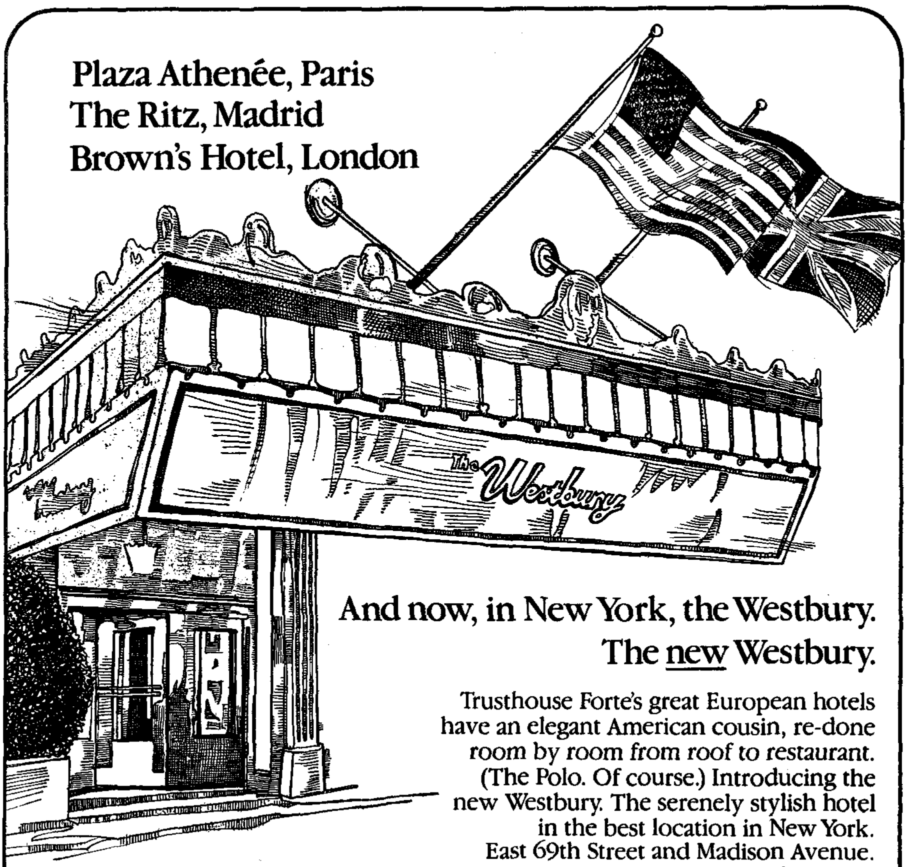

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the five or six hundred "Dear Heloise" letters that come to the office every day from all over the world bring that end of the house a much more dislocated sense of time. When the phone rings—with a discreet, understated, low-pitched ring that is somehow more compelling than a loud one—the call is often from New York, where it's an hour later, or Los Angeles, where it's two hours earlier. Poncé carries the phone with her on a long cord all over the house, and wherever the phone is, the feeling of abstract, average time floats above it. Poncé often answers the phone; when her assistants answer it, they tell her over the intercom who it is.

(*ring*)

"Poncé, a disc jockey from a station in Spokane, Washington, has a question for Heloise. He says the President of the United States is coming over to your house in five minutes, what do you do?"

"The President is coming in five minutes? Here?"

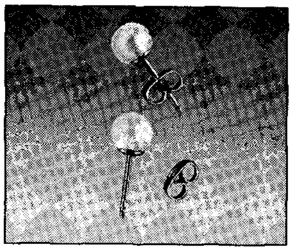
"No, no—he wants to know *what if* the President were coming over in five minutes, what would you do."

"My God, I thought he was coming here. O.K. . . . Hello. . . . Uh-huh. . . . Well, I would say first, pick up the big chunks. Hide the shoes. Stuff the dishes in the dishwasher, or put 'em in a tub and hide 'em in the oven. Open drawers and shove everything in off the countertops. Clean the bathroom mirror, make the bed. Then the house looks at least halfway decent. Then sprinkle some cinnamon in a pan and put it on a burner on low. By the time the President gets there, the whole house will smell nice, like cinnamon rolls."

(*ring*)

"Poncé, a newspaper writer from New Jersey says she's doing an article on freezers, and she wants to know what you have in yours."

"O.K., thanks, Hazel. . . . Hello. . . . I know there's all kinds of things you can keep in your freezer, like sprinkled clothes before you iron them, or valuable papers so they won't burn up in a fire (in plastic bags, of course, so they won't get wet), or homemade labelled TV dinners in foil, or vegetable scraps to make stock, or popcorn so it'll stay fresh, or candles so they won't drip when they burn, or girdles so they'll go on easier and be cool in the summer, but, to be perfectly honest with you, what I've got in my freezer right now is just some old rolls to feed the birds, a couple cans of coffee, a few frozen pizzas, and some-



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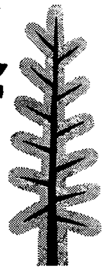

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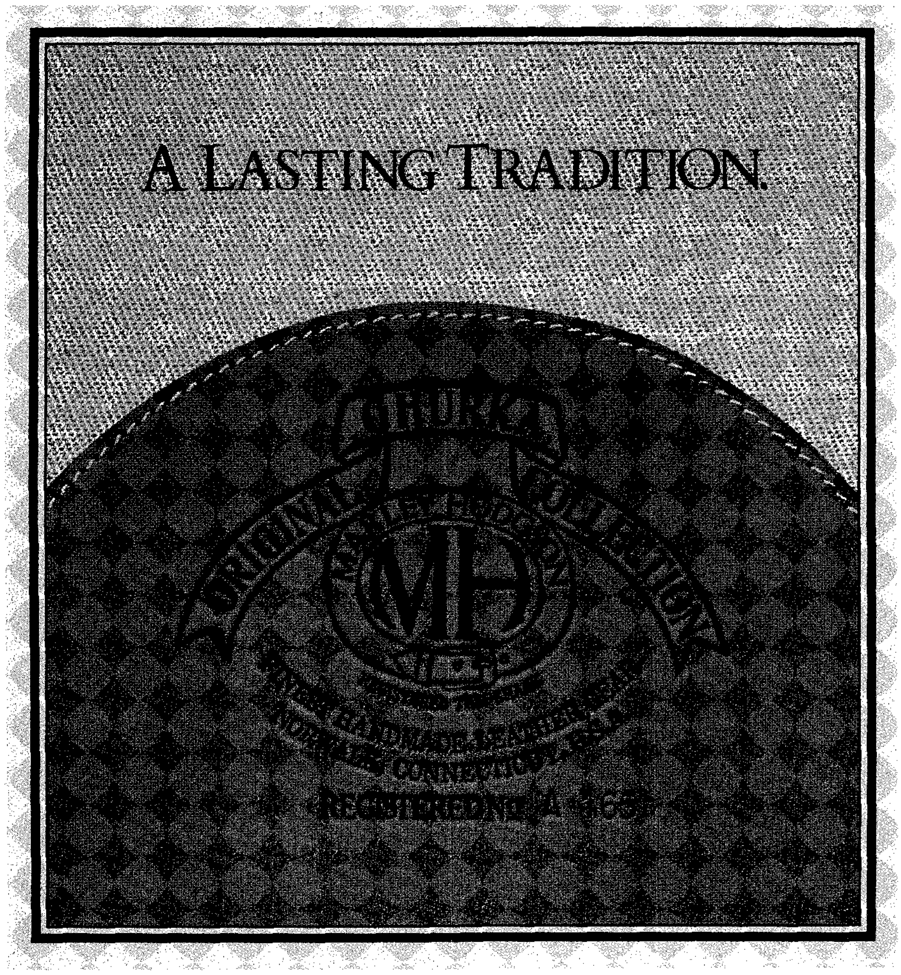

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thing all wrapped in freezer paper that I don't even know what it is."

(*ring*)

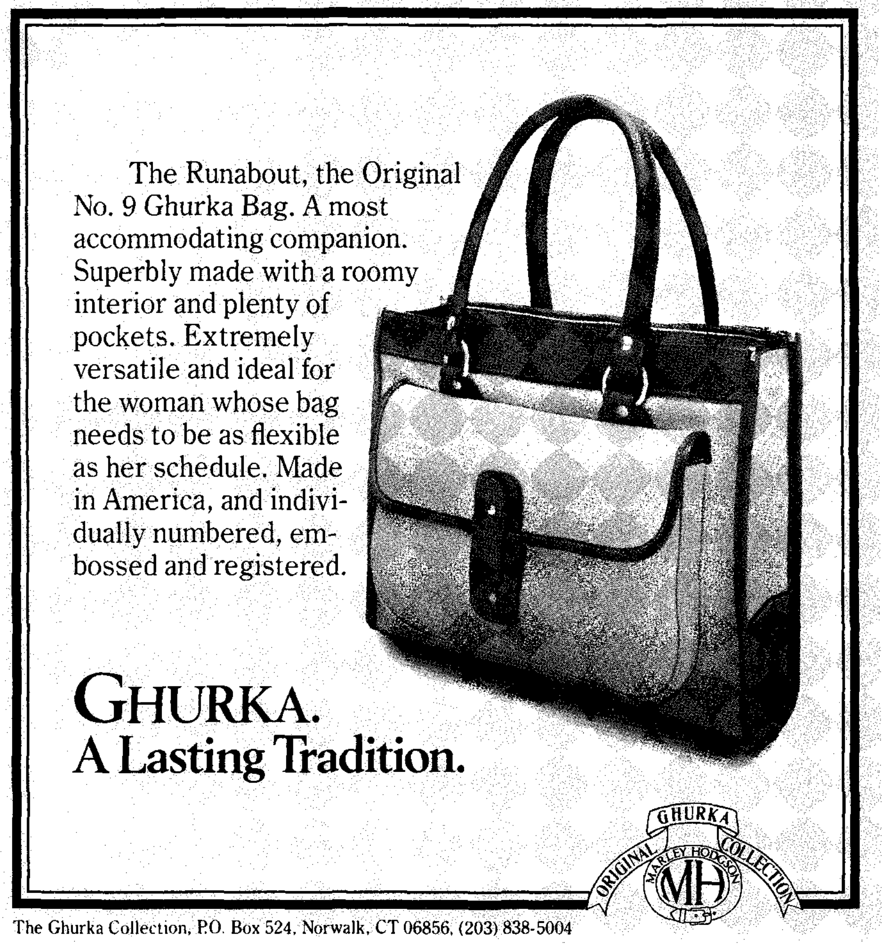
"Poncé, a man from *Parade* magazine says he's doing an article on pet peeves, and he wants to know what Heloise's are."

"O.K. . . . Hello. . . . Well, let's see. People who come in and drop their purse and shoes in the living room. It only would take a second to put them away. Drivers who don't use their blinkers when they turn, or who keep their blinkers on after they turn. People who put out cigarettes in their food. Oh—you know what really drives me crazy? Wax for no-wax floors. Here somebody saves their money to buy a no-wax floor, and the next thing they know someone comes along and tells them that not only do they need wax for their no-wax floor, they need a special kind of wax. I think that's really a crock of cranberries."

Since being a homemaker and ordinary citizen is Poncé's profession, she can turn from Poncé into Heloise at any second. "I never realized what Heloise was," she says. "I've always made a point of being Poncé. To me, Mother was always just Mother. The first time she left Hawaii on business, I couldn't understand it. It made me physically sick. I was in third grade. I cried and cried. She said, 'I'm not leaving you.' Suddenly—boom!—she was gone. Now I realize how much it must have hurt *her*, and I realize how gutsy she was back when women were not. When she became Heloise, she had something to do most of the time—there were always fourteen jars of something she was testing on the kitchen table—so I learned how to take care of myself. That was good experience for what I do now. I started helping on the column when I was ten or eleven. One time, she and some neighbors and I baked two hundred loaves of bread about two hundred different ways to see which way of baking kept the tops the softest. I helped in her office, too, some summers. Other summers, I got summer jobs. Baskin-Robbins trained me for a week so I could scoop ice cream to just a certain number of ounces. I worked there for about two months and gained ten pounds and quit. Don't ever believe it when they say you'll get tired of the ice cream if you work there. Then after high school— I went to Alamo Heights High School, which was and is known as the snob school in San Antonio—Chris Geppert, who is now

Christopher Cross, who's won four Grammys, was in my class—anyway, for a graduation present I got to go to Virginia, and from there some friends invited me to Ocean City, Maryland. One of those friends was Susan Dredge, who's now Susan Johnson, who lives in Hawaii, who invited us for a visit last fall. Anyway, in Ocean City I got a job in a Best Western hotel washing sheets and towels. When I went in for the job, the man there told me I was too short to fold the sheets without having them drag on the floor, so I went and found a wooden soda carton and told him I could stand on that, and he hired me. I got my best pair of cutoffs at that job—a maid found them in a room and gave them to me and they fit perfectly. The laundry room had no air-conditioning and very little ventilation and two commercial-size washers and one commercial-size dryer. I made seventy dollars for a seven-day week, and I learned quite a bit. My friends and I had a cabin across from the ocean near Phillips Crab House, which was always full of four hundred people knocking on crabs. I thought that was so barbaric. I also hated Maryland, because they had a state income tax. Mother kept writing and calling, telling me to come home, but I didn't want to. Finally, she said she was going to send the police after me, and I knew she would do it. So she flew to Washington and I went and met her at her hotel, which happened to be the Watergate, and we flew back to San Antonio. That was the first time I was ever out of the state of Texas by myself.

"After I got back, I decided to go to Southwest Texas State University, at San Marcos—L.B.J.'s alma mater. I wasn't a sorority type. I don't need a sorority. I know that they're very beneficial, I just don't need them. I lived in a private dorm off campus with Sue Carey and two other girls. Sue and I have been best friends since high school. We never worried about stealing each other's men. We could wear each other's clothes—each other's tops, actually. I had a purple VW that was so neat, and I also rode a motor scooter and neither of my parents knew. Once, my motor scooter fell over and I couldn't get it back up, and I decided it was time to get rid of it. When it was my turn to do the shopping, I'd drive twenty-two miles to the Air Force commissary and shop there, because that was cheaper than driving all over town to five different



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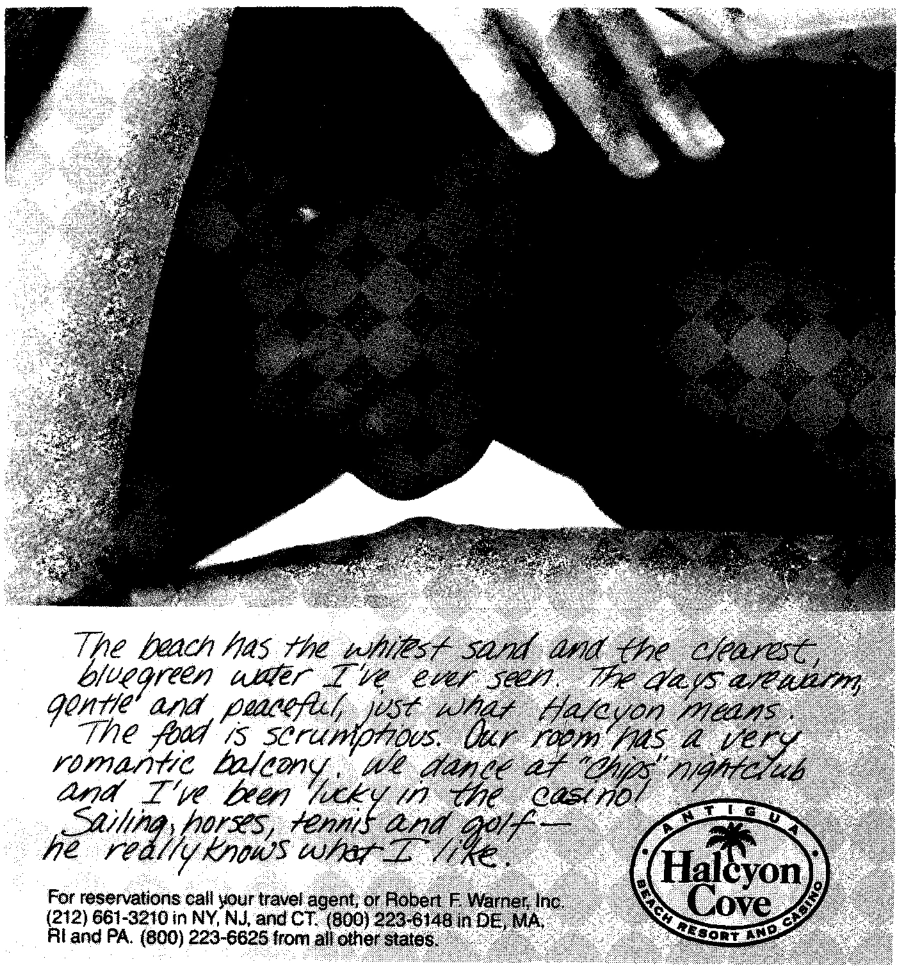

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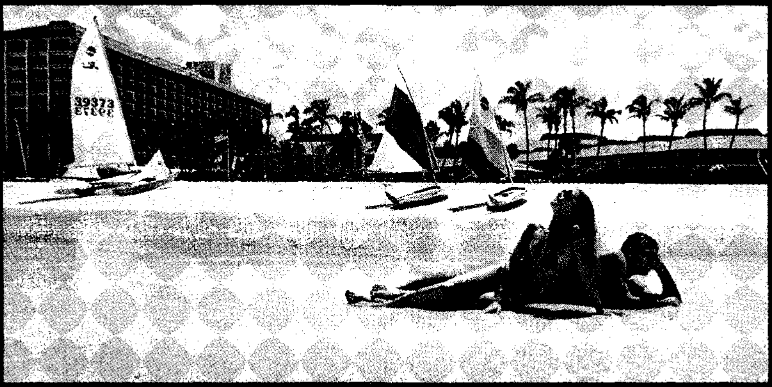

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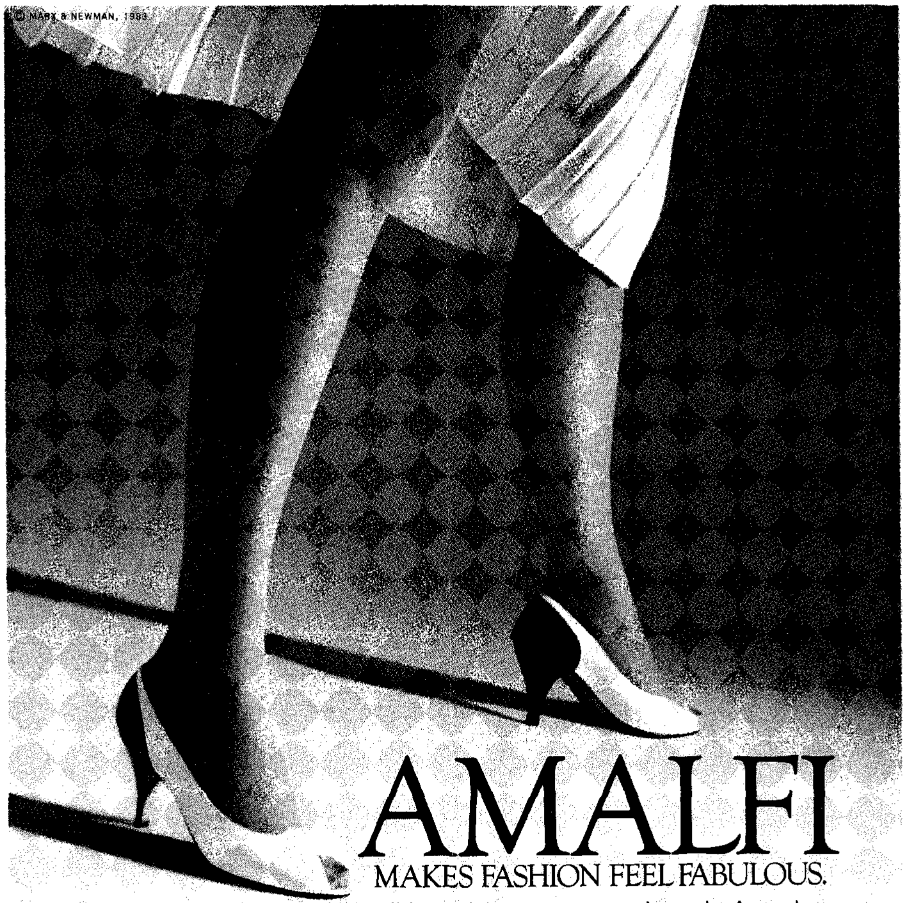

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stores. When people came over, they always opened the refrigerator and said, 'Gosh, this looks like my mother's refrigerator.' For my college-graduation present, I went to Russia with Daddy. Someone had put the wrong entry date on our passports, so the Russians locked us up at the airport for a day until they could find someone with the authority to change the date. I stopped eating beef after I went to Russia—it was like junior-high roast beef. Over the next five years, I worked on the column, I took fencing lessons, I went to Europe three times, I went on a wine cruise, I went to China with Daddy. I would not trade my Russia or China experience for anything. I got a grasp of what it was to be an adult in an adult world. At the time, I would have traded it for a Thrifty Scot Motel. On January 8, 1977, when I was on a date with somebody else, I met David Evans at a friend's apartment, and then the next day, Super Bowl Sunday—the Raiders were playing the Vikings—I watched the game with him. Later, we went out to a bar, and David played 'Kaw-Liga,' that song about the wooden Indian, by Hank Williams, on the jukebox. That's when I knew David was a real San Antonio boy. I had several big arguments with Mother that year, because she was getting sicker and sicker and she kept right on smoking, but finally I accepted that smoking was what she wanted to do. Toward the end of 1977, Mother's health really declined. The day before Christmas, David and I kept trying to get her to go to the hospital, and she said, 'I am not going into the hospital on Christmas. I am not going to ruin your Christmas and I'm not going to ruin Dr. Hernandez's Christmas.' So David said, 'If you won't go, I'll carry you.' Well, Mother slept with a .32 revolver under the bed, and she pulled that revolver and she said, 'You lay a hand on me and I'll shoot holes in the ceiling.' "

(David: "I backed out of that bedroom pretty damn quick.")

"So she didn't go into the hospital until the day after Christmas, and two days after that she died. We were at the hospital. I cried and I hugged David and I hugged the Doctor, and then I went and made phone calls. When I got home, I called Mother's friends at King Features."

PONCÉ believes that everyone is created equal. One of the first things she ever said to me was "There's nobody better than me, I'm no better than anybody else." Her mother believed that, too. She used to tell her readers, "There is no one who will ever come into your home who is more important and loved any more than your own family," and "I hope you will want to accept the facts and tell yourself that you are just one of the multitude. I am!" The readers knew that Heloise was sincere in offering each of them a share in the column, and that is probably why they sent in hints so willingly. For Poncé, the only problem with this egalitarian attitude is that, although she may be no better than anybody, she is both smarter and richer than most people. Her mother spent almost none of the income from the column, preferring to keep herself within the limits of her husband's service pay and pension. The column has been one of the most widely syndicated columns in the world for over twenty years. Now Poncé is in the same situation as a comedian who has become so famous making jokes about how girls put him down that he attracts all the girls anyone could want. She has been so successful understanding the life of the average homemaker that she is no longer an average homemaker—she is probably a millionaire. Poncé's mother solved the problem by slipping away from the name Heloise, as if it were a too crowded party in her honor. Poncé's mother's middle name was Kathy, and after Heloise became a well-known name she began to call herself Kathy. She had many friends—particularly at a vacation spot in the Texas hill country where she had a cabin—who knew her only as Kathy and had no idea of her other identity. Maybe she anticipated that one day Poncé would have a similar problem, and that's why she gave Poncé so many names—so that she would have plenty of extras in case any one name became too famous.

WHEN I was in San Antonio, I met several people besides Tom Carey and Officer Vela. I met Barry Byrne, Anne Cravens, Hazel Bolton, Anne Mundy, Bruce Lynxwiler, Milton Willmann, John Kungle, and Judy Hill. Barry Byrne is a pilot who met Poncé and David at a balloon meet. (Ballooning is a hobby that the three share.) Barry works for Mexicans who own private planes, and he was staying at the house while his plane was fitted with new radar equipment. Anne Cravens is a friend of Barry's who teaches deaf children in

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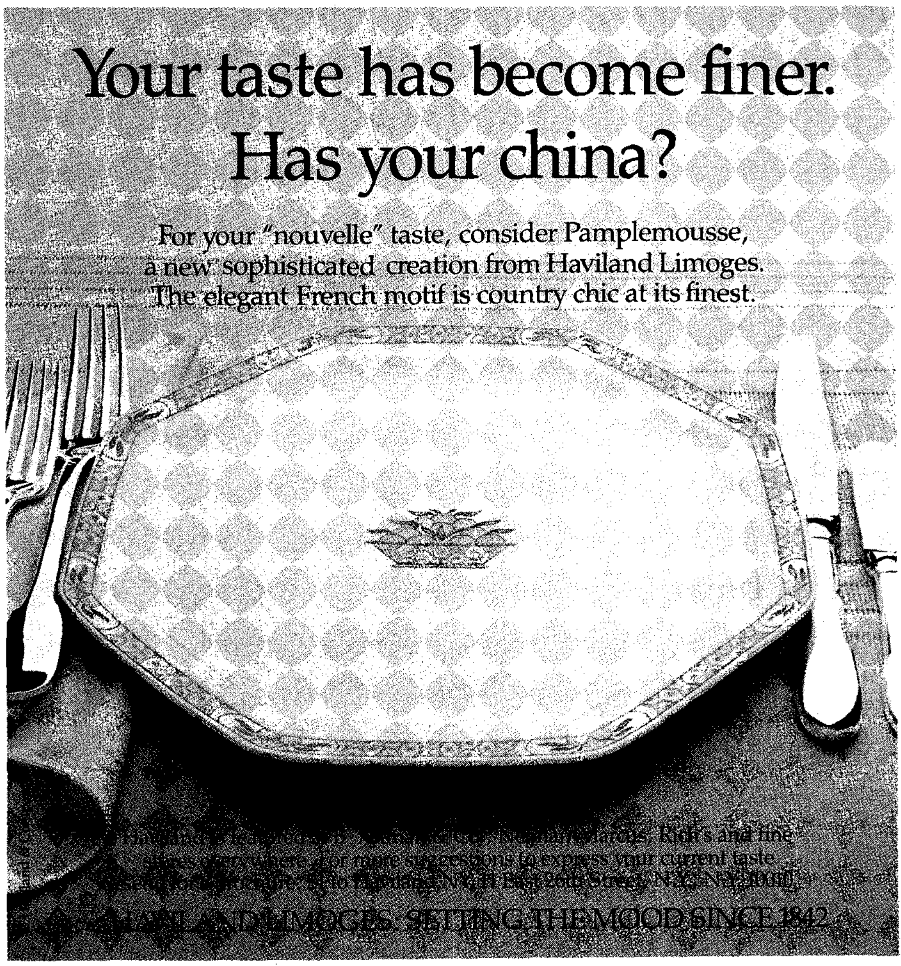

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elementary school. She had just bought a new house in San Antonio, and her new next-door neighbor was harassing her at all hours by opening his windows and blowing an automobile horn that he had set up inside his house. Hazel Bolton and Anne Mundy are mother and daughter. They are Poncé's assistants. Bruce Lynxwiler is a handyman who at the time was doing some work for David. Milton Willmann is a well-groomed local policeman with heavy dark-rimmed glasses who stopped by Poncé and David's one afternoon on a social call. John Kungle is a police officer in Poncé's township who stopped me one night because the light over my rear license plate was burned out. Judy Hill knows Poncé from college, when she was one of her roommates senior year, and she came by when I was there. She grew up in Del Rio, Texas, and is a social worker for the state's Department of Human Resources.

I was talking to Poncé and David and I said something funny, and David looked at Poncé and said, "You know, we should get him together with James Reveley." James Reveley and his wife are good friends of theirs. James Reveley is a well-built, snub-nosed man with brown hair and a red beard who holds his elbow to his side when he talks and illustrates points with compact hand gestures. He has two professions—dentist and undertaker. As a dentist, he occasionally makes scary or funny-looking sets of false teeth for his friends. As an undertaker, he is something of a maverick. Other undertakers do not like it that he favors funerals that cost no more than five hundred dollars—a cause he once went on the "Tomorrow" show to espouse. He wears a beeper on his belt. We met him and his wife at Maggie's, the place with the electric train above the bar. We had some drinks, and then we decided to go to a restaurant called Texan Seafoods North. James Reveley said we should all go in his truck. His truck was a Chevy Suburban with dark-tinted side and rear windows. He and his wife got in front. David opened the back door, and we saw a cot inside.

"I think we'll take my truck," David said.

"C'mon, climb in," James Reveley said.

"What if you get a call on your beeper when we're at the restaurant? If we don't have David's truck, we'll be stranded," Poncé said.

"Nobody wants to ride with me," said James Reveley.

Poncé and David and I went in David's truck. "I hurt his feelings," David said. "I feel bad about that. But I couldn't sit on that cot."

"What if he got a call while we were at the restaurant? We'd be stranded," Poncé said.

Texan Seafoods North had a salad bar set up in the hull of a twelve-foot sailboat. "That's nothing," said James Reveley, who had quickly let bygones be bygones. "I was in a restaurant last week where they had a salad bar in a red M.G." We sat at the seafood bar and ordered shrimp and raw oysters. James Reveley called them "aw-sters." James Reveley asked me if the seafood wasn't better than they had in New York, and I agreed that it was very good. The restaurant owner came by (as owners tend to do when Poncé eats out). "We've got a man here from New York," James Reveley told the owner, "and he's been sittin' here just eatin' the hell out of these aw-sters."

Then he said, "You know, this part of Texas—Dallas–Fort Worth, San Antonio, Houston—it's got everything you could want. All over the country, people are starting to refer to this area as the Third Coast." He turned to me. "What motel are you staying at?" he asked.

I told him I was staying at the Miramar.

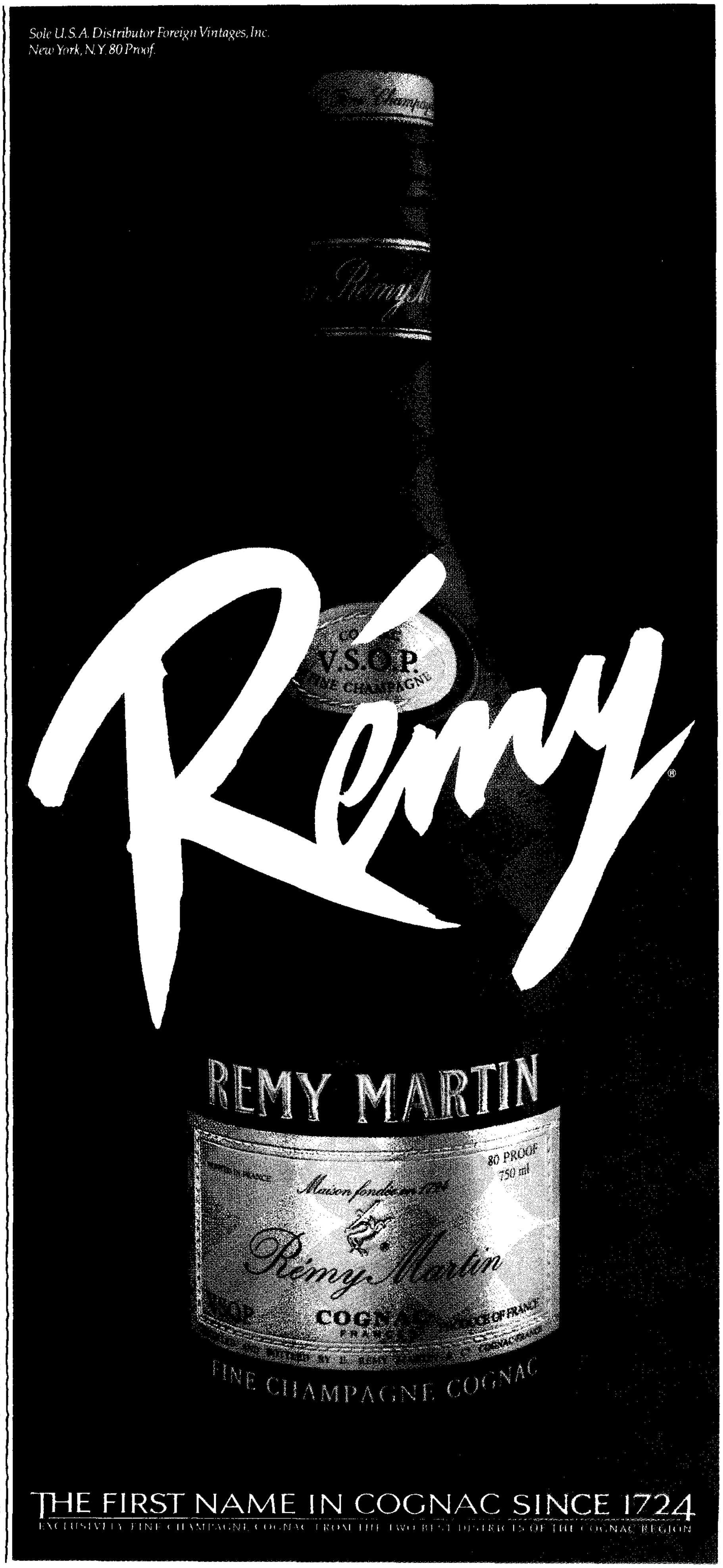
"The *Mira*-mar?" he said. "The *Mira*-mar?! You're *staying*—at—the—*MIRA*-mar?" (He gave the name an inflection unrepresented by any typeface.) "I cannot believe it! Don't you know about the Miramar? Haven't you ever heard about the Miramar?" He grabbed his wife. "Dear, this man is staying at the Miramar!"

"The *Mira*-mar!" she said. The two of them began to laugh so hard that they had to hold on to each other.

"My God!" James Reveley said. "The Miramar is the biggest damn rut hut in San Antonio!"

"Haven't you noticed all the traffic? Haven't you noticed the hookers all over the place?" asked his wife.

"Why, that's the busiest motel in town at lunch hour," said James Reveley. "You want to find a lawyer in San Antonio at lunch hour, go to the Miramar. There's a little barbecue place around the corner from the Miramar where they have great ribs, and if you ask a girl at lunch if she wants to go get some ribs most of them know that's just a code word for going to the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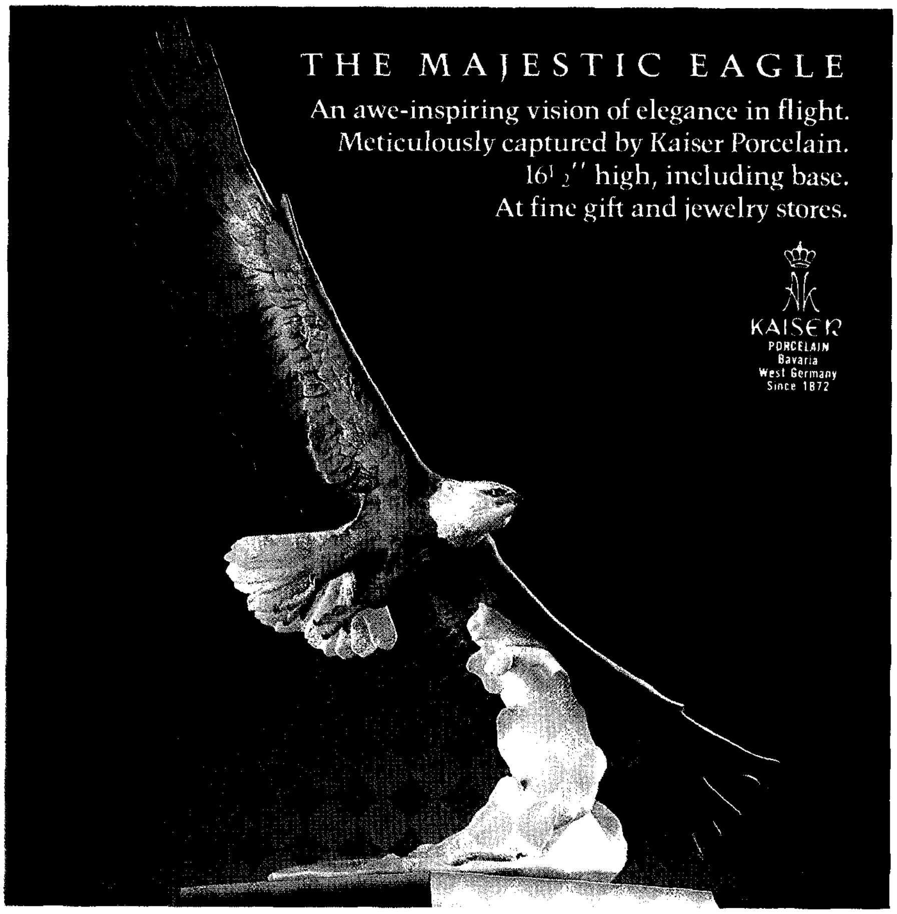

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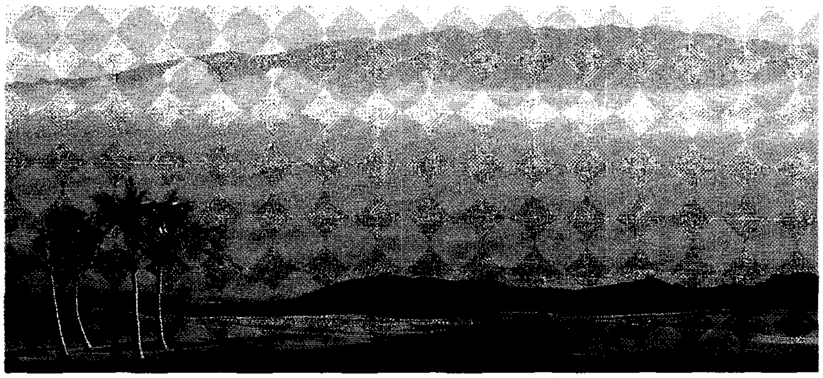

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Miramar, which is just a code word for shackin' up."

"The *Mira*-mar!" his wife said.

"I've got a macabre sense of humor," said James Reveley, "and there was a time when a buddy of mine and I used to put on dark suits and ties and sit in his black Plymouth on Miramar Street and scare the hell out of all the guys, who thought we were plainclothes cops. Those johns would start slinking around, we'd laugh to death. Listen, when you check out, don't turn in your key. A key from the Miramar—now, that's a real San Antonio keepsake."

Off and on for the rest of the evening, James Reveley or his wife would say "The *Mira*-mar!" and then all of us would laugh.

ON Saturdays, Poncé's assistants don't come in to the office. The phone does not ring very much. Many of the rooms of the house are filled with the kind of midday twilight that goes well with the sound of someone vacuuming or the sound of a soap opera on TV. On a particular Saturday, Poncé woke up and exercised on the mini-trampoline in her bedroom. She made scrambled eggs and bacon and English muffins for herself and David. David asked her if she wanted to go to the big chili cook-off, the Chilympiad, up in San Marcos. She poured herself a Tab. I came over. We discussed the chili cook-off. Poncé said that the Chilympiad was interesting but in the last few years it had got so big that it was also a little sickening. Poncé poured me a root beer. David said he wanted to go up to Medina Lake and take his boat out, even though the wind was high and the lake was probably rougher than a cob. Poncé said she just wanted to stay around the house. She poured herself another Tab. David went to the lake. Poncé was walking around barefoot—the way she is most of the time when she's at home. She went out in the front yard to get the mail and play with her dog. She walked to the garage behind the house to show me the white 1972 Thunderbird her mother used to drive. It had only twenty thousand miles on it. She poured herself another Tab. She took an empty one-litre Coke bottle, soaked it in hot water, and removed the reinforced black plastic bottom. She punched some holes in the black plastic bottom with an icepick, put some potting soil in, and then used it to repot a several-month-old avocado plant. She washed her hands and fixed herself a cup of tea. She went to the workroom and caught her pet ferret, Fred. In the kitchen, she gave him a baking-soda bath, which she does often, because he is an albino and shows the dirt. She poured sploofs of baking soda on him and then brushed the baking soda out of his fur with an old, soft hairbrush. He lay quietly on his back during this. Then she tied a red ribbon around his neck and set him on the floor. She swept up the baking soda with a whisk broom. She washed her hands again. She made lunch—a tuna-fish sandwich, Fritos, and a root beer for me, tuna-fish salad on lettuce and tea for her. She put the mayonnaise back in the refrigerator and then asked me if I'd like a pickle. I said yes, and she went to open the refrigerator. Her refrigerator is the kind that closes with a hiss as the rubber vacuum seal around the door sucks it shut, and then won't let go for thirty seconds, so that it is impossible to shut the door and immediately reopen it.

"Shoot," she said, and stood by the refrigerator door. The wasted seconds were almost visible, expiring in the air around her.

"Isn't there some kind of hint that would solve that problem?" I asked.

"No," she said. "There is absolutely nothing you can do about this at all." —Ian Frazier

◆

Bill Honey, treasurer for the regional high school committee, gave a financial report at a recent meeting. "We have $260,000, of which $300,000 is invested at 10¼ per cent and $40,000 is invested at 5¼ per cent."

Superintendent Peter Palches stopped him. "Now, wait a minute. You said, '$260,000 of which $300,000.' "

"That's right," Mr. Honey replied calmly. "And $40,000 at 5¼ per cent."

Silence filled the room. Then Linda Marinelli queried: "Should we ask some questions? How did they get that $300,000?"

And Mr. Honey finally understood their puzzlement and explained the $300,000 includes some outstanding checks.—*Martha's Vineyard (Mass.) Vineyard Gazette.*

Oh.

◆

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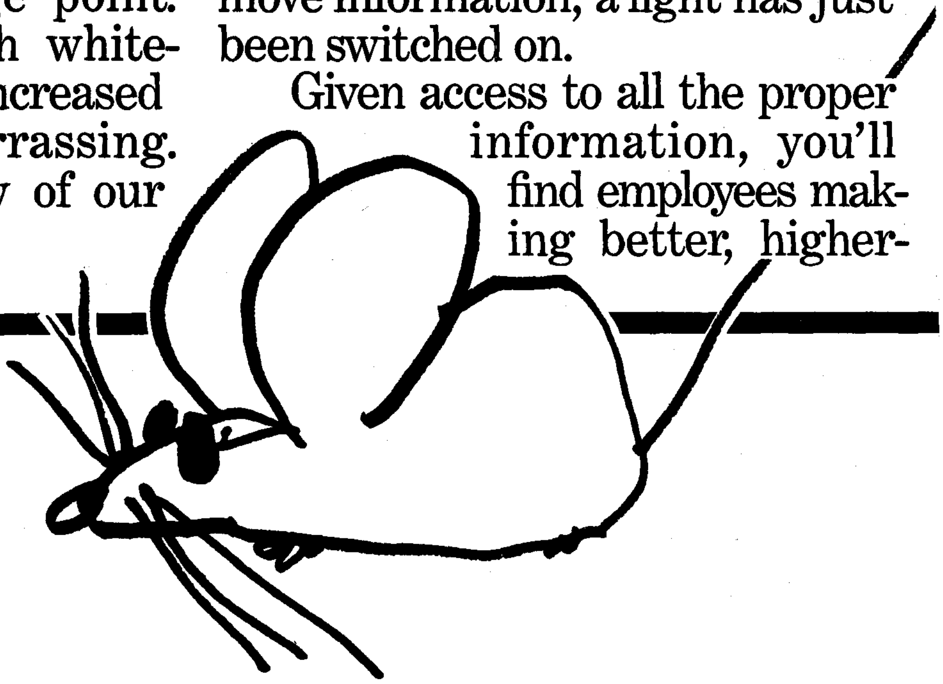

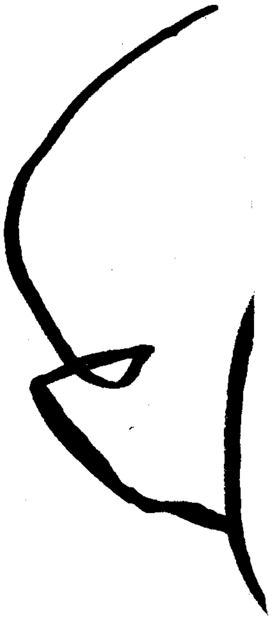

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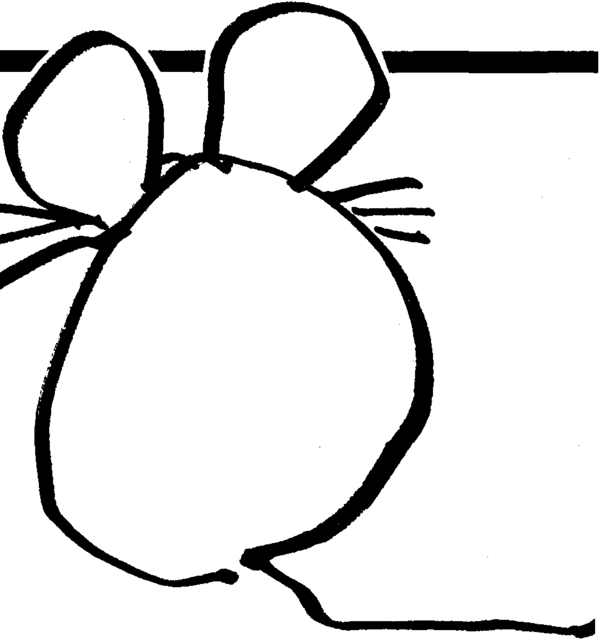

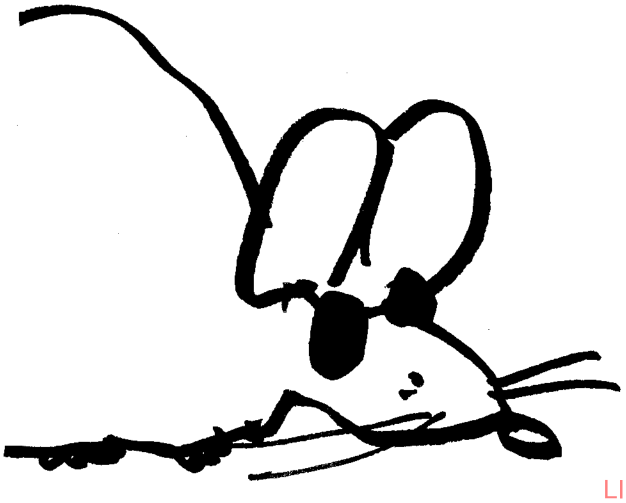

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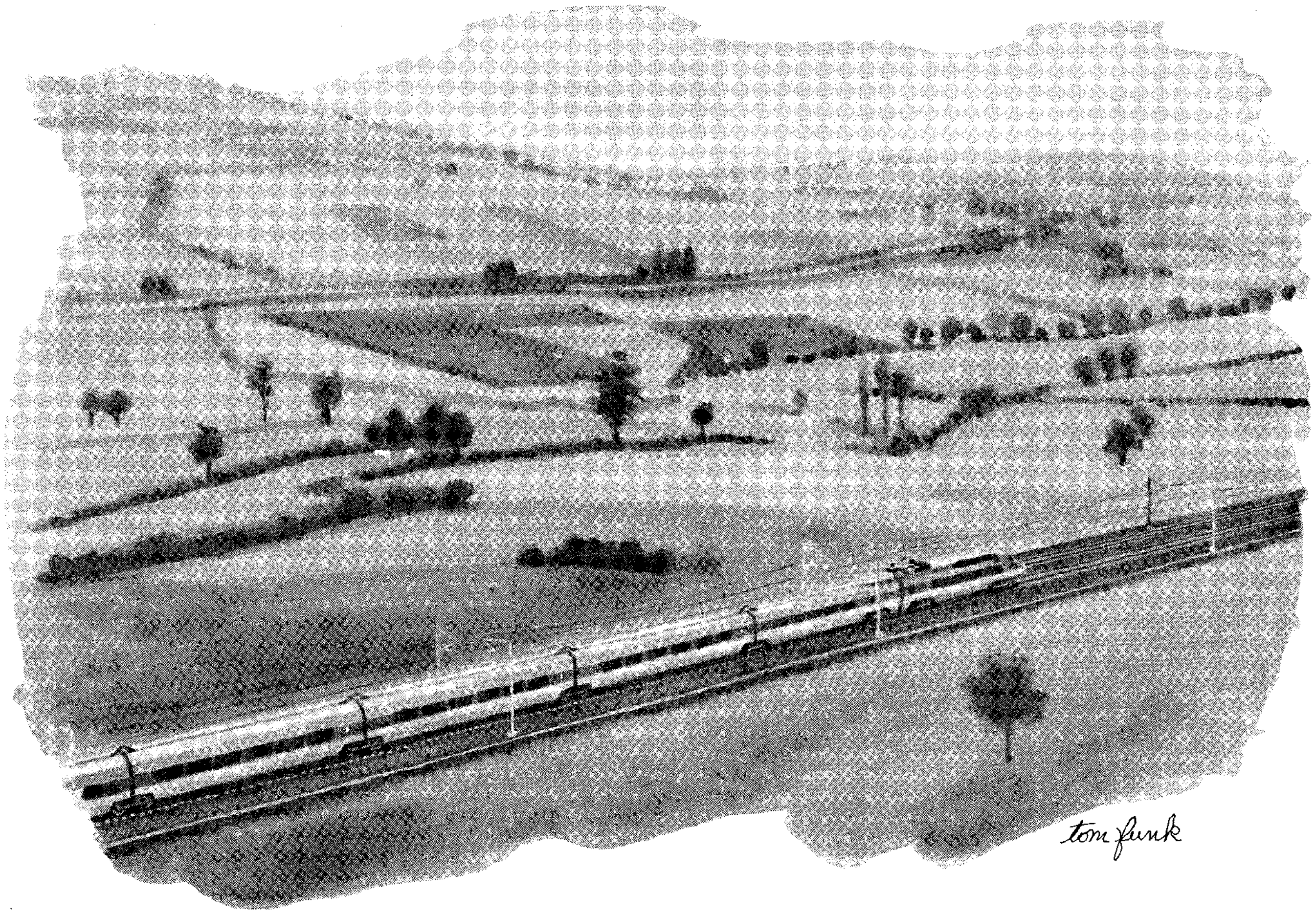

I HAD occasion some weeks ago to make a trip to Rome, and for reasons of self-indulgence I took an overnight flight to Brussels (the shortest transatlantic experience of cramping crush and midnight babble and penny-pinching pretentious food that I could find) and made the rest of my journey in easy stages—Brussels to Paris, Paris to Lyon, Lyon to Nice, Nice to Rome—by train. All the trains I rode were clean and comfortable, and one of them, the new Paris-Lyon T.G.V. express, is the fastest train in the world.

But first I rested, convalesced. Jet lag is the chief malaise of the contemporary traveller, and its only cure, like that of the hangover, is time. Brussels is rich in therapeutic diversions. I took long, recuperative strolls around the cream-and-gold-and-gray baroque magnificence of the Grand' Place, and shared a sidewalk café table there one afternoon with a Nigerian businessman: "Oh, Brussels is a beautiful city. Oh, yes. It is a beautiful city for business, too. But the people—the Belgian people—are cold. Oh, so cold. They are as cold, I think, as the Liberians." I climbed up through the formal gardens of the Mont des Arts to the Patrimoine des Musées Royaux des Beaux-Arts and saw the stunning collections there of Pieter Bruegel and René Magritte. I sampled some of the numerous beers that are the Bordeaux and Burgundies of Belgium, and ate the delicious deep-fried roasted peanuts at the bar of the Hôtel Amigo. I lunched at Aux Armes de Bruxelles on the locally ubiquitous *moules et frites*, and dined at La Maison du Cygne on its twice-cooked (boiled, then sautéed) goose called *oie à l'instar de Visé*. And, at the suggestion of my Nigerian acquaintance, I rubbed for good luck the hand-polished brass right arm of the bas-relief, just off the Grand' Place, of the fourteenth-century Brabantine hero Everard t' Serclaes.

THE Étoile du Nord (*1ère classe à supplément spécial*)—the express on which I was booked to Paris—leaves the Gare du Midi in Brussels at 11:43 A.M. and arrives (it is almost never late) in Paris, at the Gare du Nord, at 2:11 P.M., making the trip of roughly a hundred and sixty-five miles at an average speed of around sixty-five miles an hour. I was waiting on the platform high above the street (the Gare du Midi is one of the few railroad stations I know in which one *ascends* to the tracks) when the Star of the North—its stainless-steel flanks reflecting everything in sight—backed in, and it looked to me as if every other car was a restaurant car. I passed two of them on the way to my car, and in both there were people already at table. I found my compartment and stowed away my luggage and sat down. There were places for six passengers in the compartment, but I had it to myself. Along the aisle, there was much movement, but only in the direction of the restaurant car just aft. The train began to move. The industrial reaches of Brussels slid slowly, briskly, rapidly by. I decided that I, too, was hungry. I got up and followed the crowd. The restaurant car had tables for four along one side and tables for two along the other, and most of both were occupied. I stood and

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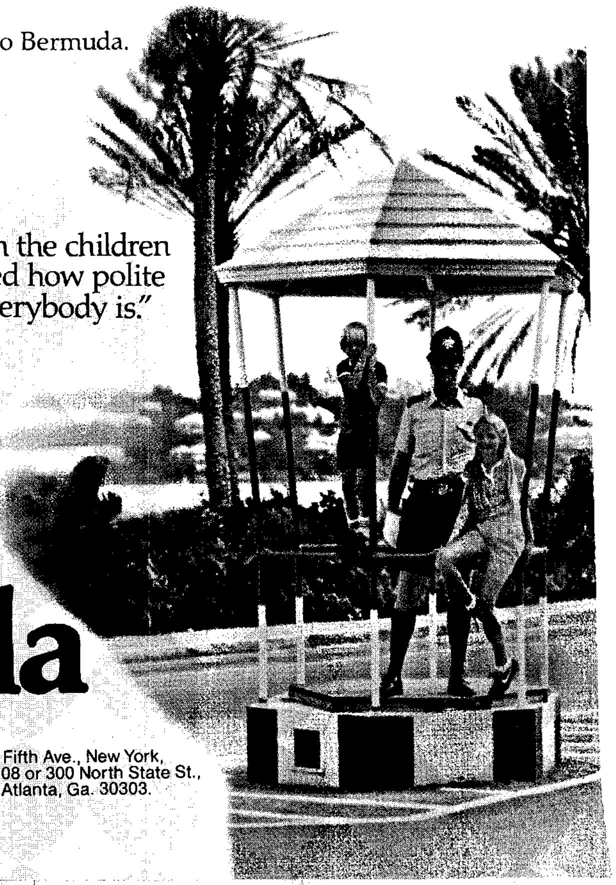

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waited. The steward approached—a big man with flowing white hair and an elaborate white mustache who wore a stiff white uniform trimmed with gold braid. I held up a finger.

"*Bonjour, Monsieur. Avez-vous une réservation?*"

I showed him my *supplément* and my compartment ticket.

He shook his head. He pushed my ticket away—thrust it away. He fired a rapid rebuke and turned impatiently back up the aisle. I stood there.

I felt a hand on my arm. A woman's voice, an American voice, said, "Maybe I can help." I looked down at an attractive woman, a faintly smiling woman, of about forty. She was seated with two older, sterner women and a much older man.

"Yes," I said. "Have I done something wrong?"

"No, not really. But the seating here is all by reservation. You make it in advance—at the station. I call this train the *déjeuner* special. Most people don't bother with a compartment. They just eat their way to Paris. But he told you not to worry. What he actually said was 'Be tranquil.' He said to wait—he would find you a place."

"*Broadbent is greater than a right angle but less than a hundred and eighty degrees.*"

• •

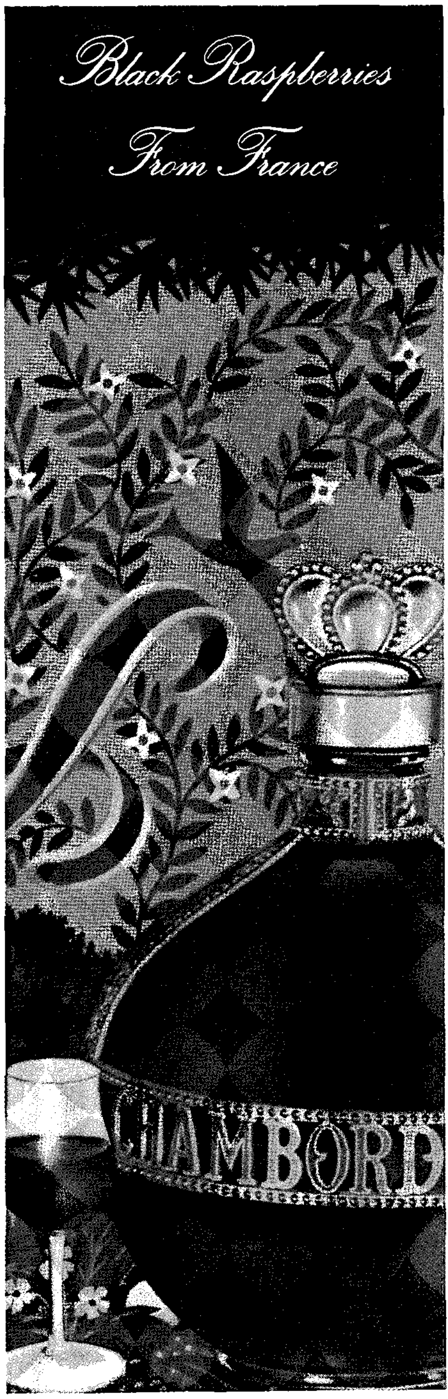
I thanked her with feeling, and waited. I watched the waiters swaying up and down the aisle with wine and beer and Pepsi-Cola. The steward gravely beckoned. He pointed me into an aisle-side chair at a table for four. My companions were all men—a tousled young man in a gray suit with vest beside me and, facing us, two heavy men of fifty or more in vested navy blue. All three of them had begun their two-and-a-half-hour lunch. The tousled young man was sipping Evian water and eating a plate of prosciuttolike ham; the men in blue were eating pâté and drinking Kronenbourg beer. They seemed totally unaware of my arrival. I looked at the menu: two or three choices for every course, and the courses were appetizer, entrée, cheese, and dessert. And "*Le café vous est offert.*" The *déjeuner* of the Star of the North was too much like *dîner* for me, and I ordered à la carte: an avocado stuffed with the tiny North Sea shrimp called crevettes; cheese; and a half-bottle of Muscadet.

There was a sudden loudspeaker squawk. A parade-ground voice said "*Attention!*" Then came a tumble of French. Then: "Ladies and gentlemen. Please have your passports or identity cards ready for examination by the Belgian and French authorities." I got out my passport, and the tousled young man, craning his neck, took notice.

"*Pardon,*" he said. "You are American?" He smiled an apologetic smile. "I thought you perhaps were English. I am a doctor, and I hope to go to America—to the great university of Johns Hopkins. I have correspondence with Dr. Bennett there. You know him, perhaps? The Americans are so different from the English. I have noticed that. I go to many international conferences. Like now, I am going to Toulouse. The English are so cold. You know? They are colder even than the French."

"You are Belgian?"

"Yes," he said. "But I am of Ostend. I am Flemish. So I grow up with two languages. First Flemish, then French. Now I am learning English. It is the language of science today. So I am pleased to talk in English for my practice. You like our crevettes? It is a specialty of my home. We have much



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good fish in our sea. Ah, look! See how the countryside has changed. The architecture of the farmhouses—the old ones, not the new. There are now a different roof. We have left Belgium. We are in France. . . ."

Four figures in navy-blue uniforms appeared at the end of the car. The two Belgians had narrow red stripes on their trousers. The French were a man (with wide red stripes) and a woman—a young black woman—in a skirt and a little round hat with a red band. It was she who looked at my passport, and she handed it back with a wide, warm smile. The Flemish doctor and the two businessmen across the table each briefly flashed an identity card. The businessmen were now eating steak and drinking wine.

The doctor took a bite of sole and nodded down the aisle. "Germans," he said. "German tourists. The clothes are tourist clothes. It is interesting, the Germans. They are the only people of Europe who take their holidays in every month of the year. They have no tradition of August. That is why there is so many of them to see. But they are not bad. It is only the way they look. . . ."

The businessmen across the table moved on to cheese and ordered a second bottle of wine. The Flemish doctor chose a bunch of bright-green grapes from a passing trolley and ordered tea. I sipped my coffee. The doctor spoke of his wife, his children, his student years in Brussels. I spoke of my wife, my son, my student years in Missouri. I watched the passing countryside—the sugar-beet fields, the rows of poplars, the little farmhouses with their steep tile roofs. The businessmen were finishing their wine and an assortment of pâtisserie. I looked at my watch: it was almost two o'clock. Buildings appeared, a platform, a station, a sign: "Saint-Denis." The businessmen were sipping cognac in tall, slim glasses. The doctor looked intently out the window. He straightened his necktie and pulled down his vest. "*C'est Paris*," he said.

I moved with the crowd down the aisle to the vestibule and down the steps to the platform in the Gare du Nord. The American woman, my benefactress of the restaurant car, was just ahead of me. She was carrying a big pocketbook and an attaché case. She caught the eye of a porter, and he came hustling over.

"*Oui, Madame.* But you have more luggage?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "It is coming."

"*Oui.* And how many pieces?"

"Forty-three," she said. "*Quarante-trois.*"

"*Madame?*"

"I have a group," she said. "A tour."

I WALKED the streets and bridges and quais of Paris, and ate and drank and walked, and went to the races at Longchamp (where I saw the first bowler hats I had seen in years), and walked and ate and drank, and got lost in the Louvre (where I checked my raincoat under a sign that read, "We ask to the visitors to take off their bags and packets of the cloakroom before 4:30"), and on the morning of the fifth day I took a taxi to the Gare de Lyon and was directed to Quai 8 for the eleven-fifteen T.G.V. (Train à Grande Vitesse) for Lyon, scheduled—almost guaranteed—to arrive there, some two hundred and sixty-five miles to the southeast, at 2:10 P.M. I saw my T.G.V. from almost a block away—a dozen orange-and-white striped cars, brilliant even in the gloom of the station, and an orange-and-white locomotive streamlined as for a leap into space. I found my car ("*1ère Classe / Voiture No. 3 / Non-Fumeur / Lyon*"), climbed aboard, and deposited my luggage in a shelved compartment ("*Bagagerie*") in the vestibule. An automatic door opened into a car with seats in pairs along one side and single seats across the aisle. The seats were notably wide and were upholstered in some heavy orange fabric, and there were matching orange curtains at the windows. My seat was one of the single seats. I settled myself and got out that morning's *International Herald Tribune.* By the time I had reached Ann Landers, the car was full, and a moment later we were in motion.

The T.G.V., I had read, has a *grande vitesse* of two hundred and thirty-eight miles an hour. It cruises at about a hundred and sixty-five miles an hour. Even that is almost twice the speed of the fastest American train. Its speed is made possible by a combination of power and a newly engineered roadbed and track: deep ballast, concrete crossties, almost no curves. ("It is built like a highway," a railroad man told me later in Lyon. "There is no need to worry about grade. The train has the power to maintain speed on a three-and-a-half-per-cent grade.") This new roadbed, however, is not

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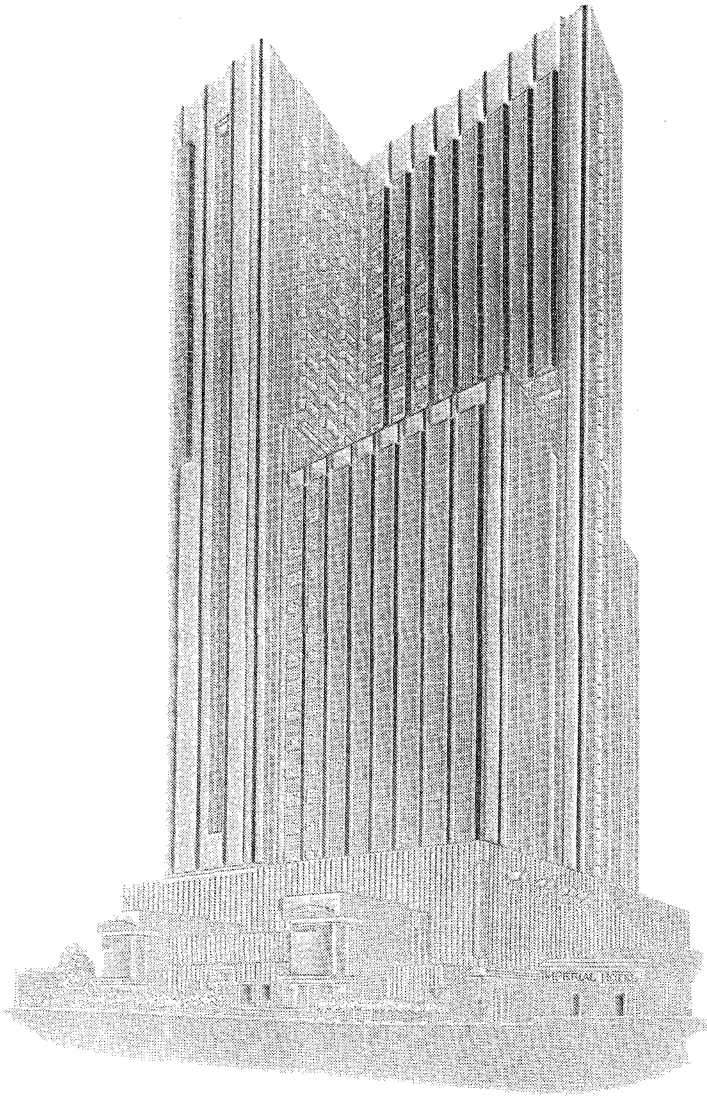

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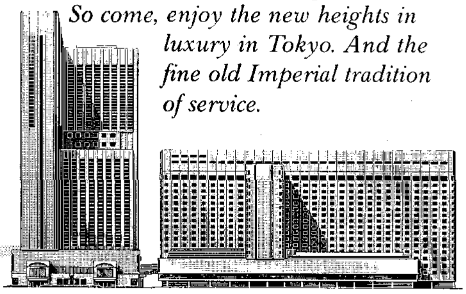

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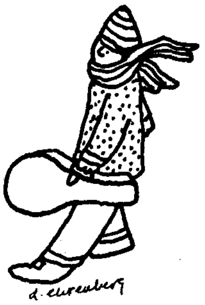
yet complete. It extends from Lyon only about two-thirds of the way to Paris (or did at the time of my trip), and we were moving now on a roadbed much like that between Paris and Brussels, jogging along at not much more than a hundred miles an hour. I watched a strangely familiar suburb of green lawns and blue swimming pools and ivy-covered houses drift up and away. The houses thinned out, truck gardens appeared, then grain fields, then a scatter of staring white cattle in a pasture. Then a grove of white birch. Then a peaceful stretch of river (or perhaps a canal) with a system of locks and an approaching barge, and two fishermen in berets standing on the bank. Then fields and pasture again. And then—a Kansas grain elevator. Then, in the distance, a Nebraska windbreak. Then a dump. Then a weedy, rust-streaked community of mobile homes. And that was too much. I went back to the *Herald Tribune.*

There is no formal restaurant car on the T.G.V. But one can eat, and eat well. One can, by prearrangement, be served a full-course meal at one's seat, on a folding table much like those on airplanes. Or one can walk through a car or two to a little bar-buffet. I was to dine with a friend in Lyon that night, at Léon de Lyon, and I lunched at the bar. Le Bar du T.G.V. is no snack bar. It offered both *spécialités chaudes* (pizzas, quiches, *croque-monsieur, tartelettes à l'oignon*) and *restauration froide:* sandwiches of Norwegian salmon, Parma ham, or goose pâté, all served on bread (*tartine de pain Poilâne*) baked by the celebrated Parisian bakers Pierre and Lionel Poilâne. I ordered an onion tart and a bottle of Beaujolais-Villages (from a list that also offered Côtes de Provence, Côtes du Rhône, and Saint-Émilion) and ate at a window counter. I ate and watched the passing scene. The countryside had recovered itself and returned to what I expected of France. There were narrow roads lined with poplar trees. There were little patchwork fields enclosed by squared low hedges that had been trimmed and shaped by hand. A village sprang up, a station platform, a little station with a sign: "Saint-Florentin." The patchwork fields flowed back. But something seemed to have changed. The hedges had lost their neatness, their trimness, their shape. They looked shaggy, almost blurred. And then I realized. They *were* blurred. We were on the new track and moving into our *grande vitesse.* We were moving as fast as any traveller has ever moved on earth.

I got a cup of *café express* at the bar and carried it safely back to the counter. I drank it without event. I walked easily through the two long cars to my seat. There was no unusual sense of motion. There was only the rush and blur of the countryside. I don't know what I had expected to feel—a sense, perhaps, of exhilaration. But speed, like everything else, has not only its value but its price. The window was no longer a real train window. It was a window without a real view. I had finished the *Herald Tribune.* I got out a book. T.G.V. wasn't all that different from T.W.A.



I read and napped and, in spite of myself, looked out the window from time to time. It was a habit hard to break. There were hills, almost mountains, on the left. There were the remains of what looked like a Roman aqueduct, but it was gone before I could actually see it. There was a dry-stone wall that might also have been Roman. There was a long, long tunnel. And another. And another. There was a wide river. We were on a bridge. We were crossing the Rhône. And then we were ambling past a tumble of old buildings overgrown with ailanthus trees and into the Lyon-Perrache station. The time, by my watch, was two-twelve.

I waited my turn at the taxi rank. A cab finally came. The driver murmured the usual *bonjour,* took my bags, and stowed them away in the trunk. He gave me an inquiring look.

I said, "Hôtel de Bordeaux et du Parc."

The driver stared at me. Then he turned and opened the trunk and took out my bags and put them on the sidewalk. He turned again. He pointed down a little slope of roadway and sidewalk to a clump of trees and a big, five-story yellow building with big black lettering across the upper façade: "GRAND HÔTEL DE BORDEAUX ET DU PARC."

"*C'est là,*" he said.

I picked up my bags and crept away.

There was a café on the corner with rows of tables and white wicker chairs along the sidewalk and a green awning overhead: "Le Bistrot Perra-

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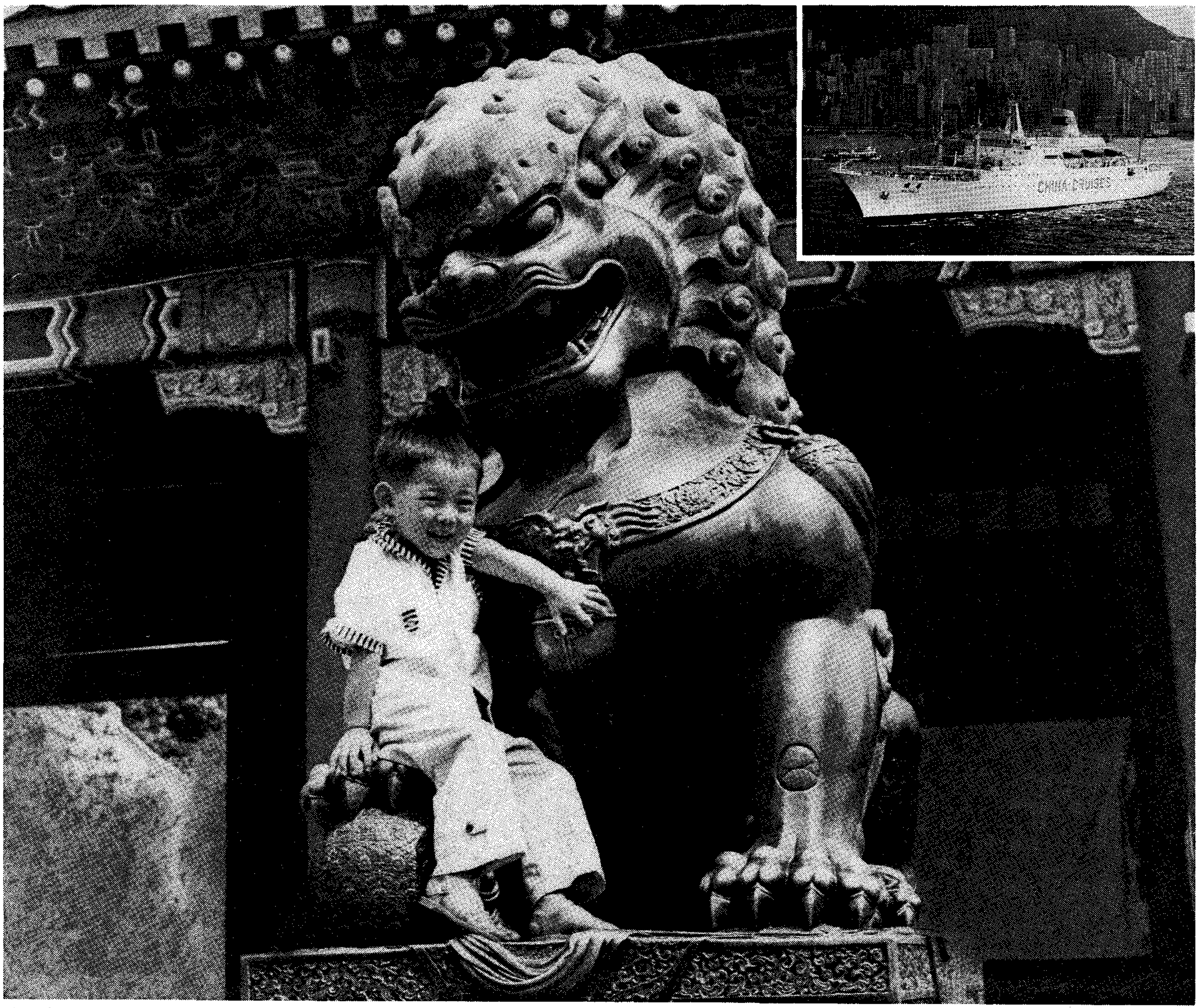

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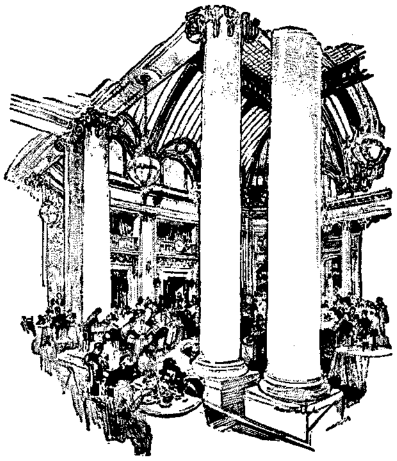

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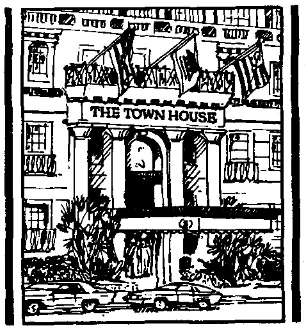

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chois." And a hanging sign: "*On Boit. On Mange. On Sympathise.*" I went over and sat down at a table and ordered a coffee. It had been an unusual day, and I wanted to savor it for a moment. I had travelled on the fastest train in the world. I had met an honest taxi-driver. And now I had found a café that offered not only drink and food but also sympathy.

I WALKED back up the slope to the Gare de Lyon-Perrache a couple of mornings later and located my train and went down to the platform. My journeys were getting longer. I had spent less than two and a half hours on the train from Brussels to Paris, and almost three on the T.G.V. My train today was No. 1551 ("*Valence/Avignon/Arles/Marseille/Toulon/Nice*"), departing at 11:50 A.M. and arriving in Nice at 6 P.M. I waited on the platform in an ever-thickening crowd, almost a commuter crowd, and fought my way aboard the car marked "Nice." My seat was again a single seat, and I found it midway down the car. It was occupied by a tall young woman in a slouch safari hat. I summoned up my pidgin French.

"*Pardon,*" I said. "*Mais c'est ma place.*"

She got up without a word and walked away.

I made myself comfortable, and looked around. There was a priest asleep in the seat in front of me, and an elderly, pink-cheeked couple in the seats across the aisle. There was a man of around thirty in a business suit and with a flowing breast-pocket handkerchief in the aisle seat in front of them. He was reading a colored comic book. The woman in the safari hat was standing at the end of the car with the vacant look of a straphanger. A little boy in gray flannel shorts came trotting down the aisle. His eyes were wide and his lips were moving. I caught his voice as he passed: "*Oh là là, oh là là . . .*"

Lyon is the third-largest city in France, but we were already in open country. We were moving at a reasonable speed—a window-gazing speed—down the rugged valley of the Rhône. Even the valley floor was steep, and there were steeper wooded hills in the distance. And then, almost suddenly, there were vineyards—long strings of vines growing on narrow terraces buttressed with old stone walls. Many of the walls were whitewashed, and some of them served as signs—great billboard proclamations of vineyard or *propriétaire*. One of them, the only one I could read clearly, was "Paul Jaboulet Aîné." It wasn't a name I knew, but I knew where we were. This was the famous Côtes du Rhône. I could have been looking at the birthplace of the wine I had drunk last night—the wine I would make a point of drinking at lunch. I looked at my watch: the time for lunch was now. I knew there was no restaurant car on this train, and no T.G.V. lunching at one's seat. But there would certainly be a bar-buffet. I found one just one car back. There was a small bar, attended by a man in a red jacket, a red-and-white striped shirt, and a red necktie. Facing it was a row of banquettes and tables. I ordered my wine and a *croque-monsieur*, and sat down at a corner table. A *croque-monsieur* is the robust ancestor of the anemic grilled-ham-and-cheese sandwich of America. The ham is plentiful, the cheese is real cheese, and the bread has texture and flavor. A couple approached, hesitated, and joined me. The man was blond and bearded, the woman was dark, with coal-black hair and eyes, and she had a ring on every finger. Both were in their middle forties. They settled themselves.

"You American?" the man said.

I said I was.

"I thought so," he said. "I heard you at the bar. So are we. For many years. But I am born European, in Germany. My wife is Latin-American."

"El Salvador," the woman said. "So poor. So sad a country."

"Where you from?" the man said.

"I live in New York," I said. "And you?"

"We live in paradise," he said. "A paradise on earth. Santa Ana, California."

"It is beautiful," the woman said.

"We have everything we want," the man said. "We have just been to Munich, where I have family. They tell me I have changed. They say I am materialist. I say, 'Of course.' They say I do not feel for the poor. I say, 'Why should I?' I came to America at age nineteen. I had twenty-five cents in my pocket. Now I have a beautiful home. I have a Jacuzzi. I have a Porsche—the fifty-thousand-dollar Model 928. I drive that on the weekend. I drive to work in a Mercedes-Benz. My wife has her Audi. When we travel, we stay only at the best hotels. Four stars."

"So comfortable," the woman said.

"Before America," the man said, "I worked in Lyon. I went back yesterday to see my old boss." He took a sip of beer and smiled. "He found me changed."

"I love Lyon," the woman said. "It is the real France. It is the most French of all French cities. More French than Paris. The people of Paris— I don't know. I think they are cold."

"Totally," the man said. "They're as cold as the Swiss."

ON the way back to my car, I passed the boy in the gray flannel shorts, skipping up the aisle. The man in the business suit was still reading the colored comic book. The pink-cheeked couple were drinking wine and eating lunch from a brown paper bag. The man looked up and gave me a warm, winey smile. The priest was still asleep. The young woman in the safari hat was sitting in my seat. I stopped and stood a moment. She was staring intently out the window.

I said, "*Pardon, c'est ma place.*"

She got up without a word and walked away.

WE had left or lost the Rhône. We were moving through an arid landscape of rolling hills and brush and stone. But it was still a landscape of vineyards, and some of the vines were growing in an almost cobblestone soil. We flew through a tiny, clustered village. There was open country again, and then the beginning of a town. We began to slow, slowed, and stopped. There was a platform and a bustle of people. People moved down the aisle and off. People came aboard. I craned my neck, and made out a sign: Avignon. Avignon! I was looking at the ancient seat of the papacy in the fourteenth century, the home of Petrarch and Laura. But all I could see of it was a station platform and a poster advertising "1664 de Kronenbourg" beer.

South of Avignon, the countryside seemed brighter, sunnier. Of course— this was Provence. This was Monet's "magic light." This was the light— the clear, soft light—that so bemused van Gogh, the light that animated the terra-cottas and siennas and piney greens of Cézanne. I looked out at van Gogh cornfields and sunflowers, at Cézanne hillsides and olive trees. We passed, at speed, through Arles. The pink-cheeked man across the aisle leaned out and tapped the arm of my seat. He beckoned me in his direc-

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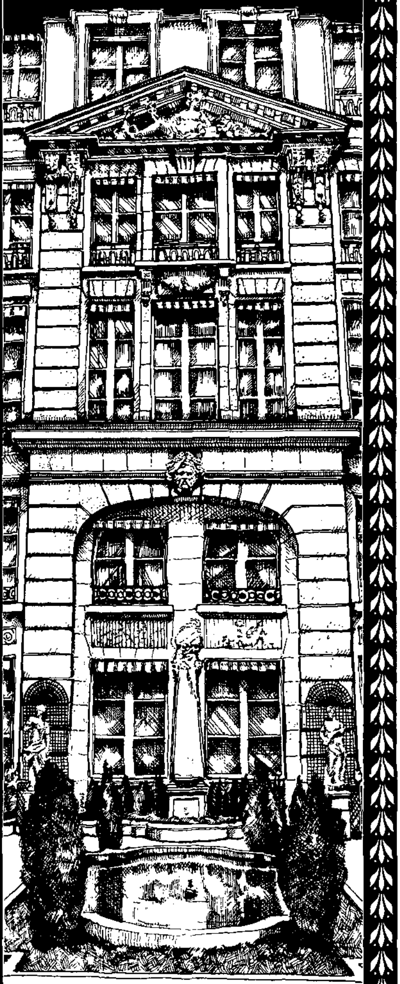

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tion and pointed out his window, pointed to a widening strip of silvery gray. "*La mer*," he said. "*La Méditerranée*."

WE moved into Marseille, past glimpses of the harbor and oil refineries and storage tanks, funnelling in toward the Marseille Saint-Charles station through a spreading network of tracks. There were tracks and sidings and waiting trains and moving trains and switches and signals, but there were also wide strips of lawn between the tracks, and hedges, and rows of flowering oleanders. It all had an oddly suburban look. The garden strips gave way to platforms, a great glass roof closed overhead, we came to a gentle halt. I watched the familiar bustle. Time passed. We backed slowly out of the station, and moved slowly in again. We waited, and moved again—and this time in earnest. We gathered speed. A man with a trolley came trudging down the aisle—Pepsi, Kronenbourg, Perrier, *jus d'orange*, *jus de pamplemousse*. I stopped him. I wasn't particularly thirsty, and I wasn't particularly fond of grapefruit juice. But I couldn't resist that ridiculously pompous name. "*Une pamplemousse*," I said.

The Marseille express was now a Côte d'Azur local. Aubagne. Toulon. Hyères. We were moving through mountainous hills, high and rugged inland, lower and broken along the coast. Through the breaks I could see an occasional sweep of a truer and bluer Mediterranean. There were vineyards again. There were fields of roses—seas of roses. There were palm trees. I got up and went to the W.C., and came warily back. I looked down the intervening rows of heads. It was almost disappointing: my seat was empty. The train toddled along past old hotels and rising condominiums, from one fashionable name to another. The loudspeaker crackled on and off—Saint-Tropez, Saint-Raphaël, Cannes, Antibes, Cagnes-sur-Mer. Then Nice—only, the announcer didn't pronounce it in French. He pronounced it in Italian, almost to rhyme with "pizza."

I walked down the aisle and along the platform and up the stairs to the station. At the taxi rank, the taxi that pulled up for me was an Alfa Romeo. My taxis in Brussels had all been Mercedeses, my taxis in Paris and Lyon had all been Peugeots. At a restaurant that night, I asked the waiter for a *café express*. He nodded. "*Un caffè*

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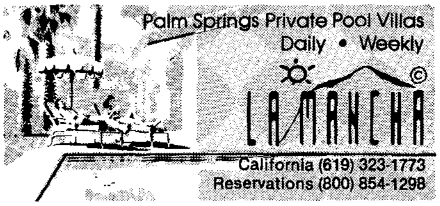

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espresso," he said. I thought about all this, and the next day, at my hotel bar, I asked the bartender about it.

"Nice is French," he said. "Naturally. But it is also Italian. But the people of Nice!" He shrugged. "We are ourselves. We are Niçois."

I WAS travelling overnight from Nice to Rome. My train (Trans-Europ-Nuit) was scheduled to leave at eight o'clock. It would arrive at eight the next morning. "Listen," the concierge at my hotel told me after confirming my reservation. "The train is always waiting on the track by seven o'clock. Sometimes more early. Why wait? Go aboard and be comfortable."

I did. I had an early dinner near the station and walked across the street and went down to the track. The train was there. I found my car: "*Voiture 97/Schlafwagen: Nice-Roma*." The steward stepped down to meet me and took my bags and led me to my compartment. "In the morning," he said, "I bring you *caffè*?"

I undressed and got into bed with a book. There was movement and voices in the corridor. I read my book. At eight o'clock, we began to move. We moved for what seemed no more than four or five minutes, and stopped. I looked out the window: Beaulieu. We moved on, and stopped: Monaco-Monte Carlo. I watched a smiling young couple coming along the platform. Then an older couple, wooden-faced. Youth and age? Or winners and losers? We moved on, and stopped: Menton. We moved on again, and stopped: Ventimiglia. There was movement again in the corridor, and a knock on my door. "*Passaporti, per favore*." A glance, a nod, and he moved on. I got back in bed, and turned out the light.

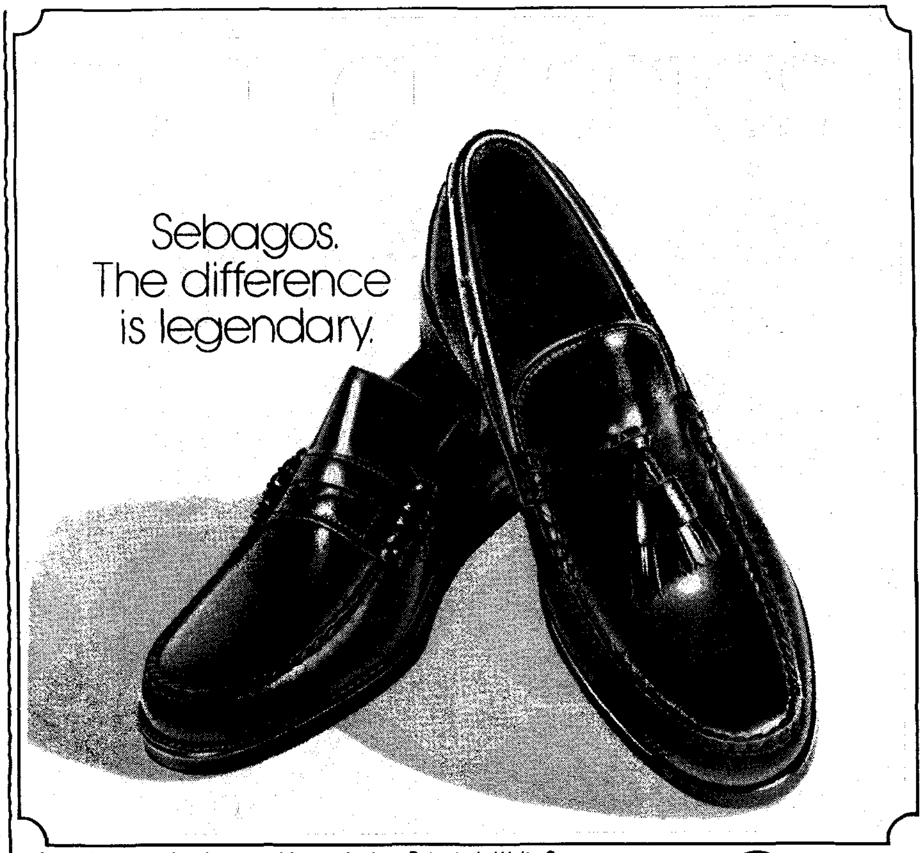
I woke up to another, less peremptory knock. It was the steward ("*Buon giorno*") with a cup of coffee on a tray. It was a little past seven. By the time I had shaved and dressed and packed my bag and finished my coffee, we were gliding into Termini Station in Rome.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

●

As a 169-pound class wrestler at Woburn, McLaughlin rolled up a 72–6 career record which included finishing as the state runnerup and third in New England. An honor roll student, McLaughlin will attend Boston University, Holy Cross, New Hampshire, Boston College and Harvard, then plans to pursue a career in business.—*Boston Globe*.

That should keep him occupied.



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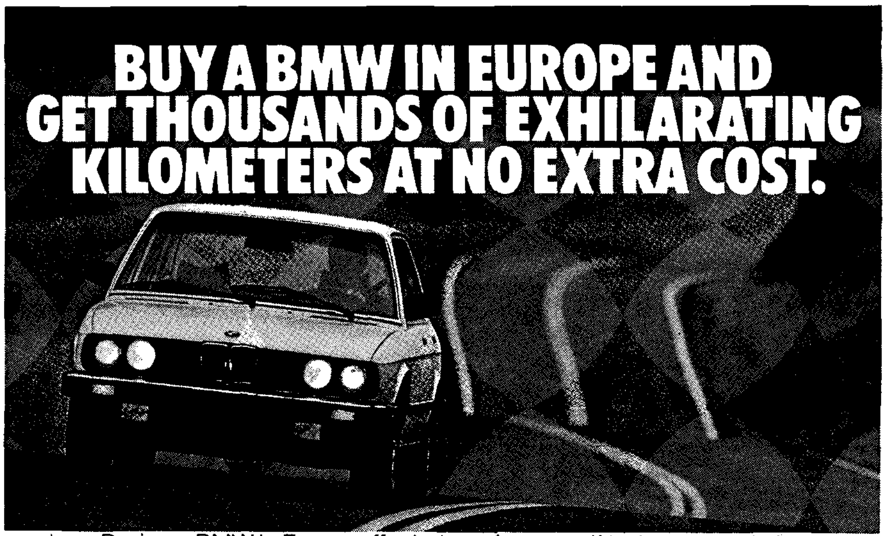

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JAZZ

Joe Bushkin

THE pianist and composer Joe Bushkin is the size of a bean pole, but he is highly detailed. He has a handsome, foxy face, a sharp nose, wavy black hair that is turning gray, and Lincoln eyes. His face, worn by the winds of music, is wrinkled. He has a guttural voice and the trace of a stutter. He becomes a dervish when he plays. Grimaces and expressions of exhilaration cross his face. He sways back and forth, as if he were rowing in thick weather, sometimes leaning back so far he disappears. His small feet dance intricately and furiously beneath the piano, and he marks successful arpeggios by shooting his right leg into the air. He is tireless. When he is not rowing, he weaves from side to side, and every few minutes he turns his head to the rear so fast it appears that it may go all the way around. No matter how long or how fast he plays (he cherishes up-tempos), he keeps his music on an ecstatic plane.

Bushkin has spent little time in New York since he moved to California, with his wife and children, some twenty years ago. He took a short gig at Michael's Pub in 1975, and a year later he accompanied Bing Crosby's troupe during a brief stay at the Uris Theatre. Last fall, he played three triumphant weeks at the Café Carlyle, and he is there again, with a quartet (Howard Alden on guitar, Milt Hinton on bass, Butch Miles on drums). He talked about himself recently in his midtown hotel suite. He had made the living room an extension of himself. A rented electric piano sat by the door. Three big pieces of poster paper, covered with telephone numbers, addresses, and appointments, were taped to the wall behind a small desk. On the desk were a cassette player, a cassette copier, and two telephones, one installed by him. He moved continuously while he talked—standing loosely in the middle of the room, stretching out for three or four minutes on a sofa, perching a foot on the edge of a chair. He can talk steadily for hours, in a sometimes impenetrable stream of consciousness. Almost constant expletives link his words.

A swatch of Bushkin talk might go like this: "Frank Yerby—you know, the writer—used to come into the Embers every night in the early fifties, and I was embarrassed, because I was playing the same goddam library every night. One time, he said, 'Come over to my house in the South of France and hang out,' and I did. I got a note from Bing saying he was going to Paris. He had a compulsion about dictating notes. If you called and he was out and you left a message, you'd get a precise note telling you why he wasn't there—he was in Canada fishing, he was in New York on business, whatever. He always carried a Dictaphone and answered his mail on it the minute he read it. Leo, his stand-in for thirty-five years, would transcribe the letter and sign Bing's name so that it looked just like Bing's Bing. I was going to go from France to Italy, I wanted to get some of that atmosphere. Yerby took me up some stinking mountain in the French Alps to ski. I had never skied in my life. I don't know why Yerby did this to me, I was a pretty good houseguest, but he took me up there and skied off. I panicked. So I sat down on my skis and went all the way down and up to this snack bar at the bottom of the mountain. Yerby was there, and he said, 'What are you doing here? You're supposed to be on the mountain with the instructor I sent.' Well, I was frozen into the position I was in, and I spent three days in bed that way. When I did loosen up, we went to a flea market in Nice, and there was this old painting. It was some king, and it looked just like Bob Hope. I wanted to give it to Bing as a gag. The dealer was asking five hundred dollars, but it wasn't a five-hundred-dollar gag. Yerby told me that the dealer didn't care about the painting—it was the frame. It was the kind of huge golden frame that if you were a dentist you'd repair it with putty and cotton wads and the glue dentists use. So I bought the picture and Yerby peeled it off the frame and rolled it up. I took it to Paris, and Spencer Tracy was there and he said it was a goddam good painting. Bing arrived and he cracked up. Now, I'm gone, I leave Europe, and I don't see Bing for a year or two, a stretch of time. I say, 'What did you do with the painting of Hope?' Bing said he had Paramount frame it, and he hung it in his dining room and asked Hope for dinner. Hope thought Bing had had it painted, and he refused it when Bing offered it to him. When Bing laid his steely-cold blues on someone, they generally thought it was a put-down, but he was just careful. People were always after him for something."

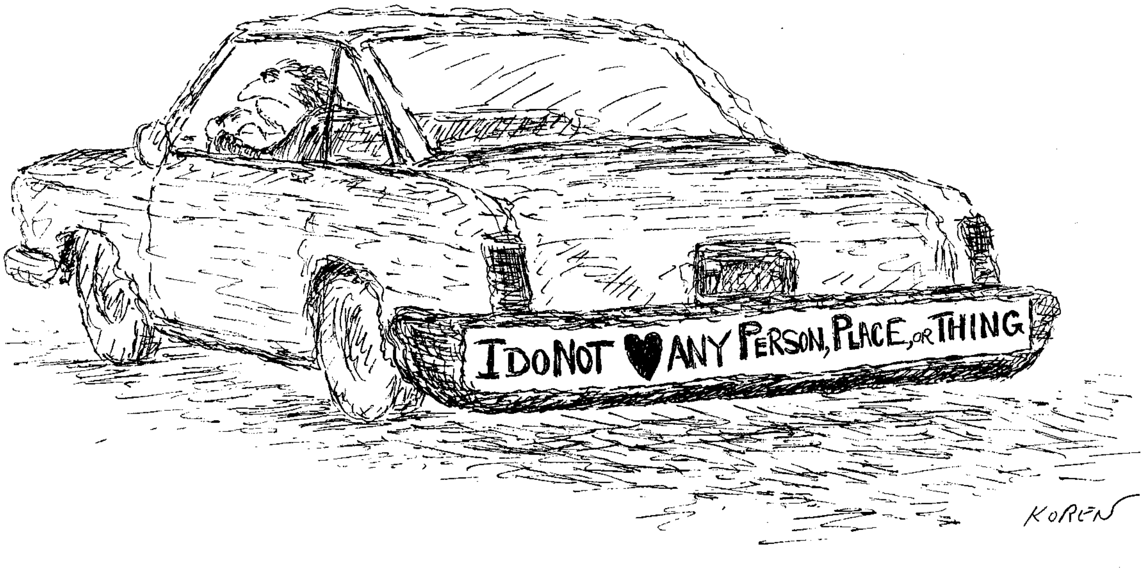
Bushkin is given to sayings that fall between maxims and one-liners:

> I come from a large, poor family, and I never knew what it was to sleep alone until I got married.
>
> I don't drop names; names drop on me.
>
> There is no money in swing music.
>
> I'm happy ninety-five per cent of the time, and the other five per cent I'm asleep.

Here is how Bushkin spoke of his life: "I was born in New York City on November 7, 1916. We lived on a Hundred and Third Street between Park and Madison, in a tough Jewish-Italian-Irish neighborhood. I have a brother, Arthur, who's two years older. He played violin but ended up a C.P.A. He's retired, and he and his wife, Mildred—she taught at Rutgers—live in Tucson. My father's name was Al, and he came over from Kiev to beat the Army rap—the conscription. My mother lived around the corner in Kiev, but they met in New York. He opened a two-chair barbershop here. He had been a cellist, and he kept his cello and a music stand in the shop, and he'd play between customers. He was very particular, my father. He wouldn't take just anybody off the street, and he never had anyone work for him, because he said if a man was good enough to cut hair in his shop he was good enough to be in business for himself. In order to maintain his family in an apposite style, my father went along with the tide. He always had a Morris Plan loan out. He got income from slot machines that he kept in a room behind the shop, and from alcohol that he had stored in cans. He cut the hair of one of the big gangsters in the guy's apartment. People liked my father. He was a good loser and a good winner. My mother's name was Ruth Hirsch. She was a typical, plain Russian woman who cooked beautifully. She kept the house spotless and herself the same. No matter when any of the rest of us got up, she was up first, nicely dressed and every hair in place. She was totally subservient to my dad. He chose all her clothes, and I never remember her contradicting him. Of course, she knew his temper. Once, he threw a piano stool at me and just missed. My parents were the way they were because they were so damned glad to be in this country and because they wanted to be respected. My dad never lost his love of music. He would take Arthur and me—one one week, one the next—to the Sunday-morning concerts at the Capitol Theatre. Eugene Ormandy was the first violin in the orchestra. And he took us to Carnegie Hall to hear Percy Grainger and Brailowsky and Josef Hofmann. He told me Hofmann would get bigger and bigger as the concert went on, and he was right. Hofmann filled the place with so much music that he seemed huge when he had finished.

"I went to P.S. 171. It was on a Hundred and Third Street between Fifth and Madison, just across the way from the Academy of Medicine. The big joke in school was that they kept an ape in there and that one night he would escape and knock off the principal. I started piano when I was ten. I took lessons from Sarah Brodsky, who was eighteen and beautiful and lived above us, on the third floor. She charged fifty cents, and I studied with her six months. A nicely dressed old man named Kosoff owned our building, and he'd come around to collect the rent. Once, when he was sick, his son came. He was just back from Europe. He told me to go out of the room where our piano was, and he began picking out notes and asking me to identify them. I got them all. Then he did two notes and three, and I got them. I had perfect pitch. He told my father he wished to give me piano lessons. He lived on Riverside Drive, so every week my father shut his shop and took me over and waited—that's the way he was. The lessons were three dollars—about twelve haircuts, or five hours of work for him. Kosoff would tell me that I was not reading the notes—that I was faking—when I played for him. He said that I must learn to write music before I learned to read it. He'd make me copy pieces into a copybook and then play the piece from that. I took lessons from him until I was thirteen. Then I had a bicycle accident. I was doing the no-hands bit on a Hundred and Sixth Street and a truck hit me, and I landed in broken glass. My right hand and the left side of my face were cut up, and I was taken to the hospital at Fifth Avenue and a Hundred and Sixth. When I got home, my father had no idea what had happened, and he was so upset he whacked me on the good side of my face. Later, he came to my room with a tray of food, kissed me on the forehead, and fed me dinner. But he never said a word about hitting me. I couldn't play the piano for a while. I had been crazy about learning the trumpet, so I added that to my musical arsenal. My father bought me one—a dollar a month, and lessons for a quarter. I was in the school band within three months. I loved the trumpet—just one note at a time. It's not like the piano—that hammer is out to land once you hit the key, and you practically have to beg it to come back.

"I went to DeWitt Clinton High, but it was too scholastic. They called my father in, and I ended up in a trade school on Eighteenth Street. I learned to paint signs and do posters and layout. I was very good, and if I weren't a musician I'd be a layout man. I was also doing club dates on the piano at three dollars a night for Benny Goodman's brother Irving, who had a band out on Long Island. Around this time, I went with my father to a cousin who was a dentist. His office was way up on Edgecombe Avenue. We were the last patients, and when we were finished my cousin and my dad decided to have a drink. They walked through a billiard parlor at the end of a hall in his building and into a speakeasy. A black band was playing, and that music hit me like a cosmic fusion: I knew where I wanted to be the rest of my life. I found out later it was one of the bands that Elmer Snowden, the banjo player, had around Harlem. My first real job on piano was in the summer and fall of 1932 with Frank LaMarr at the Roseland Ballroom in Brooklyn. Hey, it's not too late to celebrate my demi-centennial! Most of the twelve or so guys in the band were Italian, and they'd bring their own homemade wine. By midnight, there would only be four of us left on the stand. My next job was with Paul Tremaine and His Band from Lonely Acres. They were at a Chinese restaurant in the Forties. You could have lunch for thirty-five cents, music included. Then I got a job at the Prince George Hotel in Hoboken, which turned out to be a whorehouse. It was run by a marvellous woman named Nan. You didn't mess with her. Once, she waited until this drunk who was bugging me put his hand on me, then she knocked him across the room. It was a real 'Melancholy Baby' world. The band consisted of an alto-saxophone player and me, and when we weren't on the stand I accompanied the jukebox on my trumpet. I made forty dollars a night—9 P.M. to 5 A.M. I started buying thirty-dollar suits at Mervin S. Levine. My father couldn't believe I was making all that money, so one evening he pulled a 'Big Sleep' and followed me. When he saw where I was working, he took me out of there, and it broke Nan's heart. My dad still had his arms around me. After that, I heard that Lester Lanin was taking a group to Boca Raton for the winter. Lanin himself played drums at the audition, and he played so loud I didn't take the job. I wound up at the Famous Door—this was in 1935—playing intermission piano. I was home. Bunny Berigan had the band—Eddie Condon on guitar, Mort Stuhlmaker on bass, and George Zack on piano. Sometimes Dave Tough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HOMEWARES

would sit in, along with a good tenor player named Forrest Crawford. One night, George Zack passed out and they asked me to fill in. I played all the bridges wrong, and I guess what made me nervous was the beauty of Berigan's playing and being exposed to the clarity of the guitar and bass. Condon had a marvellous chord sense. I learned from him how to keep chord patterns simple and colorful. In fact, Condon sketched out the chords for the opening and middle sections of Berigan's recording of 'I Can't Get Started.' The Famous Door was in the bottom of a narrow town house. It had a bar and about fourteen tables, and the piano was near a window that looked out on Fifty-second Street. It got its name from a fake door covered with signatures of famous people which was set up on a little stage near the bar. I guess the place had some trouble, because the sheriff shut it in 1936. Berigan used to play behind me when I sang, and he let me do duets with him on trumpet. It was beautiful. I joined Joe Marsala at the Hickory House, farther west on Fifty-second Street. He had Red Allen on trumpet, Artie Shapiro on bass, and Danny Alvin on drums. Marty Marsala, Joe's brother, replaced Red, and Buddy Rich came in. He was a great improvement on Alvin's boom-boom-boom bass drum—until he started playing too loud behind my solos. Also, Joe had hired Adele Girard on harp. Sometimes I felt like I needed an ear treatment at Bellevue after work. So I called Bunny Berigan, who had his own big band, and asked when I could go back with him."

BUSHKIN came up when Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, and Art Tatum were kings, and when Clyde Hart and Billy Kyle were brilliant apprentices. A little of all these pianists is in his playing, but his style—primitive, elegant, flashy, swinging—is his own. It is hornlike rather than pianistic. The listener is conscious not of notes being struck so much as of a singing, nonstop single-note melodic line that demolishes bar lines and ends only when it runs out of breath. At high tempos, this melodic line hums and hurries, pushing the air before it. Bushkin's notes fall between the center and the front of each beat. He pushes his time as hard as it will go without racing. His improvisations are fashioned of long, descending arpeggios that whip and curl down the keyboard, and curious sideways ascending figures that have a two-steps-forward, one-step-back effect. Occasionally, he passes his melodic lines through belling octave chords, through tremolos, and through loose Jess Stacy passages. Some of the ecstasy in his playing falls away when he works in slower tempos, but his light touch and easy sense of dynamics take up the slack. Bushkin talks about his playing this way: "There are a lot of songs that don't lay well on the piano, that don't improvise. 'Melancholy Baby' is one. When I play, I empty my mind, so that I can put something new in it. What the drums and guitar are doing guides me. The bass player, though, has to follow my thoughts. I don't pay any attention to the chords, which are automatic. The melody is my framework. I don't tell my fingers where to go—I try to have the patience not to tell them where to go. But if they mess up I take them back to where they messed up, so that the error becomes a part of the improvisation. I see a kaleidoscope in my mind when I play. I look for holes in it to jump in and out of. But you can't get too carried away—you might jump in one and never get back."

Bushkin rejoined Bunny Berigan in April of 1938. "In the summer of 1939, we played the Panther Room in the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, and Muggsy Spanier had the other group," Bushkin said. "Business matters were beyond Bunny. MCA booked the band, and they were supposed to take fifteen per cent of what he made, but they seemed to be taking everything, because he owed them so much money. We didn't get paid for five weeks. I was sending home for money, and a lot of the guys were borrowing from a saloonkeeper across the street. We finally met in Bunny's hotel room one night. You never saw him without a cigarette burning in the right side of his mouth, and you never saw him without his whiskey and his cool. He was lying on his bed smoking, his glass of whiskey on the bedside table. He said, 'Go see Petrillo at the union and tell him you haven't been paid in five weeks. It's the only way you're going to get any money.' Nobody wanted to go, so we all marched over next morning like an army. We were taken into a big room with a long table, and there was Petrillo—James C. himself—seated like Napoleon at the head of it. 'All right, what's the problem, fellas?' he said. Then he

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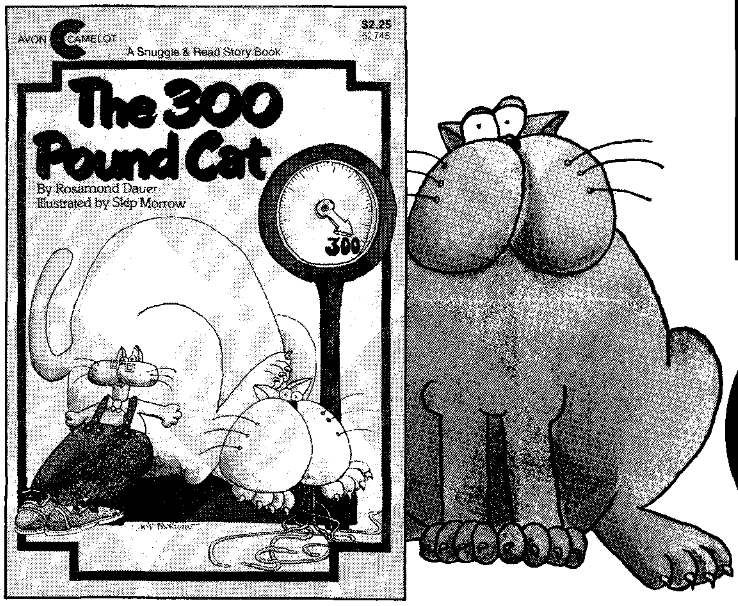
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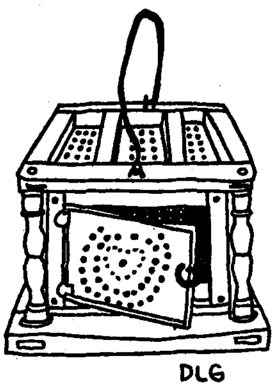
said, 'Boy, Bunny Berigan, he's some trumpet player, that guy.' Petrillo played a little trumpet himself. Each of us had to tell what we were paid, which was embarrassing, because the salaries were so mixed up. The third trombone was getting maybe eighty-five a week, while the first was only getting sixty. Petrillo called MCA and told them he'd shut down music in Chicago if our money wasn't there by two o'clock that afternoon. It was, and when we went back to the hotel we each gave Bunny some money, because he was broke, too, and we loved him.

"Bunny's band went bankrupt not long after, and I joined Muggsy Spanier. We worked with Fats Waller in a show that had a singer, a tap dancer, and two guys who danced on roller skates. I'd met Fats three or four years before, and I knew he hated the road. When he saw me, he hugged me and said, 'Boy, I can *smell* that Eastern soil!' The show was supposed to be a battle of music, and we sat back to back on our piano benches. He'd get off a beautiful run and say just loud enough for me to hear, 'It's so *easy* when you know how.' Then Muggsy's band broke up, and pretty soon I was down to no eating money. I became intermission pianist at Kelly's Stable, in New York. Benny Goodman was at the Waldorf, and the one thing I wanted was to be in the Goodman band. Jess Stacy and Teddy Wilson had left, and he had Fletcher Henderson on piano. Fletcher was a wonderful arranger, but he wasn't much of a piano player. Benny also had Charlie Christian and Dave Tough and Lionel Hampton, and they'd stop by at Kelly's Stable almost every night. Finally, they took me to audition for Goodman. I knew Benny, I knew his book. I knew he kept his overhead low and his music complicated. I auditioned, but I didn't get the job—Johnny Guarnieri did—and it broke my heart. I stayed at the Stable four months. Then Bunny Berigan, who had gone with Tommy Dorsey, told me Tommy was looking for a piano player. I went out to Frank Dailey's Meadowbrook, in New Jersey, and sat in with the band for a set. We played some blues and everything went all right. I didn't hear anything for twelve days. Then I was told to report at the Paramount Theatre for the first show the next morning—no rehearsals, no discussion of salary, no word from Dorsey himself. It was rough, but Berigan was my first-base coach, and Sy Oliver, Tommy's arranger, taught me how to get through the arrangements. I joined in January, 1940, and stayed two years. I wrote "Oh! Look at Me Now," and the band recorded it with Frank Sinatra, and we had a kind of hit. I liked Tommy, because he liked me. He was hard on his technical musicians—his lead men—but if you were an improviser, like me, you could do no wrong, because improvising was the missing link in his playing.



"What's there to say about the war? I went in in 1942 and got out a master sergeant when it was over. I played in a couple of Army Air Forces bands, I was one of the musical directors of Moss Hart's 'Winged Victory,' which played on Broadway for six months, and I was sent to the South Pacific, where I checked the Armed Forces radio stations to make sure they were playing V-Discs when all they had to play was V-Discs. I was glad when it was over. I came back to New York and hustled for five years. I did studio work for NBC. I studied with Stefan Wolpe. I was with Benny Goodman for a short time, but we didn't see eye to eye. I did radio jingles and made every kind of record you can think of. I wrote a song for Louis Jordan. I toured South America with Bud Freeman. I took the part of a bandleader in Garson Kanin's play 'The Rat Race.' I was still a stutterer, and Garson wanted me to stutter, but on opening night I was so scared I didn't stutter at all. I didn't stop stuttering for another ten years. I went to a great psychiatrist named Morty Hartman, who told me that first I had to get rid of my father, then my mother, then him, and when I'd done all that I'd be Joe Bushkin and stop stuttering, and that's what happened. Until then, I was an introvert outwardly and an extrovert inwardly. I opened at Billy Reed's Little Club on the night that 'The Rat Race' opened, and around two o'clock Georgie Auld came in and whispered in my ear, 'Joey, you better hang on to this gig. I just read the reviews.' I went into the Embers when it opened, in 1951, and I was there off and on many years, generally with Milt Hinton and Buck Clayton and Jo Jones. When I started, Art Tatum was the other attraction, but it didn't bother me. It was like I was a lawyer and he was in medicine—like we were in two different professions. The best thing that happened to me at that time was I married my Fran. Her name is Francice Oliver Netcher, and she's of Dutch and English extraction. She comes from a well-to-do family, and she's a queenly woman. We met in Chicago during the war, and we didn't take to each other at all, but by the time I went overseas we were getting along, and she wrote me every day. One of her faults is that she refuses to lie or have anyone tell her a lie. I can tell her anything as long as it's the truth. It's when I don't that I get in trouble. She was going to the Art Students League when we were married, and she had an apartment in River House, which we still have. We have four great daughters—Nina, Maria, Tippy, and Chrissy. Two are still at home, which is a twenty-four-acre horse farm in Santa Barbara. We raise thoroughbreds. We bought the place in 1971, after living three years in Hawaii. Before that, we lived near San Francisco, and, before that, in Los Angeles, which we moved to in 1960. The girls grew up on horses, and they used to compete at Madison Square Garden every year. Chrissy was on the U.S. Junior Olympic Team in France, competing against eleven other countries. And she won the Junior Working Hunter Championship at the Garden when she was twelve. I love the ranch, but I get feeling penned up. Do you know why I'm out playing again? Too many people have come up to me and said, 'Didn't you use to be Joe Bushkin?' " —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the police log in the Denton (Texas) Record-Chronicle*]

101 S. LOCUST—An employee of First State Bank told police a blueberry pie was placed in the bank's night depository over the weekend. Blueberry pie smears were found around the envelope slot, a police report said.

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In 1816, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley and her husband, Percy Blythe Shelley, were visiting with Lord Byron in Switzerland.—*Program note for a production of "Frankenstein" by the North Fork Community Theatre, of Mattituck, N.Y.*

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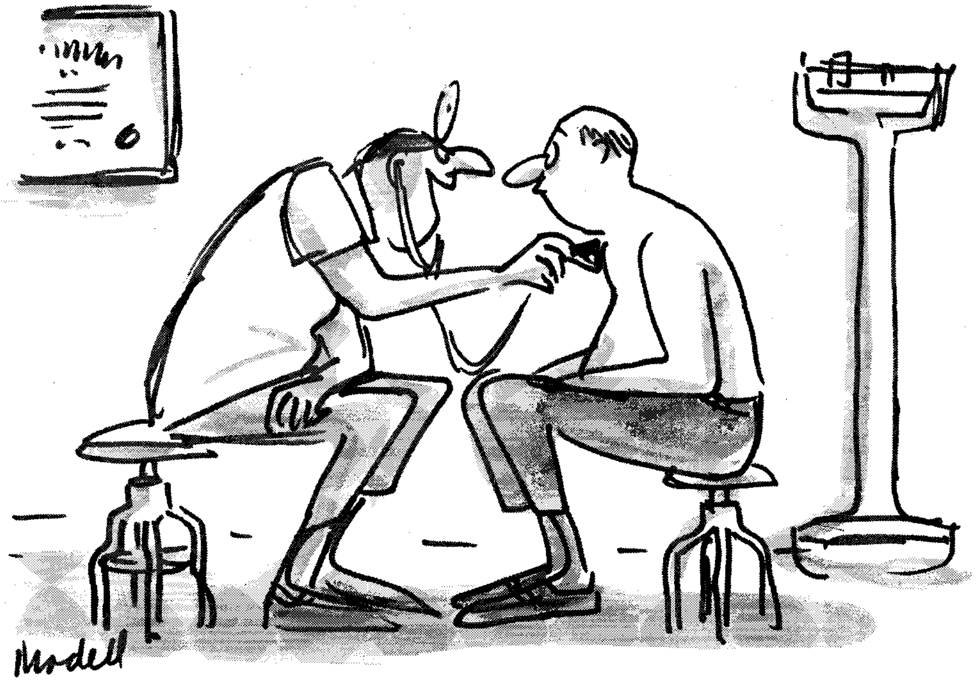
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

THE inspired playwright Tina Howe, whose "Museum" was done here five years ago and whose "The Art of Dining" was produced a couple of years later, has written another enchanting comedy, "Painting Churches," which is a production of the enterprising Second Stage, at its temporary quarters, the South Street Theatre. "Museum"—a small miracle—was a collage of words and characters and action, with a kind of subterranean theme but no plot, and so, I gather, was "The Art of Dining," which I missed. "Painting Churches," although the quicksilver imagination behind it still darts from one surprise to the next, tells a story and examines its three characters in some depth, yet the play remains airborne from beginning to end. It is about an old couple, Gardner and Fanny Church, and their daughter, Mags. The elder Churches are packing up to leave their large house on Beacon Hill, in Boston, and retire to their small cottage in Cotuit. Mags, an artist, has come from New York to give them a hand and to persuade them to sit for a portrait, which she will exhibit in her first one-woman show. Gardner Church has been a distinguished poet and anthologist, and a friend of other distinguished poets; he is now working on a book of some kind. Fanny seems—at first, anyhow—to be simply a devoted, loving wife. Mags, who still shows a few traces of adolescent rebelliousness, is somewhat ill at ease back home, but her devotion to her parents, especially to her father, is very strong. A pose for the portrait is decided on, but Fanny and Gardner—to Mags' exasperation—cannot resist breaking the pose to fall into imitations of famous paintings, going in a flash from Grant Wood's "American Gothic" to the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Their clowning is much of the fun, but it is, of course, just one joke among many. Under the spell of the playwright—a sleight-of-hand artist if ever there was one—moods change quickly and moments of calm shatter, sometimes in laughter, sometimes not. There are dark shadows as well as highlights here, sad revelations amid bursts of foolishness, and there is real drama. Mags begins to realize that things are not what they once were; her father still recites poetry beautifully, and proudly displays the shoes that Ezra Pound brought him from Italy, but much of him is ebbing away. By the time the play is over, many emotions have erupted and subsided.

Miss Howe's writing is very good, her ear sharply attuned to the speech of Boston Brahmins. When Fanny discusses, for example, the eligible, if somewhat marred, bachelors in town and the available, if somewhat scuffed, young women at their disposal, her speeches have the glittering, authentic ring of a Ruth Draper monologue. Marian Seldes is no Ruth Draper, though. She seemed to me to overplay Fanny much of the time, but also to be aware of the subtlety and iron and sweetness of the character. Donald Moffat is perfection as the cultivated, humorous, and slightly muddled Gardner, and Frances Conroy does very well as Mags. The good setting was designed by Heidi Landesman and lighted by Frances Aronson. The good costumes were by Nan Cibula. "Painting Churches" is scheduled to close at the South Street on February 27th, but it is sure to reopen somewhere else for a longer run.



"Since I last saw you, you've let yourself go to pot, haven't you?"

EVEN though A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s "What I Did Last Summer" is non-vintage Gurney and doesn't take off on its own, there is considerable pleasure in it. The play, which opened recently at the Circle Rep, is set in a beach resort on Lake Erie during the final summer of the Second World War, and it tells the story (among several stories) of a fourteen-year-old boy named Charlie—the "I" of the title—who escapes the resort, his family, and his summer Latin homework to become the hired boy and eventually the disciple of an elderly art teacher named Anna Trumbull, herself a former summer colonial. She has lost her money and has gone to live in an old pig house, where she tries to teach Charlie painting and then sculpture and, in a general way, to indoctrinate him with anti-resort ideas to help him realize his "potential." The story boils down to a struggle between Anna and Charlie's mother for the boy's loyalty and future—he is about to be sent to boarding school—and the ending is not unexpected. Much of the play's humor and originality are, however, in the hands of other characters. There is Charlie's older sister Elsie, who gives him a great deal of trouble; his mother, who has not heard from her husband—aboard some ship in the South Pacific—for many weeks, and who sneaks off occasionally for a fling with somebody from down the beach; Charlie's friend Ted, a Canadian, whose father is the caretaker for the colony; and Charlie's

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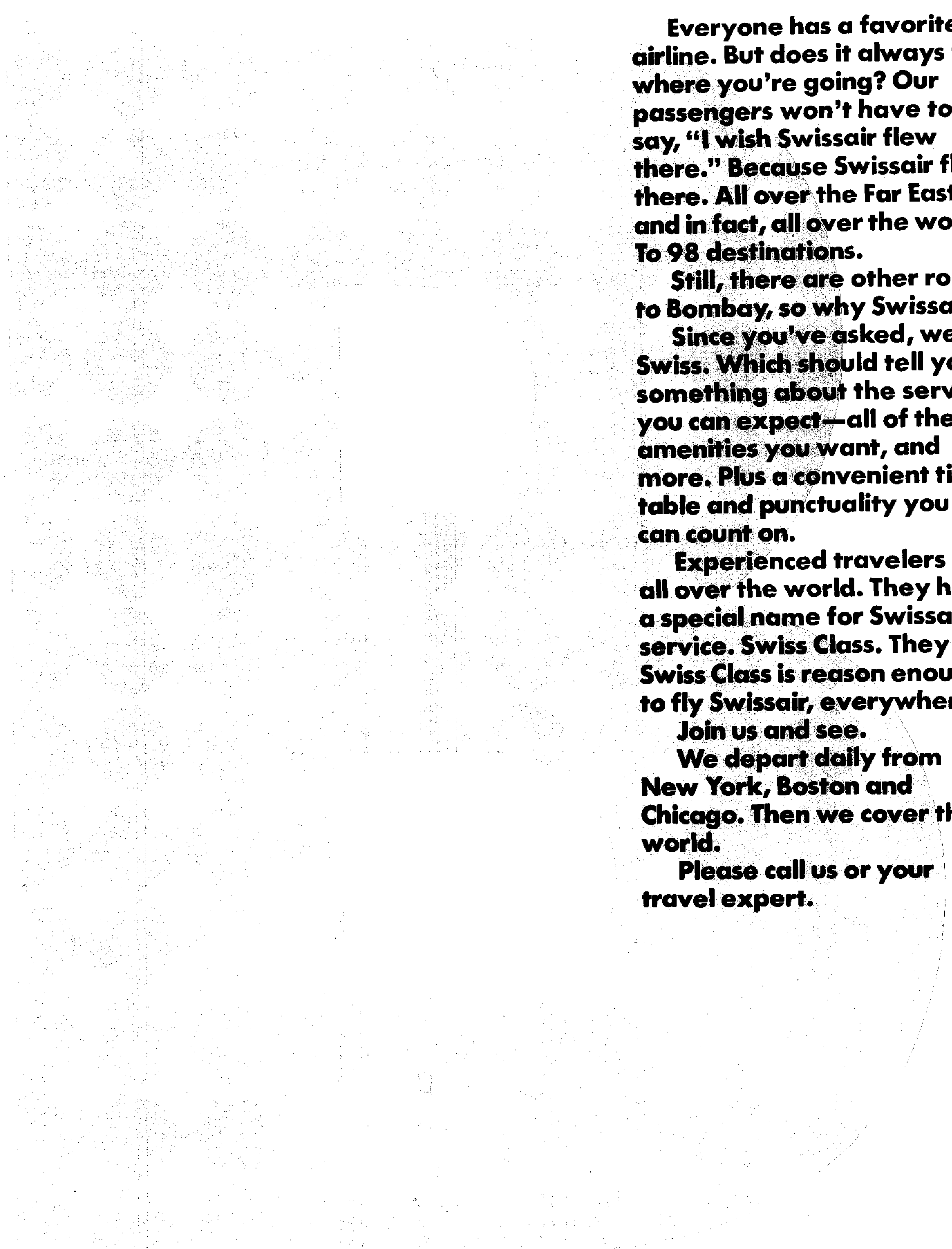

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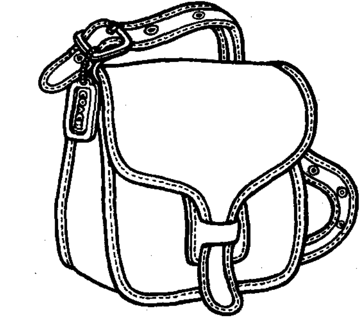

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adorable girl, Bonny. Several of these ostensibly minor characters address the audience directly, at one time or another, to announce, "This is my play," and each of them in a way is right.

In form, "What I Did" is composed of small, self-contained incidents, as were such vintage Gurney plays as "The Dining Room" and "Scenes from American Life," and most of the incidents are entertaining and believable enough. One trouble may lie (I'm not sure of this myself) in the character of Anna, on whom so much of the action hinges. She seems synthetic, made up, too "right" in her opinions on social matters and the environment, to say nothing of realizing potential. At one point, she tells Charlie that they can go out and look at the stars or go inside and read the poems of— And under my breath I said, "Not Yeats," one second before she said, "William Butler Yeats." That this woman should be so hard to accept is not the fault of that good actress Jacqueline Brookes, who has an all but impossible role. The other actors are fine. Ben Siegler is Charlie, Debra Mooney is his mother, Christine Estabrook is his sister, Robert Joy is his Canadian friend, and Ann McDonough is his girl. The set, by John Lee Beatty; the costumes, by Jennifer von Mayrhauser; and the lighting, by Craig Miller, are all admirable.

—EDITH OLIVER

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[*Barbara Hansen in the Los Angeles Times*]

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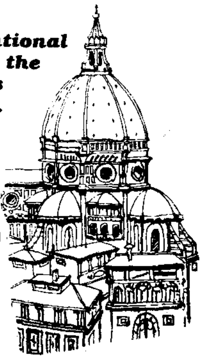

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IN the time-honored genealogical tradition of modern dance, choreographers are bred from other choreographers. A dancer in one company gets interested in making dances and leaves to start another company, which then produces dancers in a different style, some of whom will get interested in making dances. And so it goes: different and yet again different. But not always new and exciting. The tables over the years show a proliferation of companies; they don't show a proliferation of great choreographers. Choreography takes talent of a kind that not even the most accomplished dancers may possess. However, the tables also show that the best choreographers we've had, from Martha Graham to Twyla Tharp, have been electrifying performers; one could bank on that, just as one could bank on the expectation that sooner or later a good portion of our finest dancers would lose their potential simply because they didn't know how to choreograph, even for themselves. The one thing they'd have left was authority. Even though they weren't turning out remarkable dances, they'd still be the best dancers in their own companies—the system of succession compelled them to be, and the system was inviolable. So one would have thought until about a decade ago.

Sometime in the early seventies, the principle of the choreographer-leader fell into disrepute. Performing collectives sprang up which attributed choreography to the group. Ad-hoc performances were arranged by one person who would convene a group, which would then have the option of sticking together or disbanding. There were groups that did stick together and didn't renounce the idea of the choreographer-leader, but the choreographer-leader was no longer invariably the outstanding dancer in the group. He or she was a conceptualist. The time had come when one could no longer identify the key person in an unfamiliar company merely by picking out the best dancer on the floor. (The first time I saw Andy deGroat's company, I thought Garry Reigenborn was deGroat.) The anti-star system of the seventies hasn't entirely succeeded in erasing stars, but it has succeeded in erasing dancing as the basis of stardom. By choreography alone—in their capacity or noncapacity as choreographers—we are asked to recognize the stars of today. If the old system was élitist, the new one is emphatically democratist. Under the old system, star performers would produce self-designed choreography, and if it worked for them, frequently it wouldn't work for anybody else. The problem with the new choreography, which looks as though it were designed at computer terminals, is that just about anybody can do it. Untrained dancers and rudimentary modes of expression are concomitants of computer choreography. Where trained dancers are used, as in Jim Self's company, they're kept busy trying to articulate the demands of an inarticulate printout. (The printout may be read in Self's own blurry performing.) It was different when a choreographer had to rationalize his theories of movement on his own body. At least there'd be *one* good performance to watch. Now that the choreographer-dancer-leader has been conceptualized out of existence, one can only watch good dancers struggle or weak dancers triumph.

The anybody-can-do-it school arose in the sixties as a reaction to exclusive personal virtuosity and self-display. This reaction was only partly dance-related. Deeper impulses lay in the countercultural politique, which was formed largely by progressive-school whiz kids trying to get in step with the underprivileged. Paradoxically, the idea of a minimal vocabulary executed by trained or untrained dancers came about just as the shift occurred in social dancing from learned dances to improvisation. In discothèques around the country, "ordinary" people were making art for recreation; in studios, professional dancers were doing Arthur Murray-like box steps. This may explain why the minimalist revolution never attracted much of an audience. Rooted in populist assumptions, it was out of phase with popular feeling. Besides, when ordinary people went to see dance performances they overwhelmingly chose the ballet, where spectacular lyrical dancing flourished. (To understand the dimensions of this rejection, try to imagine opera enjoying a wave of popularity while Barry Mani-

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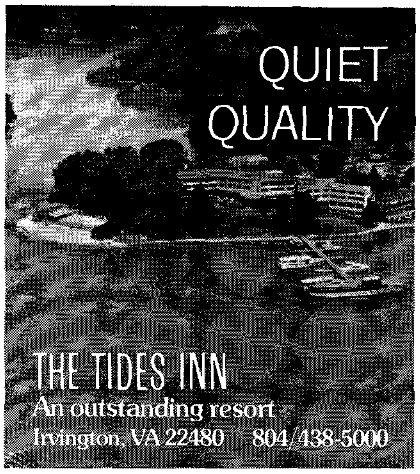
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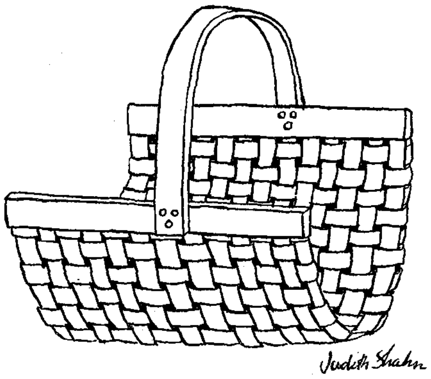
low and Elton John compete for government grants.) The new choreography of today broadens and to some extent coarsens the egalitarian sentiments held by the minimalist vanguard of the sixties. Steve Paxton's "people dances" were like the life-size plaster casts of human bodies one began seeing at that time in art galleries. The dances and the sculpture were statements about how people actually move and look as opposed to how they were made to move and look in the theatre and the museum. It must be remembered that a big factor in Pop Art philosophy was the notion of things in unaccustomed places. Putting ordinary people making ordinary movements on a stage was like hanging a picture of a Campbell's Soup can in an art show. The idea was that the location would do the work of transfiguration which persons and objects normally underwent to become artworthy. As the sixties turned into the seventies and Pop Art polemics eased up, it was possible to see fruitful work—choreography that reaffirmed dancing as a natural human act. This accomplishment, though, was independent of prevailing stylistic trends, and it wasn't until later that these trends put their stamp on the era and decided the human temper of the dances that were being done. People dances had given way to structured choreography of a minimal nature. The beat returned to dominate what had seemed to be random movement in unfigured time. And then music came back—music marked not only by a heavy beat but by incessant rhythmic and melodic repetitions. The beat and the repetitions became characteristic of the new postmodern choreography. By the end of the seventies, it seemed that every new choreographer was presiding over some form of mechanized motion. Choo San Goh was doing it in ballet, and Molissa Fenley, following Lucinda Childs and Laura Dean, was doing it in postmodern dance. However one chooses to interpret the original impulse of the sixties—a symptom, a shock of the moment, or something finer and more lastingly significant—it is hardly possible to deny its conversion into a cult in the seventies. The regulating effect that cults have on creativity is well known. What we're seeing now, in the eighties, is regulated material—literally, sports and games.

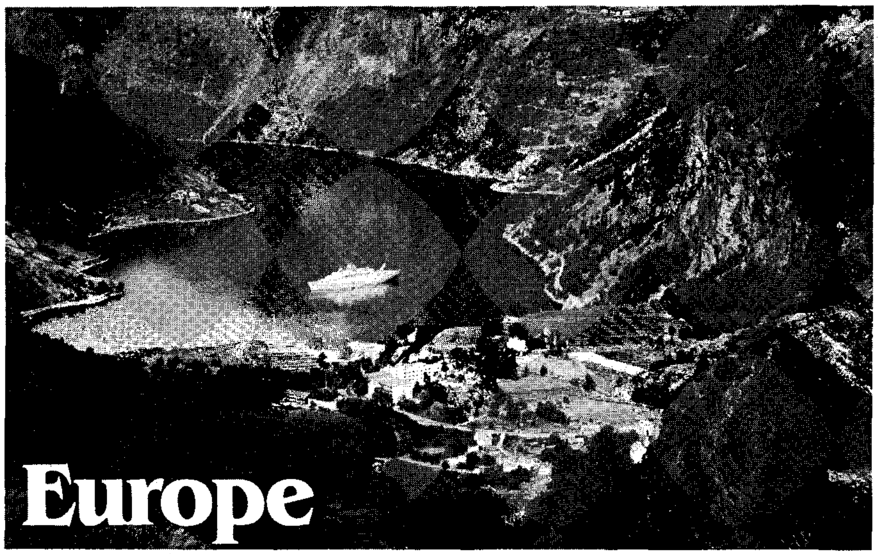
In postmodern dance, as the metrics got tighter and the repetitions more insistent a new kind of content evolved—one that superficially resembled the pedestrian tasks that were assigned to dancers by the older choreographers (like Yvonne Rainer's lugging of mattresses and Trisha Brown's manipulation of sticks). Charles Moulton's dancers stood or knelt in static groups and passed balls back and forth in complicated patterns. Or they flipped color squares in the manner of a cheering section in a stadium. These precision games of Moulton's were not—like the "tasks"—designed to reveal something about movement; they were substitutes for movement. As a cheerful naïve form of vaudeville, they were very entertaining, and audiences took to them. But they were only a new version of artists following box-step diagrams. Moulton is not as limited as I have made him sound, and he keeps on experimenting with popular dances and investigating specific dance forms. He's tried tap; he's even tried old-style expressionistic dance. But the results so far have been dry, a little clinical and Teutonic. Moulton's use of old forms highlights the enormous change that has come over the pop sensibility in recent times. The cornerstone of popular American music and dance has been rhythm, and the rhythmic expression of American masters like Astaire and Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington has been expansive and buoyant. Moulton, like every other member of his generation, doesn't think of rhythm as something that gets larger and lighter; he thinks of it as getting tighter and heavier. In the dances of Johanna Boyce, which seem to have taken a lot from Moulton, minimal style reaches a new low of childishly gleeful overdeterminism. It's tiddly-pom with a vengeance.

Boyce's work, which I've seen quite a lot of lately at Dance Theatre Workshop, doesn't just reduce the idea of minimalism—it makes reductionism a whole new principle. It completes the reduction of rhythm to metrics,



and of plastic relationships to functional ones, and it goes further: it cuts away the supports of basic bodily gesture—it cuts into the *bone* of dance. The point of minimalism was to clarify and if possible to revitalize basic bodily gesture, but Boyce doesn't bother with basics; she hurls people around and lets the gesture take care of itself. She gets hold of one step combination (say, a hop-skip-jump) and repeats it, varying only number and direction, in a rhythm that gradually becomes deadening. In "Kinscope," she has her company skip from one end of the piece to the other, throwing and catching and bouncing balls as they go. It sounds like fun, but it's so pressured and rhythmically so unrelenting that it becomes an endurance test—a black-humored marathon. The audience gets into the spirit and, at the end, cheers like the audience at "Rocky" or "Chariots of Fire;" the dancers have come through their ordeal. Team sports have fed choreographers ideas for a long time, but until now no one had thought to convert a sporting event into a dance. As choreographer (or games mistress), Boyce doesn't make the conversion complete. Things get wobbly the minute the dancers have to do two things at once or in two rhythms or speeds. In "Kinscope," they each have to do an arm-whirling windup before throwing the ball, and very few of them can do it without looking frantic and smearing the movement. The idea of basic gesture, firmly supported from the base of the spine and cleanly delivered, is tossed away as casually as the ball.

It's rare to see so little discrimination brought to bear upon fundamentals. The last time I saw anything as heedless as this was in Molissa Fenley's solo concert last fall ("Eureka," at Dance Theatre Workshop), in which she performed almost continuously at a fairly brisk pace for over an hour. It was almost as naked a sports event as some of Boyce's work. Fenley didn't toss balls, but she did toss off a small repertory of dance steps, bringing to them about as much plastic energy, refinement, and variety of expression as she would have needed to cross a finish line. (Fenley is a runner who believes in working out in gyms instead of taking dance classes.) Like Boyce's, her dynamics are confined to a single choice between fast and slow. But where Fenley tried to create a lyrical impression, waving her arms and flinging back her head (she reminded



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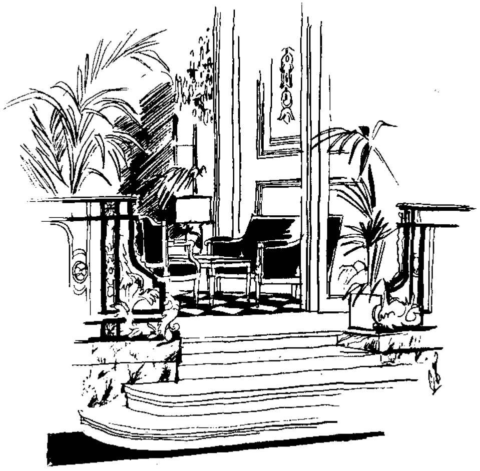

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me of gymnasts who add ballet "finish" to their performance), Boyce seems to value gracelessness and cloddishness. The heavy inflexible rhythms are as deliberate as the tackiness of the costumes she designs, which are mostly shapeless T-shirts and shorts, rendered in a nightmarish assortment of floral prints. She also uses a number of people who aren't dancers, so that the bodies lumber where they might float, and look awkward and vulnerably sexual when stripped (for a nude sequence), unlike dancers' bodies. I have never understood the appeal of unskilled labor in the performing arts; still less do I understand why the unskilled should wish to appear downright stupid. There's a vein of thick-necked truculence through all Boyce's work that I've seen. (I include last year's concert "Incidents.") In "Out of the Ordinary," she has her people tape coins onto their shoes and try to tap-dance. They try it for so doggedly long that, again, the audience takes its cue and begins to applaud condescendingly.

Boyce herself is about twenty pounds overweight for a dancer, and if she ever performed with another professional company her bios don't reveal it. Like Fenley and a few others, she seems to have come to New York straight from college and set up shop as a choreographer right away. (Moulton and Self were briefly in Merce Cunningham's company.) I wish I felt that she took more pleasure in her work and wasn't so determined to prove something. I wish, too, that she'd give up her evening-length autobiographical pieces, which come too close to being a form of personal mortification. It's interesting, though, that when Boyce did her solo in the latest of these epics, "With Longings to Realize," she left the balls and batons and hockey sticks out of it and did a slow, brooding dance with flailings of the arms and little twitches, rather like—wistfully like—one of Merce Cunningham's solos. Was this the real Boyce, and how did it fit in with the clunkiness of all the rest? Boyce may need more time to emerge fully. Just now she's like a physical-education instructor trying to borrow a little status from the dance department.

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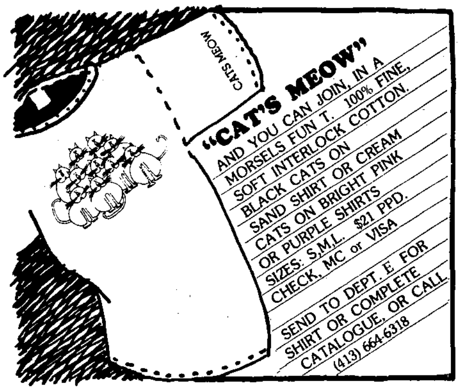

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in terms of the ballet syllabus and its classifications of steps. The charm of Tharp's 1973 "Deuce Coupe" for the Joffrey Ballet came partly from Tharp's parody of this idea—a parody of conceptualism itself. I'm sorry that the *original* "Deuce Coupe" had to be replaced by the comparatively straightforward and dull version the company does now, in which almost no sign of self-awareness remains. I looked in vain for signs of self-awareness in "Fire," Laura Dean's new piece for twelve Joffrey dancers. "Fire" takes a series of by now familiar Dean devices and transposes them more or less evenhandedly into ballet terms. It gets nothing from the transposition. Well, one thing: chaînés on point are better to look at than Dean's customary spins. What the experiment proves is that a step is a step is a step; what it may also prove is that Dean has a blind eye for everything but group pattern. In construction, "Fire" is a slow crescendo in which the movement stays off the beat until the climax is reached, then hits the beat hard. (The piece would have been better had it ended at this point; instead it has a tacked-on duet.) There's no tension in the phrase to match the accumulating tension in the pattern. The crescendo is full of lulls between the introduction of a motif and its structural integration. It makes no difference what steps the motif consists of. The larger units in the weave—the solos and pas de deux—are all very flashy and unconvincing, and there are intimations of hostility in the partnering, which seem to have no expressive purpose. What is "Fire" about? Does conceptualism yield a concept of fieriness? I could find no clue, either in the choreography or in the backdrop—an architectural drawing, by Michael Graves, of what could have been several incinerators standing about on a grassy plain.

—ARLENE CROCE

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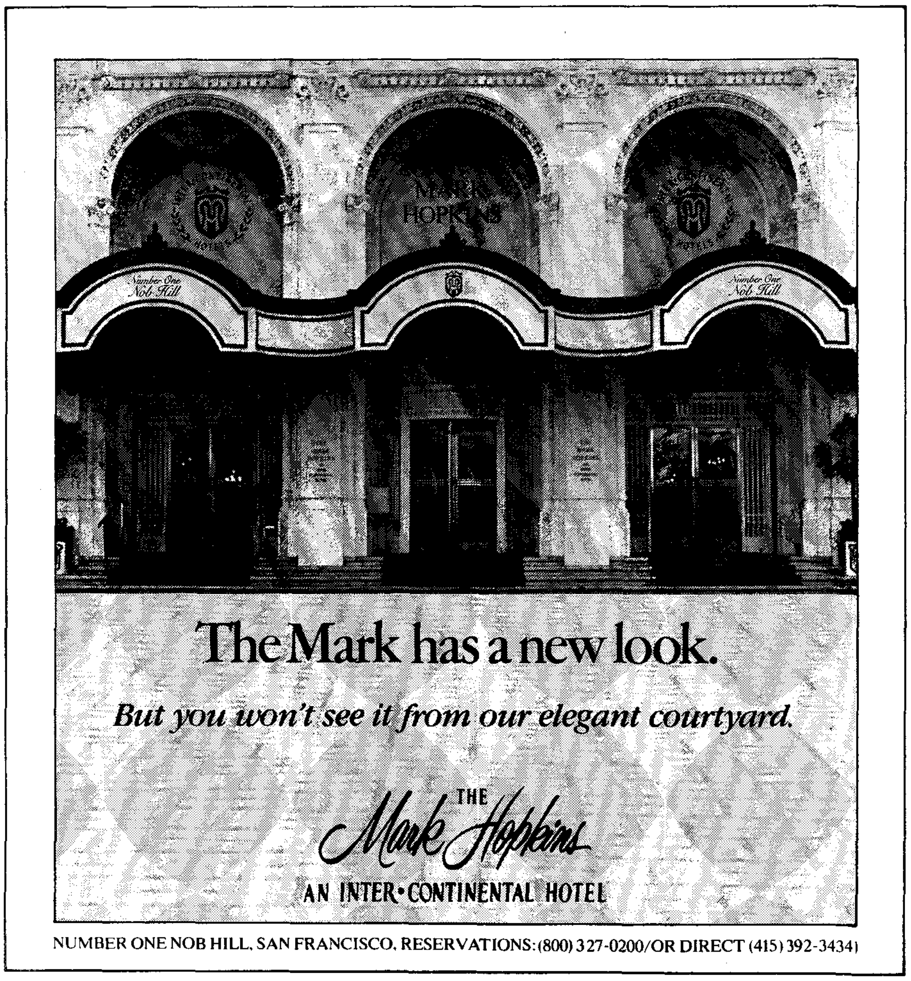
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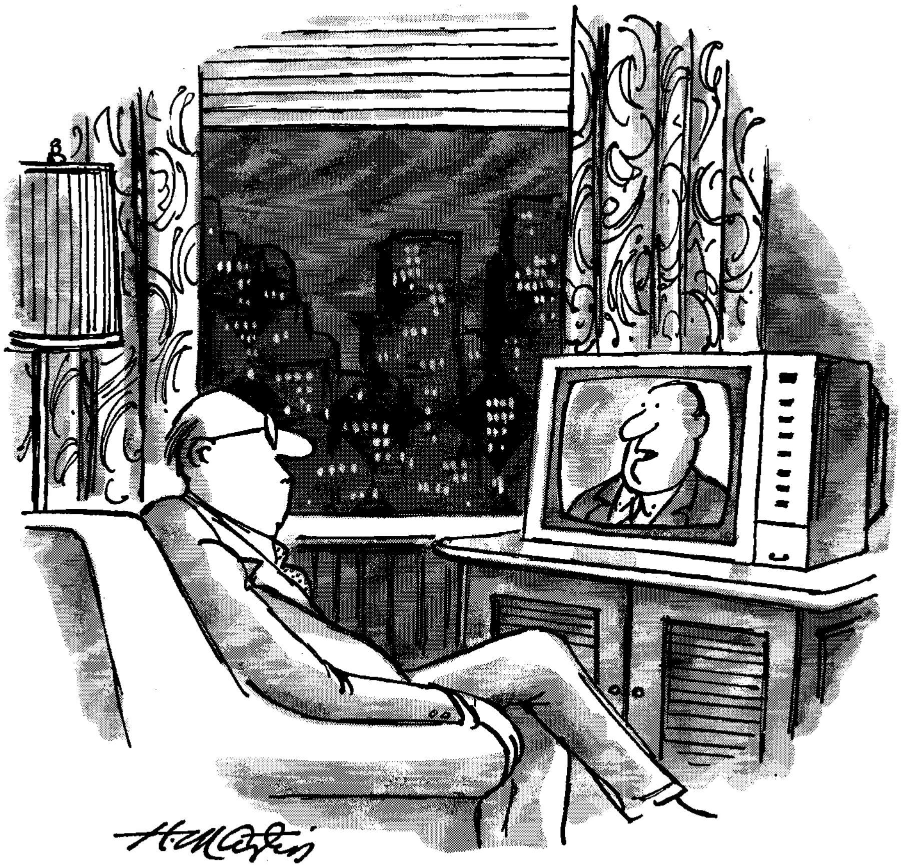
MUSICAL EVENTS

By Compassion Made Wise

Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film "Parsifal," now playing at the Guild Theatre, is a rich and beautiful production of Wagner's opera. The musical performance is of high distinction. The visual imagery is arresting, resonant, and colorful. A return of color to the Wagnerian stage has long been due. Wieland Wagner's first "Ring" production at Bayreuth, in 1951, was colorful—set against expanses of shining blue sky or brilliant fire that spanned the stage. In the work of his emulators, all grew dark. Black backcloths and wings became the rule. Blacks, browns, and grays dominated the stage pictures. Light dwindled to spots on the principals, picked out amid the encircling gloom. Magic fires shrank to a flicker. Siegfried's exultant cry to the sea of flame—the joyful glare rolling down from the mountain peak, in which he is eager to bathe—rang hollow. The radiance of Brünnhilde's greeting to sun, light, and glorious day was mocked by dimness. (Wagner's remark "Having created the invisible orchestra, I now feel like inventing the invisible stage" seemed to be taken literally. But it was a little joke, made as he contemplated the "Parsifal" rehearsals: "And the inaudible orchestra," he continued.) Much was lost. On the simplest level, the ability to read the libretto off the singers' lips and to see in the singers' eyes what they are thinking and feeling. (After voice, eyes are the chief medium of communication between us. Wagner's librettos are filled with references to the expressiveness of glance or gaze.) And, on deeper levels, the sense of eternal nature which should run through the "Ring," setting the deeds of gods and men against forest and flood, sky and storm, untamed and intractable.

"Parsifal" is also a nature cycle—a long winter of pain and waiting ended at last by the Good Friday spell. The great "Parsifal" production of our day has been Wieland Wagner's at Bayreuth, first seen in 1951, maintained there for nearly a quarter century, and renewed annually, until Wieland's death, in 1966, by further thoughts, by revisions sometimes small and sometimes large, and by the director's sensitivity to particular singers and what they might achieve. Its imagery was essentially that of Wagner's original Bayreuth production, in 1882, but purged of nineteenth-century pictorialism. The technical resources of the modern theatre, Wieland said, had at last made Adolphe Appia's scenic ideas realizable. The shapes were simplified. Painted canvas was replaced by plays of light. About the 1951 production Ernest Newman wrote, "This was not only the best 'Parsifal' I have ever seen and heard but one of the three or four most moving spiritual experiences of my life. . . . On the stage we had, for the first time in my experience, the combination of beauty of singing tone and dramatic insight that the subtle work demands. . . . No one who heard this performance will ever forget it." And I, who went on seeing this "Parsifal" year after year, can echo his words. It was recorded in 1951, by London, and the discs still re-create some of the production's deep enchantment.



"And now a message of importance to those of you who have been giving serious thought to the purchase of a new tube of toothpaste."

Nevertheless, it was not the whole of "Parsifal." Wieland's colors were muted. The "shadowy, sombre, but not gloomy forest" of the first scene was achieved by slanting beams of light and a shadowy hint of tree trunks, all gray. The Hall of the Grail was monochrome. No more than an unhealthy purplish flush suffused Klingsor's flower garden; some sinuous scrawls on the backcloth recalled Appia's 1922 design for the scene. No more than a hint of soft-glowing vernal green softened the starkness of the Good Friday meadow. The inspiration for the Hall of the Grail built in Bayreuth in 1882 was Siena's black-and-white cathedral, but when it reached the stage, in Paul von Joukowsky's designs, the cathedral had been transformed and was clad in gleaming polychrome mosaics. In Joukowsky's sketches for Klingsor's garden, inspired by the park of the Palazzo Rufalo, in Ravello, bright red flowers blaze amid luxuriant greenery. Wieland's production was beautiful and moving, but it had been designed as if by the redeemed, redeeming Parsifal and the penitent Kundry. It was spiritual from the start, never voluptuous in its visual imagery. Although in later editions it became less severe—the columns of the Hall of the Grail, plain gray cylinders in 1951, were duskily gilded and acquired capitals; the flower garden burgeoned with a

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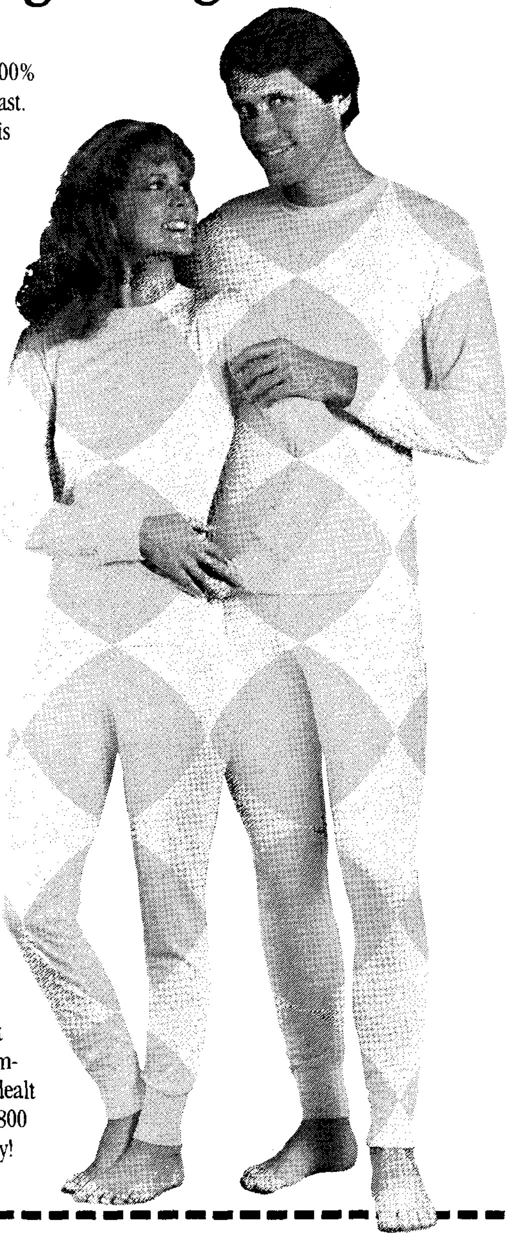

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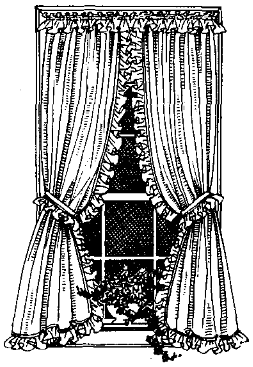

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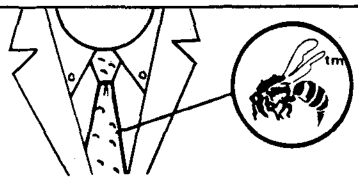

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backcloth of opaline efflorescence—it remained an essential "Parsifal," a distillation, a sharply focussed "minimalist" presentation of great intensity and purity. It held one intent on only the work itself. Syberberg's "Parsifal," on the other hand, embraces and presents those abundant, varied elements from which Wagner's most profound and beautiful opera was distilled: his life, his reading, his thinking, his passions, his response to art and nature, his earlier compositions. Specific biographical references—a casement of the room in the Palazzo Vendramin where Wagner died; heads of Aeschylus, King Ludwig, Marx, Nietzsche, and Wagner himself lying at the foot of Klingsor's throne; glimpses of Mathilde Wesendonk and Judith Gautier among the flower maidens—mingle with an allusiveness more oblique: some puppet sequences suggest at once Wagner's theatrical mastery and his readiness to manipulate people to his own ends.

Moreover, Syberberg takes into his subject not just what went into the making of "Parsifal" but also what it has meant to people and how it has been considered and performed during its century of existence. The first approach to the Hall of the Grail—to take a simple example—is down a flag-lined corridor: a procession backward in time past swastika banners, imperial standards, medieval pennons into a world of myth. For a phrase or two, the Grail Knights appear as a band of hard, eager S.S. troopers. Later, they are olden-time Arthurian chevaliers. It is also a procession to the center of Wagner's thought. Hitherto the action has played on and around a large knoll that is a giant reproduction of Wagner's death mask; the path to the Hall of the Grail cuts through and into it. The density of allusion is great. Caspar David Friedrich, Ingres, Goya, Dürer, Titian, Caravaggio, Bramante figure in the imagery. The allegorical statues of the Synagogue and of Faith on Strasbourg Cathedral are invoked. Titurel lies royally in the crypt of Saint-Denis. Scenes from Wieland Wagner's Bayreuth productions, notably his "Tristan," and from Patrice Chéreau's Bayreuth "Ring" put in appearances. So do the 1882 "Parsifal" scenes and other images of Bayreuth's early days; when encountered in puppet form, the characters are modelled after the first interpreters of their roles. There is a reminiscence of Fritz Lang's "Siegfried" film. And there are links with

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Syberberg's earlier films "Ludwig: Requiem for a Virgin King" (1972), "Karl May: In Search of Paradise Lost" (1974), and "Our Hitler: A Film from Germany" (1977). (I have not seen these, and learn of the links from Syberberg's book "Parsifal: Ein Filmessay," also published in French translation as one of Gallimard's Cahiers du Cinéma.) Kundry makes her first entrance as a doll riding a toy Valkyrie flying horse from the 1876 "Ring" across a toy theatre's starry sky. (I had always taken the young squire's "Does she ride through the air?" to be an exclamation occasioned by her wild horsemanship, not a question to which the answer is yes.) Then the living woman appears Ophelia-like in a forest pool, which is also a lake of tears collected on Wagner's death mask. The Palazzo Vendramin casement, rain streaming down it like tears, is beside her; projected in the background is the Palazzo Giustiniani, whence in 1858 Wagner wrote to Mathilde Wesendonk, "A strangely world-daemonic woman, the Grail's messenger, is dawning on me with ever greater life and fascination." In Syberberg's book I discover that there is also an allusion here to the actress of Kundry, Edith Clever, of the Berlin Schaubühne, in one of her famous stage roles—Clytaemnestra. (She played it in Peter Stein's production of the "Oresteia.") That anticipates Klingsor's later designation of Kundry as a she-devil who has known many incarnations.

WATCHING the film is in some ways like reading Cosima Wagner's wonderful diary and marvelling at the breadth and depth of Wagner's thought, observation, and reading, compounded with emotions and with vivid and revealing dreams—a ferment in which his great music was formed. The episode of the murdered swan is more moving in the film, and more closely linked to the main religious drama, than I have ever known it be on the stage. It chimes with the remarks Cosima reported on July 31, 1879 (a day on which Schopenhauer, thoughts of destiny, Calderón, the Catholic Renaissance, Daudet, the "Waldstein" Sonata, Beethoven's first period, "A Winter's Tale," and "Henry IV" also passed in review):

> He says religion should be linked with compassion for animals; human beings' treatment of one another is already bad enough, for they are so vindictive . . . the noble teachings of Christianity are scarcely applicable. One should begin with quiet and patient creatures, and people who felt compassion for animals would certainly not be harsh toward human beings. "We must preach a new religion."

Syberberg's most controversial stroke, the assigning of the title role to two actors, a young man and a young woman (the latter takes over after Kundry's kiss; they stand side by side in the finale), recalls Cosima's entry for June 27, 1880. That evening, they look at engravings after Italian masters. Richard condemns Raphael's "Pietà" on the ground that classical beauty is inapt to the subject. Leonardo's sketch for the head of Christ in "The Last Supper" he finds too effeminate, but, he says, the finished painting made quite a different impression on him.

> He then plays the first theme of "Parsifal" to himself and, returning, says that he gave the words to a chorus so that the effect would be neither masculine nor feminine, Christ must be entirely sexless, neither man nor woman; Leonardo, too, in "The Last Supper," attempted that, depicting an almost feminine face adorned with a beard.

In his book, Syberberg says, "Would not Richard Wagner have delighted in this feminine image of his androgynous Parsifal? Had he not, apropos of Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient's female Romeo, hailed the idea and called tenors 'stage dummies'?" It is true that in "Mein Leben" Wagner praised the "daring, romantic figure of the youthful lover," the "wonderful, thrilling, and entrancing impersonation of Romeo by Schröder-Devrient." True, too, that he composed the role of young Adrian, in "Rienzi," for a woman. (Schröder-Devrient first sang it.) But Parsifal is not Christ. Kundry makes that confusion; Wagner made the distinction clear in his writings and very clear in Gurnemanz's lines:

> Creation cannot perceive the Redeemer
> Himself on the cross:
> So it looks up to the redeemed man,
> One who feels himself free of the burden
> of sin and dread,
> Made pure and whole by God's loving
> sacrifice.

(If I remember rightly, the English subtitles, which for English-speakers enormously increase the impact of the film, skimped the full sense of the difficult, important lines.) And Wagner's Parsifal is not "androgynous" and not "entirely sexless" but wholly virile—a boy until he meets Kundry in Act II and thereafter a man. In this film, at Kundry's kiss he becomes a girl. The enchantress's kiss denatures him.

To play Parsifal, Syberberg cast a

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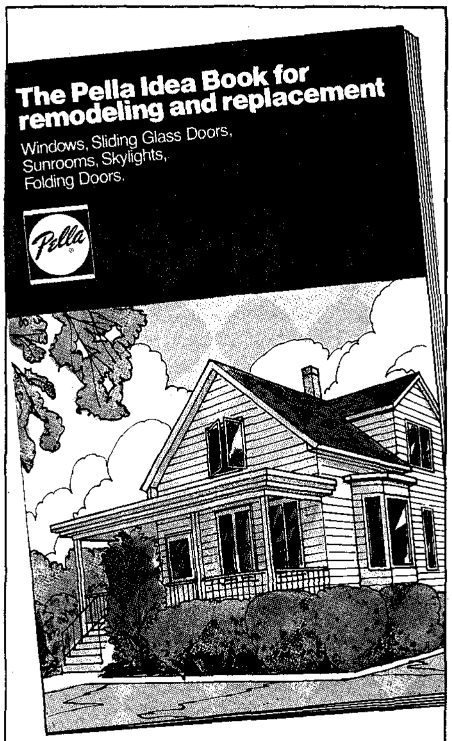
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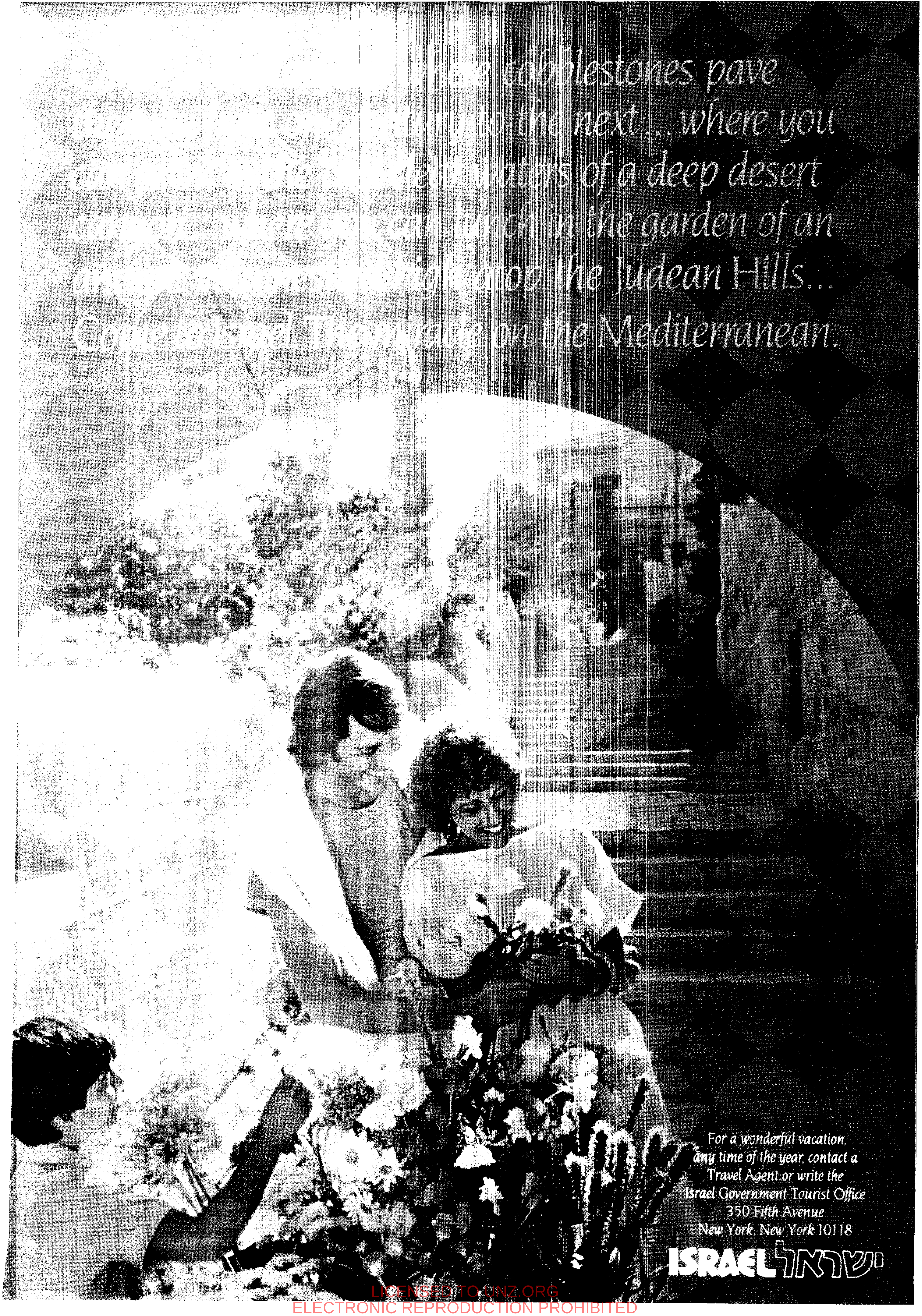
young Swiss photographer, Michael Kutter, and a young Swiss puppeteer, Karin Krick—neither of them a professional actor. Mr. Kutter has piquant, slightly gypsy looks and seems younger than his twenty-three years. He moves through the part with grave, wide-eyed wonder, attending carefully to everything that is said, answering directly and simply, and leaving "expression" to Parsifal's voice on the soundtrack, where the role is sung with great freshness, intelligence, and sensitivity by the Dresden tenor Reiner Goldberg. It is plain that this youth has not the resources to take into himself, at the climax of the action, Amfortas' searing passion and pain and Kundry's wild despair and yearning. The new maturity and understanding is not difficult to enact in the opera house, given a tenor with musical insight: Wagner's music does it for him. Syberberg's drastic image seems to deny the music. Miss Krick's features are pure, regular, and unsensual. Like Mr. Kutter, she maintains a single expression—one of calm, pitying tenderness (which in some shots takes on a slightly prim, even priggish, aspect). Wagner's Parsifal is not unmanned by Kundry's kiss. Eroticism at its fullest floods him; he understands all that Amfortas felt, all that Kundry feels. He learns what sin is, and does not commit it. In our day, unchaste sexual activity may seem to be an old-fashioned symbol for sin, but it is as basic to "Parsifal" as to "Tannhäuser" and cannot be evaded. Wagner felt close to Amfortas. Both he and Cosima understood Kundry. On August 30, 1878, Malwida Meysenbug congratulated Cosima on bringing to Wagner the happiness that had made Bayreuth possible. "I listen to her with a thankful heart and remind her of my life's transgression, which enabled me to live for him alone and in him to find my salvation." In Syberberg's film, Cosima is among the company that, from high in the dome of the Hall of the Grail, sings the promise of redemption.

The sensuality, the voluptuousness, that is important in "Parsifal" finds expression in the opulence of Syberberg's imagery and in a wonderfully potent and subtle joint portrayal of Kundry by the actress Miss Clever and the singer Yvonne Minton. Physical warmth also flows, less expectedly, from Gurnemanz. Robert Lloyd sings the role nobly and plays it as a man young and handsome. (The original Gurnemanz, Emil Scaria, seemed to be eighty in the first scene, Cosima said, and ninety in the last.) His embracing of Parsifal in Act I and of Kundry in Act III is unwontedly tender.

ONE must not leave the impression that this "Parsifal" is primarily a puzzle picture ("Identify the artist," "Spot the allusion") or an elaborate set of footnotes to the opera—a visual essay in origins and analogues. Syberberg's claims that Wagner's music dictated the rhythms of his film and that his intention was to make the music visible are justified. Bayreuth forbade the use of a Bayreuth recording. The film, shot in the Bavaria Studios, was built on the foundation of a new recording made in Monte Carlo in 1981 with the Monte Carlo Philharmonic, which plays with great breadth and beauty of tone and subtlety of solo inflection, and the Prague Philharmonic Choir, whose singing is firm and full. The Swiss conductor Armin Jordan is revealed as an outstanding Wagnerian; his performance is as lucid as that of Pierre Boulez, and far more poetic. I saw the film in Alice Tully Hall, where the sound was good; the Erato album of the recording (distributed by RCA) reassures me that I was not swept away by the pictures to overrate the musical merits of the production. The synchronization of image and soundtrack is careful. The camera dwells, for the most part, on whoever is singing. Inevitably, the actors, even when acting to their own voices (Mr. Lloyd as Gurnemanz, Aage Haugland as Klingsor), do not breathe as deeply or prepare and "place" their notes as evidently as singers do. One gets used to this and also—with a little more difficulty—to the sound of a tenor voice pouring from a smooth female throat. (With men, the Adam's apple rises and falls like a pitch indicator.) Mr. Jordan himself enacts Amfortas and for much of the time is held in such closeup that the result is like a physiological demonstration of how lips, teeth, and tongue move to frame vowels and consonants. He also drifts briefly across the background, conducting, during the Good Friday music—reflecting the fact that here the drama has passed to the orchestra, that the solo oboe, as Syberberg puts it, is animating nature. Amfortas' wound, separate from Amfortas—a piece of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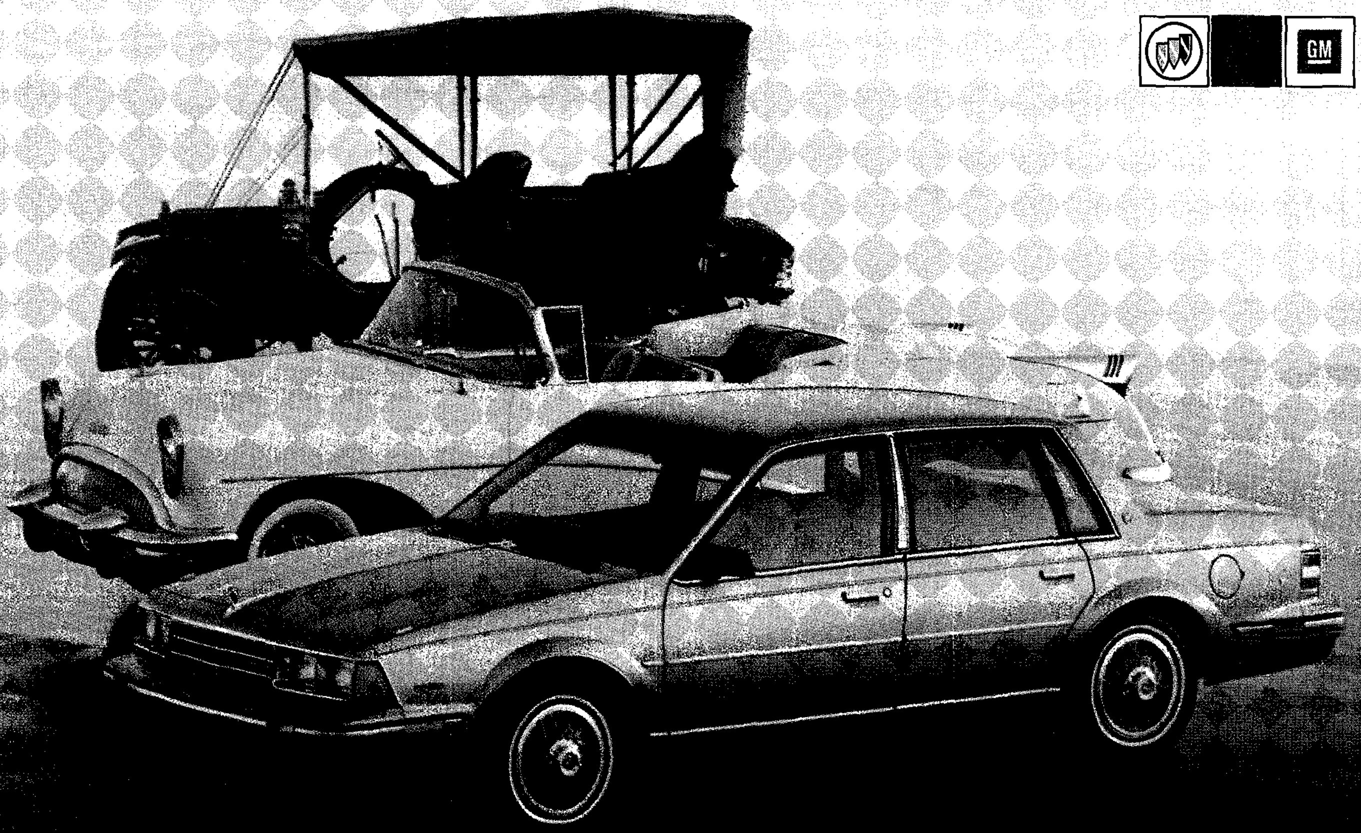

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lesh borne on a little litter of its own—is a disgusting image, as was no doubt intended.

In the third act, the director's con-rol becomes looser. The Good Friday meadow is a section of the death mask neatly overlaid with sods and studded with tight clumps of gaudy polyan-hus. Gurnemanz has evidently taken up horticulture; in his hut more polyanthus are set out in trays. It's a poor emblem of spring's return, of verdant nature, for polyanthus, as the Britannica remarks, is a "florists' flower," man-made, derived from a cross between primrose and cowslip. (In his 'Filmessay," the director notes frankly that it was difficult to obtain suitable flora in November, the month of the shooting.) At the approach to the final scene, the imagery starts straying and spraying rather than closing in to a climax. The camera stalks the characters round the set, revealing techniques and mechanics of the staging. It is quite interesting but irrelevant. It suggests a rather desperate attempt to find something new to hold the audience's attention. The final assembly in the Hall is diffusely presented. The costumes range centuries and nations, but at this point, I think, Syberberg loses Wagner's steady rhythm. All in all, there is plenty to criticize. The Grail rite of the second scene is evaded. The giant death mask when seen complete and the various smaller reproductions of it that appear become on repetition too crudely obvious a symbol. And yet—above all, on someone who already knows "Parsifal"—this thoughtful, inventive, and very ambitious film casts a powerful spell. One drinks it in with eyes and ears intent, marvelling.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

American viewers, unless they're Anglophiles and/or understand how the British government works and are familiar with Churchill's contemporaries, may have trouble following the discussions (not the action—there is none). Figuring out who's who isn't as easy as watching an American sitcom, which you can usually follow even if you begin watching midway through the show.

When somebody calls actor Eric Porter "Neville," it's easy to surmise he must be Churchill's predecessor at 10 Downing St., Neville Chamberlain. "Bernie" turns out to be Bernard Baruch, but only the press material cleared up that mystery. "Max" clearly is newspaper publisher Max Beerbohm, but his identity is not mentioned in the press material.—*Vicki Macias in the Houston Post.*

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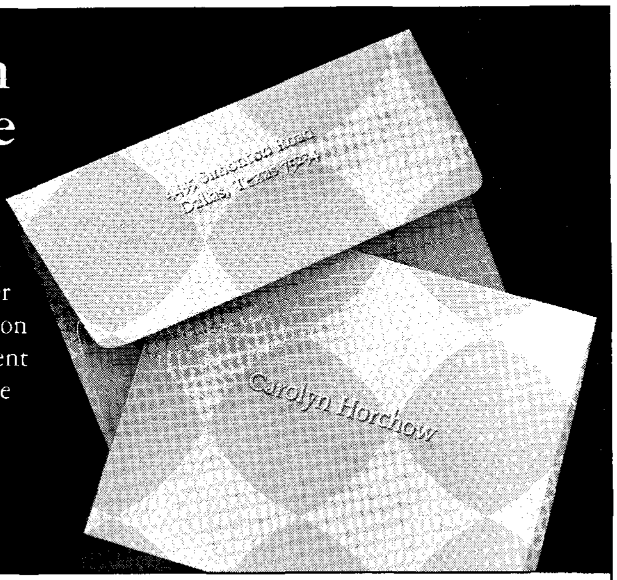

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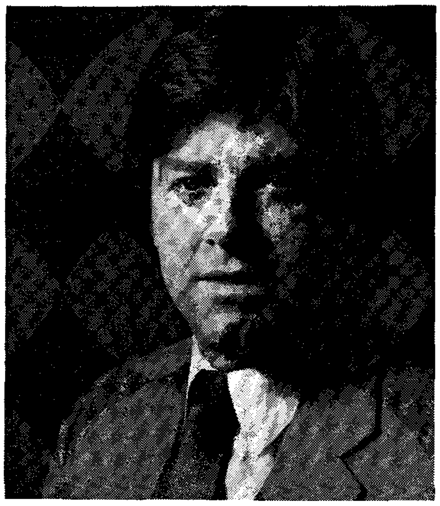

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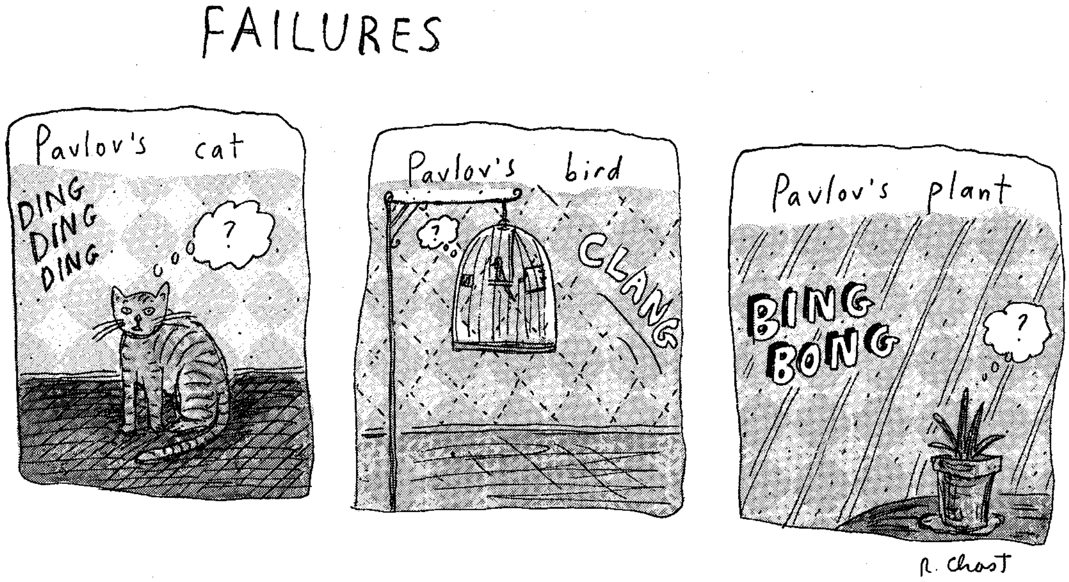
Peter Weir's "The Year of Living Dangerously" is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and at the start of the film the traditional Javanese silhouette puppets, slinky and sinister, quarrel and berate each other to the music of a gamelan orchestra. We're being briefed that we see only the shadows of the threatening interchanges that are going on somewhere else. And that's what we get: intimations, fragments, hints and portents, and on a very wide screen—the characters are surrounded by forces they can't control. Shadow dancing is Peter Weir's specialty, and for the first half of "Living Dangerously" he keeps us entertained by the obliquity of his style. The gamelan music is replaced by babble in many languages and the clatter of typewriters and electronic machines; in scene after scene there's some kind of communication going on that we're not privy to. The camera lingers for just a quick look at turmoil that isn't explained—transactions that are furtive, seedy. We have a guide: a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman, the goblinlike Billy Kwan. (This male role is played by the actress Linda Hunt.) Billy introduces himself in a voice-over monologue, and he tells us about the culture and the people we meet. There's nothing casual in his narration; it's cryptic, polished, and very literary—he's like a novelist playing God, and he talks about the characters in the movie as if they were his creations. Mostly, he talks about what can't be seen directly—the shuddering unease in the capital which he accounts for in terms of shadow and substance.

"Living Dangerously," which centers on the Caucasian community in Djakarta—journalists and diplomats—recalls "Casablanca" and a batch of other Warners tales of international intrigue set in studio versions of Istanbul or Shanghai or wherever. But Weir's images are much more arresting and detailed, and though the Indonesian settings had to be faked (in the Philippines and Australia), they're faked convincingly. They're exotic enough for the film to have that air of estrangement that Antonioni's "The Passenger" had. (It's also Nicolas Roeg's long suit.) "Living Dangerously" suggests the same sort of unknowability, but Antonioni uses this atmosphere as a metaphor for emptiness—it becomes thick and metaphysical, and the fun goes out of it. Weir keeps the fun in "Living Dangerously;" he doesn't stiffen on us and become forbidding. In "The Passenger," paranoia goes so far that it becomes affectless: the whole world is governed by conspiracy, and the landscape has an impenetrable secret. In "Living Dangerously," the things that are mysterious can at least be glimpsed.

Movie squalor has its glamour, especially when there's plenty of sweat and malaria. And there are particulars that tease—such as the nature of the pink beverages followed by vibrantly green ones that are served to Mel Gibson, as an Australian foreign correspondent who has just arrived in Djakarta, and to Sigourney Weaver as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. Billy Kwan, who befriends the Australian and becomes his partner, has played matchmaker and arranged for the two to meet. In the first half of the film, nothing is center stage, but indirectly we get a sense of what's going on: a first view of the famine victims as Gibson comes out of a hotel bar, a flash of Sukarno (played by an actor) in a limousine, the beggars who come into a restaurant, a Communist-led anti-American demonstration. And a new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. When he watches her dancing to a record of Jerry Lee Lewis's "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" and one of her spaghetti straps keeps slipping off her shoulder, or when they're running together in the rain and she's giggling like crazy, the movie has "hot stuff" written all over it. Weir knows what's spectacular about Sigourney Weaver: her brainy female-hunk physicality—her wide-awake dark eyes, the protruding lower lip, the strong, rounded, outthrust jaw, and her hands, so large that when she embraces Gibson her five fingers encompass his back. Weaver has practically no character to play—she's the proud beauty, the headstrong princess of the puppet play. But she suggests a privileged woman who feels perfectly free to enjoy her prerogatives, and that's a turn-on for the audience, because what a set of prerogatives! She uses her face and her body, and pours on the passion and laughter; she has the kind of capacity for enjoyment that the young Sophia Loren had. (These women were never innocent.)

When the handsome young reporter picks up the challenge and goes after the beauty, the audience silently cheers him on. In this, at least, he's a hero. The title "The Year of Living Dangerously," which was Sukarno's prophetic term for 1965, applies more specifically to the reporter's pursuit of big stories and of this lusty big woman (who may be an agent). The allusive treatment of these two and of the six or eight other principal characters appears to be all you need; Weir



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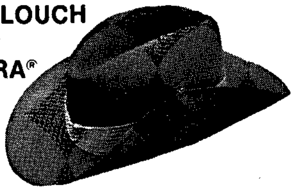

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provides concrete details (in a Hemingway manner), leaving you to figure out what goes on in between. The score is entertaining, with records that range from Richard Strauss to Little Richard, and background music by Maurice Jarre, in which the gamelan bell sounds are never far away. And though there's a lot you don't understand, the picture has been building, the love affair has been set atingle, and you assume that it's going to develop and everything will become clear.

Instead, in the second half the plot seems to become slapdash and rather hysterical, with Weaver disappearing for far too long while Gibson chases around trying to corroborate something she has told him, and with Billy, our guide, becoming disillusioned with just about everyone and everything. "Living Dangerously" goes slack at the exact point where Weaver (overacting for the only time, her eyes popping) tells Gibson about a shipload of munitions that the Communists are bringing in for an attempted coup. Peter Weir has been doing fine with the shadow play, but now he tries for the thing itself—the political power games going on—and as a melodramatist he's a fizzle. When he's operating on just one level, he doesn't seem practical-minded enough to unravel the plot. Actually, the plotting isn't careless; it must have been worked out very complexly on paper. But you have to think the movie over to know that, because while you're watching it the action seems to wander. We assume that Gibson sent out the crucial information, but are we meant to think that this precipitated the reprisals against the Communists? We don't find out what the British Embassy (where Weaver got the news) intended to do with it, or whether the British, in fact, did anything at all. And Billy's political anguish would make more sense if we knew how to take it—is he posing, even to himself? Weir must think the audience cares only about the swirl of action and eroticism, and doesn't want to understand the specifics. He appears to have an Australian version of sixties counterculture hipness. The movie displays left-wing attitudes, but it shows no particular interest in politics—not even enough to help us understand why Billy, who likes to dress up as Sukarno, identifies with him, and then feels betrayed by him. Billy, the pivotal character, is eager for acceptance by the white community, yet he worships Sukarno as the voice of the

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Third World. Billy is both a party crasher and a party pooper; he's a little dictator, but he also carries on as if he were St. Francis of Assisi. The picture shows us his phoniness—he has a shamefaced adolescent grin when he's caught enjoying himself—yet it also endorses his sanctimoniousness. In the only really stupid scene, a big-bellied, fiftyish journalist (the marvellous Australian actor Noel Ferrier, who drapes his bulk in a toga-like print shirt) makes a pass at a slim native boy and is reprimanded by Billy's stern glance, while we're thinking, Let the boy speak for himself—this old gent might feed him and, if he takes a fancy to him, get him out of this starving country.

"Living Dangerously," which, considering its scale and the thousands of extras, was made remarkably cheaply (under six million dollars), is a much more sophisticated film than the ads may indicate: you have to keep your eyes and ears busy to catch everything that's going on in it. It's when Weir slows down that he's in trouble. A scene of the reporter eying the door to the airport runway and then slipping out while customs guards are taking his tape recorder apart is the sort of movie escape that requires speed and confusion. A few extra seconds here kill it. (Watching the reporter doubt for too long whether he can pull off the trick, we doubt everything about it.) This bungled scene is followed by a perfectly timed image of the runway crew, who have just removed the stairs from a Royal Netherlands plane, seeing the foreigner coming and automatically moving them back for him. It's a neat visual comment on the last vestiges of colonialism.

There are performances, too, that are perfectly calibrated in the editing, such as that of Bembol Roco—the Filipino actor who plays the hero's assistant, Kumar—particularly in his final, giving-in-to-laughter scene. And there's the striking, bald Bill Kerr, who has a remarkable voice. He shone in Weir's 1981 "Gallipoli" as Uncle Jack, who read aloud to the children, and he shines again as a testy Britisher, Colonel Henderson, whose white man's burden seems to have given him a ramrod-straight back. But most of the foreigners seem designed solely to document Billy's conviction that their aggressiveness is a violation of the Indonesians, and no one more than the vicious, disgruntled member of the press played by Michael Murphy, who is jealous of the scoops that Gibson gets (with Billy's help), and is a rotten exploiter of teen-age native girls so supple and narrow-hipped they're like children. Murphy does possibly his best acting in this man-you-love-to-hate salacious-villain role, except that he plays the same kind of vermin in every scene he has. Some minuscule trims might have made him look brilliant. A little lightening up in the script—by David Williamson, Weir, and C. J. Koch, whose highly readable 1978 novel it's based on—would have helped, too. These Westerners are too priggishly eager to set up other Westerners as bastards. (I wish that they had found more humor in the contradictions of the hero's position as an ambitious, instinctive liberal in a poverty-ridden country.)

To a degree, Weir is the victim of his own skill at creating the illusion of authentic Third World misery, rioting, and chaos. The earlier, studio-set films about international intrigue were so obviously hokey that the backgrounds (with their picturesque natives) were perfectly acceptable as backdrops for romantic melodrama. Here when the backgrounds are used that way it's a little obscene; the emaciation of the natives overwhelms the made-up problems of the Caucasians. Documentaries, TV coverage, print journalism, and modern history itself have changed audiences' responses, and when fake dilemmas about "involvement" are cooked up for the hero they're an embarrassment, like his final dash to join the heroine. The conventions of forties romantic adventures look childish here, and at the end we don't quite know how to feel when the hero, having had his consciousness raised, and recognizing that he can't master the situation, clears out, though he's in the midst of the journalistic opportunity he has been looking forward to for a decade. Even the film's suggestion that when he's wounded during the reprisals against the Communists he pays for what he has done—or that he (metaphorically) gains new vision by losing an eye—is a literary convention from another time.

Still, this film that goes partly flooey is Weir's most exciting moviemaking; it's alive on the screen. His "Gallipoli" was a well-executed academic ex-

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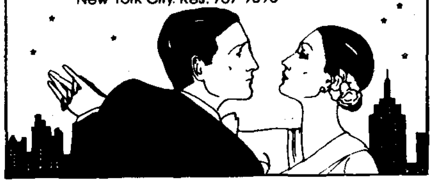

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ercise on the subject of the waste of war—an "artistic" film, full of familiar pathos and irony. (With its two runner heroes, it was at least a well-made "Chariots of Fire.") I watched it dutifully, without pleasure. Scene by scene, I was fascinated by "Living Dangerously;" I was held by it and had a very good time, though I didn't believe any of it. And I was held despite my aversion to its gusts of wind about destiny, truth versus appearances, and so on. Weir has a penchant for the Major Arcana, and in "Living Dangerously," though Billy Kwan is a bit of a bum and a fantasizer, he's also the same sort of in-on-the-mysteries-of-the-cosmos character that the aborigine actor Gulpilil played in Weir's 1977 "The Last Wave." Gulpilil's line "A dream is a shadow of something real" fits right in with Billy's conversational style. So does the line from Edgar Allan Poe that's quoted in Weir's 1975 "Picnic at Hanging Rock": "All that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream." Intellectually, Weir is in a rut, and Billy's mystical understanding of Indonesia might be boiled down to the mysticism of L.A.: "Go with the flow." But never has movie blather been spoken more affectingly.

Linda Hunt has been in only one earlier movie (she was the prize-fighter's mother in "Popeye"), but she has had an impressive series of stage roles and is currently appearing as Joan of Arc in a new play at the American Place. This tiny woman—she is only four foot nine, and is very slender—may be an acting genius. The concentration and lyric intensity she brings to her acting seem selfless, and this makes it possible for her to purify the lines she speaks; she puts little quote marks signifying ambiguity around much of what she says. She has an otherworldly quality (even without the weirdo ears she has been given here). Her voice might have come from the moon; it's magnetically odd and simple—the voice of a seer, a fraud, or a loner. Like Julie Harris's, it carries an aura of silence. And whether it seems male or female hardly matters. Linda Hunt can't totally scrape off the romanticized spirituality that's written into the role of Billy, who says he believes in "giving with love to whomever God has placed in our path." And she can't redeem Billy's forlorn, angry speeches to the correspondent: "I gave you my trust. I created you!" Right from the begin-

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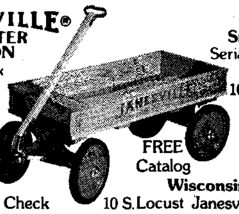

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ning, it's apparent that Billy is this movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose. (Weir seems afraid that we might find the scumminess of Java as pleasurable as he does.) But the tough yet delicate solitariness of Linda Hunt's Billy Kwan gives this film distinction. Her dedicated acting raises the picture up to where the air is thin but clear.

The atmosphere is muggy for Gibson and Weaver—they give the movie its earthy, old-Hollywood kick. Mel Gibson is a highly accomplished screen actor; that was apparent in "Gallipoli," too. But he's very young (twenty-seven), and something bland and ordinary seems to be poking through the sullen, burned-out fellow he plays in "The Road Warrior." Here Gibson's being too young for his role isn't a disadvantage. When the reporter sees Weaver across a room, he's agog—he has a puppyish look. He's like Henry Fonda staring at Barbara Stanwyck in "The Lady Eve": he's moony, a bumbler. And his openmouthed gawking at Weaver amuses her; she's so wild about him she's charmed by his callowness—she laughs at him the way Stanwyck laughed at the mesmerized Fonda (and made him fall all over himself). Gibson still doesn't have a very distinctive personality as an actor, but his character's jangled nerves are good for him; he uses his eyes more here—he has more tension and dash—and he brings a spunky, romantic-comedy quality to his role. Except for the postcoital conversation about that damn Communist ship, every scene he has with Weaver plays as a love scene. When they're together, the movie has the hectic, under-the-surface energy that is Weir's brand of magic. When Gibson and Weaver are out in the rain, drenched, it excites them. When they cause a scandal by leaving a party at the Embassy, they get in a car and he drives, hellbent, as if nothing could stop them, and he plows right through an army roadblock; the guards shoot at them, and the gun bursts are like applause for their sexiness.

—PAULINE KAEL

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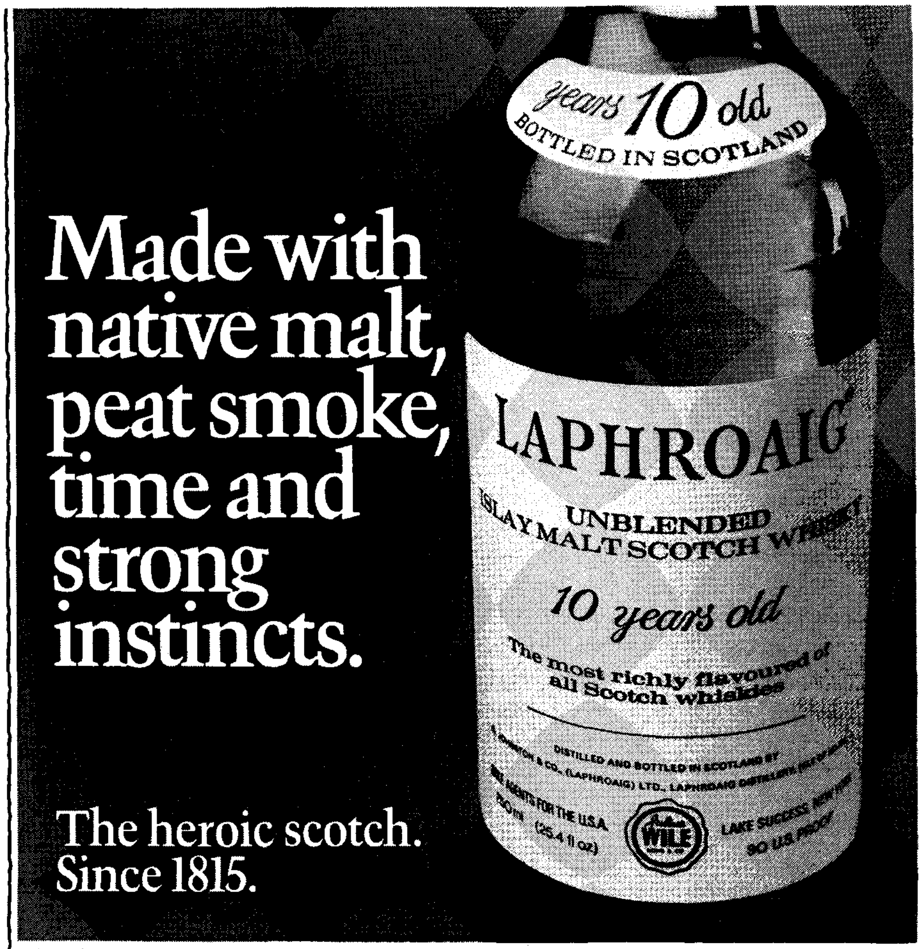

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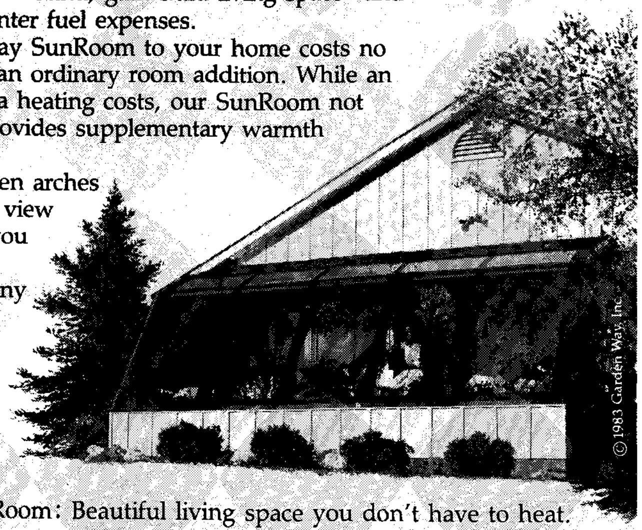
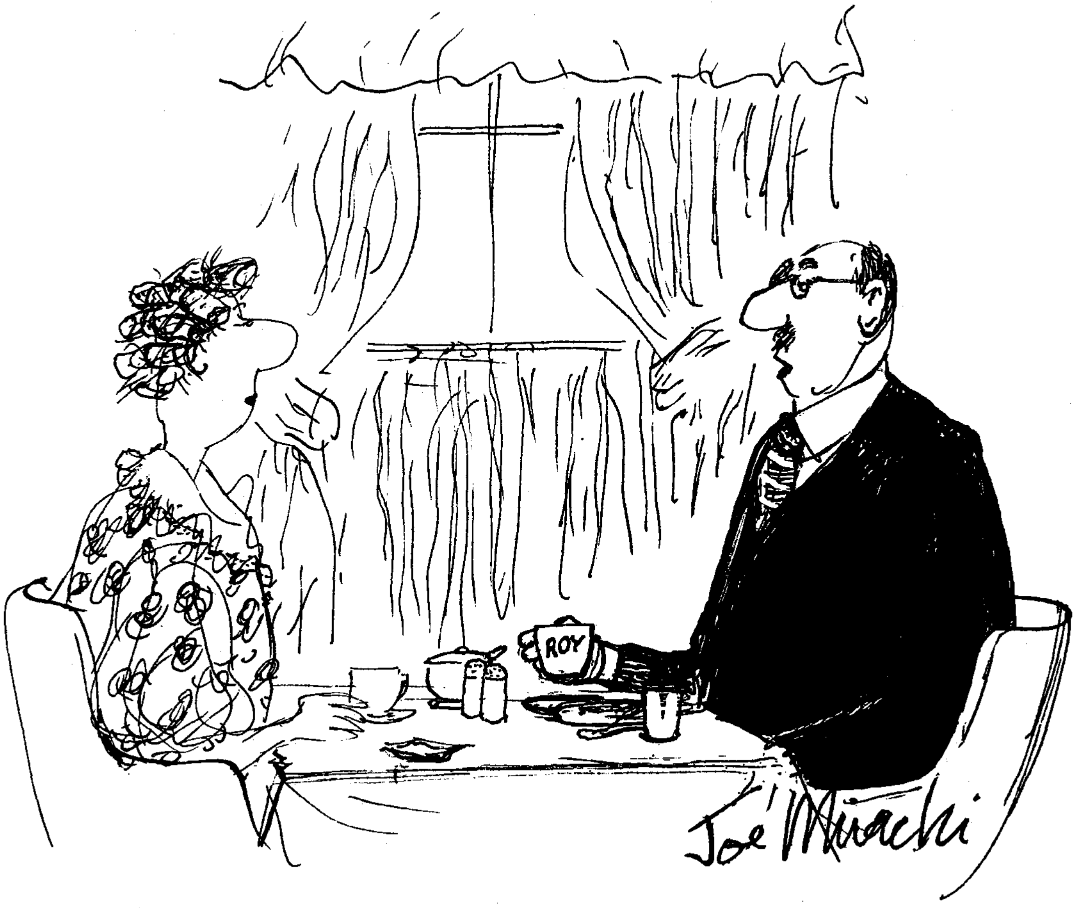


BOOKS

How the Other Half Lives

WOULDN'T it be nice to forget about the dreary old "iron curtain" and to read fiction from the Communist countries purely for its aesthetic and informational charms? In a few instances—Stanislaw Lem, for one, and the late Yuri Trifonov—political sidethoughts can be pretty well suppressed; we read a Pole's science fiction and a Russian's novellas of domestic distress much as if an Italian or a Canadian had written them. But this cannot be the case with the three novels at hand—the first published in *samizdat* in Russia; the second legally published in Czechoslovakia in 1967, to great success, but banned two years later, and the author eventually expatriated; and the third written by a well-established Polish author and filmmaker but denied official publication in Poland. All contain political grief. If fiction from Communist countries is to be read as prisoners' outcries, the first is a bellow, the second a complicated groan, and the third a lively shriek.

The bellow, or yelp, is Benedict Erofeev's "Moscow Circles" (translated from the Russian by J. R. Dorrell; Norton; $12.95). A strange stark photograph of "Erofeev" which might approximate the face of a million young Russians appears on the jacket's back flap; a biography on the front flap gives some plausible information (born in 1939 in the region of Vladimir, Erofeev was expelled from the University of Moscow for "exaggerated ideas," and worked for many years as an underground-cable layer) together with some that seems fanciful: "Written in one go in the autumn of 1969, this work was the result of a wager for two bottles of liquor. The loser forfeited not only the two bottles, but had to read the manuscript as well. . . . Animated by [his] success, Erofeev embarked on his *Dimitri Shostakovitch*. Unfortunately this manuscript was stolen on the Pavlovo-Moscow line—along with two bottles of vermouth, the object of the theft." The author's preface continues this jocular-bibulous tone, alleging that one chapter originally consisted of the words "And then I had a drink" followed by a page and a half of obscenities, which have been now deleted because "all readers, and especially young ladies" turned immediately to this chapter and skipped everything else. The book describes the inner monologue and external encounters of Benny Erofeev, a hard-drinking cable layer, as he travels by train from Moscow to Petushki, a town in the Vladimir region where his white-eyed sweetheart and his three-year-old son, unknown to each other, reside. He is carrying chocolates for the one and walnuts for the other, but by the time his train gets there—a distance of about seventy miles—Petushki has become a nightmare Moscow, and the transcendentally drunken Erofeev is pursued by four ominous men whom the translator in a footnote identifies as Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. One of them carries an awl. Stalin's father was a cobbler. God, not infrequently invoked in the course of Benny's delirium, is silent. Angels who have been intermittently talking to Benny cruelly laugh. The book ends with the unconscious narrator's assurance "I have not come to since and I never shall."



"Who the hell is Roy, and why am I drinking from his cup?"

Set forth in paragraphs with white spaces between, and in short chapters titled with the names of the railroad stations on the Moscow-Petushki line, the tale reads speedily and has the feverish, centrifugal verve of Gogol and Bely and that doctrinaire French alcoholic Alfred Jarry. In something of Jarry's spirit of berserk calculation, Benny offers cocktail recipes involving calibrated amounts of purified varnish, antiperspirant, verbena, and anti-dandruff shampoo. Weird efforts at precision approximate the spotty perceptions of drunkenness. Of a simpleton encountered on the train it is said, "He didn't speak with his mouth, because that was always peering and was somewhere at the back of his head. He talked with his left nostril, and with such an effort—as if he had to lift his left nostril with his right nostril to do so." Though its ambience

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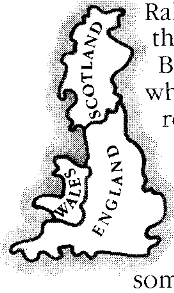

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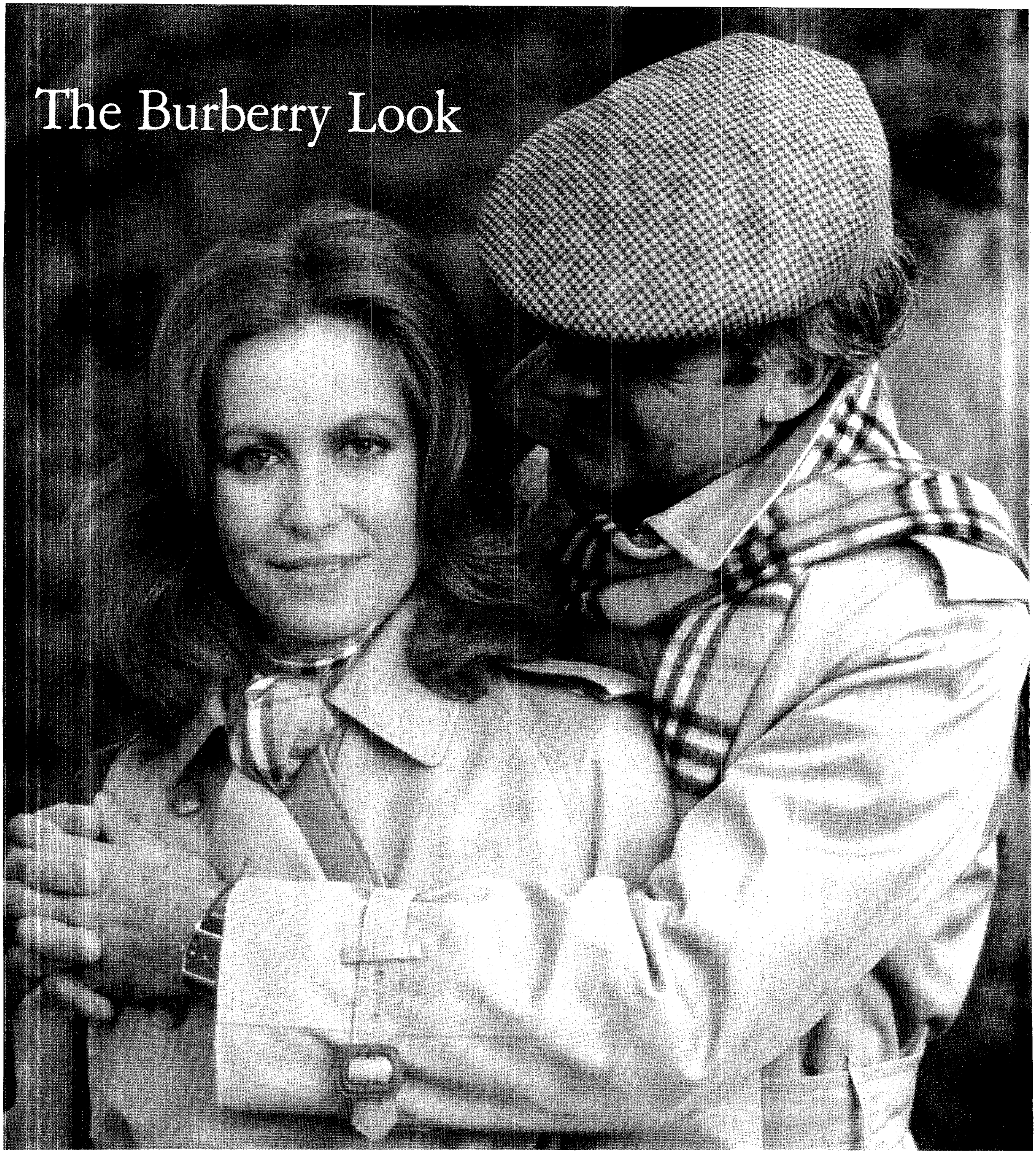

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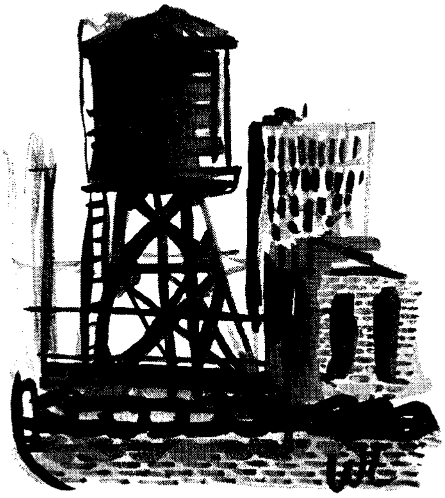
is delirium tremens, the little novel has been soberly executed: a brisk pace is maintained, and the implication of an entire society soused and despairing is made to emerge gradually, with a certain force of horror. Everyone on the train accepts and gives drinks. The conductor is bribed with grams of vodka. Russian history is travestied as one immense, morose binge: "No wonder all Russia's honest citizens were desperate, how could they be anything but! They couldn't help writing about the lower classes, couldn't help saving them, couldn't help drinking in despair. The social democrats wrote and drank, in fact they drank as much as they wrote. But the Muzhiks couldn't read, so they just drank without reading a word. . . . All the thinking men of Russia drank without coming up for breath, out of pity for the Muzhiks." Soviet slogans and the Revolution itself are parodied amid the hazy vacillations of Benny's consciousness; early in his ride, he ironically echoes the claims for spiritual superiority that Soviet propagandists have adopted from the nineteenth-century Slavophiles:

> The passengers looked at me with something akin to apathy, eyes round and apparently vacant. That's what I like. I like the fact that my compatriots have such vacant and protruding eyes. They fill me with virtuous pride. You can imagine what eyes are like on the other side. There, where everything can be bought and sold. Over there eyes are deep set, predatory and frightened. . . . How different from the eyes of my people! Their steady stare is completely devoid of tension. They harbour no thought—but what power! What spiritual power!

Yet, though jokingly, "Moscow Circles" shares in that same power—a directness, a fury, a humor, a freedom from self-pity that seem Russian. There is nothing whining about this portrait of self-destructive muddle and descending alcoholic night: a dark exhilaration, rather. If Erofeev has indeed allowed a photograph of himself and biographical facts to be published here, for the K.G.B. to take note of, then we must feel some exhilaration of our own at such bravado and at the courage still alive after sixty years of the Soviet system.

THE picaresque hero—the rogue, the loser—is a traditional vehicle whereby an author conveys subversive thoughts. For Benny Erofeev, there is only a vague, unreachable "they" to blame: "Oh the bastards! They've turned my land into a shitty hell. They force people to hide their tears and expose their laughter!" But Ludvik Jahn, the hero of Milan Kundera's "The Joke" (translated from the Czech by Michael Henry Heim; Harper & Row; $14.95), was a student proponent of Communism when it came to Czechoslovakia in February of 1948, and a youthful Party functionary; so his disillusion with this system, and its with him, are traumatic matters that form a suitable central topic for a thoughtful, intricate, ambivalent novel. "The Joke" was Kundera's first novel, composed from 1962 to 1965, published in Prague in 1967 without a touch of censorship, and then banned (among many other books) when the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968 and crushed Dubček's brief "Prague spring." Having made and unmade Kundera's name in his native land, "The Joke" has enjoyed a considerable career abroad. Louis Aragon wrote a foreword for the French translation, calling it "one of the greatest novels of the century," and translations appeared not only in all the languages of "free" Europe but in Polish and (though banned as it came off the press) Hungarian as well. The first English translation, in Great Britain, was sufficiently abridged and, in the author's opinion, "mutilated" to warrant a letter of protest to the *Times Literary Supplement;* in spite of apologies and adjustments, the English versions have remained incomplete until the issue of this new translation, prepared by an American professor and overseen by the author, who since 1975 has been a resident of France.

It is an impressive work, if not altogether great yet with the reach of greatness in it. Like Kundera's most recent work of fiction, the widely admired "Book of Laughter and Forgetting," the novel contains a hero "fallen" from a socialist "paradise," a running imagery of angels (perhaps traceable to the wealth of Counter-Reformation statuary in Czechoslovakia), a robust and subtle eroticism, a fervent and knowledgeable musicality (extending to fugal ingenuities in the narrative's organization), and a philosopher's concern with the importance that illusion and forgetting have for man and his systems. Less flashy and etherealized than "The Book," "The Joke" seems to me more substantial—more earnest in its explorations and less distractingly nimble in its counterpoint. Written within and for a society controlled by Communists, "The Joke" contains none of the frivolous bitterness and nihilism common in the West; its bitterness has been hard-earned and is presented at risk.



Ludvik Jahn, a prize student, gifted musician, and rising Party loyalist, falls from official grace through a joke: he sends a girl he wishes to tease and impress a postcard reading:

> Optimism is the opium of the people! A healthy atmosphere stinks of stupidity! Long live Trotsky!

Such kidding on a postcard does not go overlooked; inexorably he is investigated, summoned, and expelled not only from the Party but from the university. The military is the compulsory option left to him, and he is assigned with other suspect recruits to the penal battalion, which wears a black insignia and mines coal. The process of his disgrace and the life of the penal camp are described with a convincing calm realism, the emphasis laid less on their cruelty than on the victim's psychological adjustments. Ludvik's fellow-soldiers in the camp of outcasts are given human variety and plausible rationales; even the brutal, histrionic boy commander who heads up the camp is analyzed and excused: "The young can't help acting: they're thrust immature into a mature world and must *act* mature. . . . Youth is a terrible thing: it is a stage trod by children in buskins and fancy costumes mouthing speeches they've memorized and fanatically believe but only half understand." The one camp inmate who gets destroyed is the one fanatic Communist, pathetically determined to prove himself loyal. The others do what they must, slack where they can, and cope with their sexual frustration. They are paid for their labors and allowed some weekend leaves. Ludvik makes the acquaintance of a virtually mute, shabbily dressed girl of the people, Lucie,

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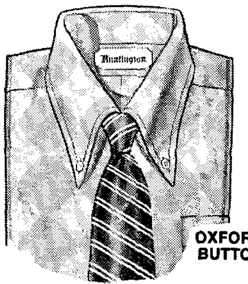

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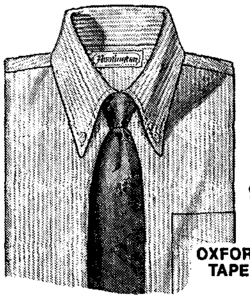

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and his love for her, fed by the gifts of flowers she slips through the barbed wire that usually separates them, is the one pure note of his life. They never consummate this love. They fight when she denies him sex, and Lucie disappears. After five years of laboring, Ludvik manages to resume his studies and eventually rises to a high position in an unspecified research institute. (Kundera himself was a professor at the Institute for Advanced Cinematographic Studies.)

Ludvik Jahn's memory of his expulsion from the Party, of the meeting that decided it—"Everyone present (and there were about a hundred of them, including my teachers and my closest friends), yes, every last one of them raised his hand to approve my expulsion"—and of the former friend, Zemanek, who delivered the eloquent address recommending expulsion, has poisoned his life and his relation with humanity. "Since then, whenever I make new acquaintances, men or women with the potential of becoming friends or lovers, I project them back into that time, that place, and ask myself whether they would have raised their hands; no one has ever passed the test." An opportunity arises, after fifteen years, to avenge himself upon Zemanek; Ludvik seizes it, with complex and unforeseen results. All the plot's threads are wound around a busy three days Ludvik spends in his home town, an unnamed community in Moravia where, as it happens, Lucie has reappeared and the streets are filled with a collective enactment of the Ride of the Kings, an ancient folk ceremony that the Party now administers. The climax of the novel is too crowded, too freighted with symbolization and pronouncement, and aspects of the dénouement border too closely on farce. But this terminal congestion testifies to the fullness of the material and the pressure with which it bore upon the author.

Two old friends Ludvik encounters are Jaroslav, first fiddle in the town's cimbalom ensemble and an ardent folklorist, and Kostka, a doctor in the local hospital and a Christian whose faith has cost him several official posts. Both men, in their individual chapters of monologue, articulate their master passions and relate them to the country's socialism with striking brilliance. Kostka believes that materialism is unnecessarily linked to socialism; he mentally addresses the atheist Ludvik:

> Do you really think that people who believe in God are incapable of nationalizing factories? . . . The revolutionary era from 1948 to 1956 had little in common with skepticism and rationalism. It was an era of great collective faith. . . . In the end the era turned coat and betrayed its religious spirit, and it has paid dearly for its rationalist heritage, swearing allegiance to it only because it failed to understand itself. Rationalist skepticism has been eating away at Christianity for two millennia now. Eating away at it without destroying it. But Communist theory, its own creation, it will destroy within a few decades. It has already done so in you, Ludvik. And well you know it.

Jaroslav finds the collective essence in folk music, and entertains us with a rapturous evocation of the levels of history he hears in the melodies of southern Moravia: brass-band tunes from the last seventy years, syncopated gypsy czardas from the nineteenth century, the songs of the native Slav population in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, late-medieval Wallachian shepherd songs "completely innocent of chords and harmony," four-tone mowing and harvest songs from the great ninth-century Moravian empire, and, finally, songs analogous to ancient Greek music—"the same Lydian, Phrygian, and Dorian tetrachords." Jaroslav's dream, unrealized, is to give his beloved folk music the worldwide currency of jazz, for, like jazz, it is a music of improvisation and rhythmic originality. While such fascinating passages of exposition run on, Kundera's plot stands still, and his Ludvik, Jaroslav, and Kostka speak too much with one voice, so that a single erudite professor seems to be discussing from three angles how Marxism failed him. But the virtue of these passionate digressions, much as with Mann's spoken lectures in "The Magic Mountain," lies in their dense enrichment of the novel's locus and the significant weight they add to its incidents. "The Joke" is not ultimately about Communism, or love, or misanthropy; it is about a patch of land in recent times called Czechoslovakia. Most novels that strike us as great, come to think of it, give us, through the consciousness of characters, a geography amplified by history, a piece of the planet.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA could well have become another Austria; the last of the satellite countries to fall into Russia's orbit, and the most progressive and industrialized, it had itself—that is to say, a powerful domestic Communist movement—largely to blame. The ideology in "The Joke" is discussed in a geopolitical vacuum, as an internal debate encapsulated within each thinking citizen. Poland, on the other hand, has for centuries defined itself against the encroachments of the Germans to the west and the Muscovites to the east, and the ideology of Tadeusz Konwicki's "The Polish Complex" (translated from the Polish by Richard Lourie; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95) is purely nationalistic. The novel's hero—who, like the hero of "Moscow Circles," bears the name of the author—is standing in line in front of a state-owned jewelry store in Warsaw, with dozens of others, waiting for a promised shipment of gold rings from the Soviet Union, the purchase of which will convert their sheaves of thousand-zloty bills into something of solider value. It is the day before Christmas. The rings never arrive; instead, Russia sends Poland a shipment of electric samovars, with a promise of five free trips to the Soviet Union to "customers with lucky sales slips." But there is time in the waiting line for many conversations and encounters, and many reflections by the fifty-year-old, ailing, depressed author. He reflects that nations, like people, are lucky or unlucky:

> Russia always had luck. The tsars slaughtered their own people, established the stupidest and most ignorant laws, embroiled themselves in the riskiest of wars, set unreal political goals, and the foolish always became the wise, the reactionary the progressive, and defeat was changed to victory. . . . The ignorant, obscurantist despotism, the barbarity of the higher spheres, the people's poverty, the arbitrary, stupid, venal officials, the unbelievable indolence of the leaders, the most reactionary laws and customs, the savagery of human relations, all this, instead of inundating the state in disgraceful anarchy . . . went into the laborious building of old Russia's power, her supremacy, her greatness among the nations of the old continent.
>
> In Poland the nobility of educated monarchs, the energy of intelligent ministers, the goodwill of the citizenry, the homage to mankind's lofty ideas, in Poland all these positive, exemplary, copybook values were, quite unexpectedly, devalued. Out of the blue, they were prostituted and dragged the venerable corpse of the republic straight to the bottom like a millstone.

"The Polish Complex" is as zany as "Moscow Circles" and as intellectual as "The Joke." Konwicki, born near Wilno, which is now part of Soviet Lithuania, fought as a teen-age Partisan in 1944-45, and in his early writings supported the new Communist order. A screenwriter and director as well as a productive author, he until "The Polish Complex" expressed his disillusions obliquely enough not to rouse the censors. Here in this banned novel, which was published in the un-

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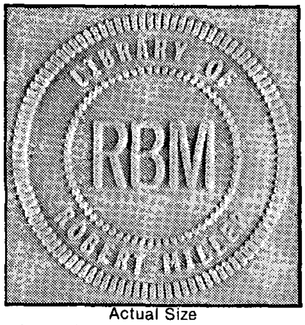

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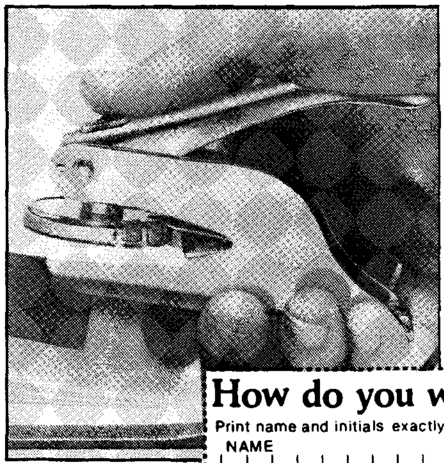

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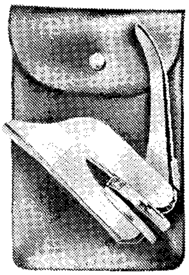

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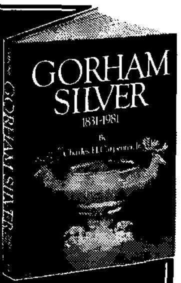

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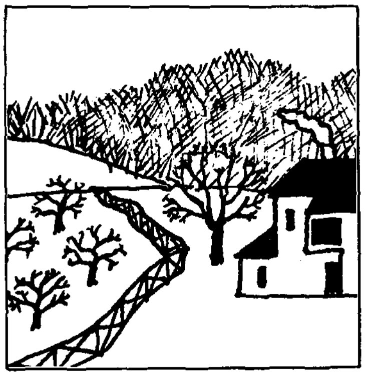

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derground Polish press in 1977, he seems to express a personal crisis as well as political exasperation; the Konwicki persona drinks too many "binoculars" (two tall hundred-gram glasses of vodka), has chronic pain in his chest, suffers a heart attack, and while recovering from the attack in a back room copulates with a voluptuous shop attendant who calls him "old man." "I've been through it all," he tells her. "I have no curiosity left, my curiosity's exhausted, or actually, it was never satisfied and now nothing will satisfy it." He sees himself as "a miserable creature with emphysema of the soul." He invites a man, who claims to have been on his trail since 1951, to kill him, and steps out on the railing of a ruined balcony to make it easy for his assassin. The invitation is not taken, the night fritters away, and Christmas morn approaches by the glow of the feeble hope that "there is some sense to all this senselessness."

The texture of the present-day, ostensibly autobiographical passages is airy, startling, disjointed, and deft—somewhat like that of Raymond Queneau, if Queneau had been a less happy man. Konwicki enjoys that easy access to the surreal noticeable in Polish writers as disparate as Lem and Witold Gombrowicz and Bruno Schulz, as Jerzy Kosinski and I. B. Singer. But our attention scatters amid these tipsy incidents and arguments; it is in two extended historical fantasies that Konwicki shows his imaginative strength and brings the reader into the continuing Polish agony. The first, over fifty pages long, describes the attempt of a twenty-three-year-old soldier, Zygmunt Mineyko, to lead, under the name Colonel Maciej Borowy, a section of the uprising of 1863, one of a number of unsuccessful nationalist rebellions in the long century (1795-1918) when Poland didn't exist on the map, having been partitioned among its three large neighbors; the second historical episode, in a later time of troubles, shows another young man, with the name of Traugutt, saying goodbye to his wife in a hotel room before going off to accept "the leadership of the People's Government" in Warsaw—an assignment certain to cost him his life. No doubt both these doomed heroes are enshrined in the collective Polish memory; for any reader the sense of circumambient oppression, of futile daring, of terror and bravery amid the details of the daily are evoked with a masterly command of such sensory realities as the noises of drunken Russian officers in the adjoining hotel room and the singing sound of sand spinning from the wheels of a carriage. Of course, Communist writers have often sought breathing space in historical fiction, where dangerous contemporary issues can be avoided or disguised, and are at home there; nevertheless, the immediacy of these "old-fashioned" pieces of Konwicki's narrative oddly overpowers the whimsical, skittish rest. A sexy strain of imagery does link the Polish past and present: the desirable women all savor of grass and herbs. Colonel Borowy admires a young wife whose eyes "shimmered with the colors of moss and heather" and whose scent is mingled of "sleep, lovage herb, and impetuous love." Traugutt's wife "gave up her warm cloak, which smelled of heather" and, when further undressed, "her damp sweat . . . smelled like herbs." And our aging author joins these warriors whose "sweetheart [was] Poland, golden-haired Poland" when, rather ignominiously couched with his shop assistant, he finds "she smelled like the wild herbs of the earth." An earth that, in the Polish complex, floats underfoot, not quite possessed, parcelled out, dominated historically and now by others.

Estrangement—from earth, sky, and the ruling powers in between—is not absent from Western contemporary literature, either, and there is no assurance that under a capitalist system Erofeev would drink less, Ludvik would find it easier to locate what he calls "final beauty," or Konwicki would be spared the discomforts of turning fifty. Yet all three books have been outlawed in their respective homelands, and therefore must contain words judged dangerous by the authorities. The absurd cowering by Communist governments in the face of honest and questing art is one of the wonders of the world, a fertile source of embarrassment to its enforcers and an apparent declaration of bad faith; for from such fear of the truth we can only deduce a power that believes itself to be based upon lies. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ROGUE JUSTICE, by Geoffrey Household (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $14.50). "Rogue Male," that sensation of 1939 about an (unnamed) aristocratic English big-game hunter who attempts to stalk and kill Hitler, ends with the hunter escaped from the Nazis and poised in Tangier (with a Nicaraguan passport) for a second invasion of Germany. "Rogue Justice" is its unexpected (after forty years) but welcome sequel, and it brings the adventures of the hunter, now identified as Raymond Ingelram, to a strange, even mystical, but satisfyingly conclusive conclusion. It is also a most satisfying period piece ("I cursed my impulsive folly"), rich in hairbreadth escapes and hurried journeys across the face of Europe and beyond—Germany, Sweden, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Kenya, the (then) Belgian Congo—all related with great élan in impeccable Etonian accents.

RUMOURS OF FULFILMENT, by Robert Watson (Heinemann/David & Charles; $14.95). A quiet novel of rare power and beauty. The setting is a Welsh village called Tinton; the action is concentrated in several months on each side of St. David's Day (March 1st), 1979, when the Welsh voted down a proposal for limited self-rule; and the central character is a touchy teen-age girl who sometimes almost wishes that she could be as plump and tender and content as her sister, three years her junior. The story involves a number of complicated characters, including the girls' unhappy parents, who wonder if their daughters are ready yet to treat them as mere equals, and the girls' suitors (a schoolboy and a schoolteacher), who have very different notions of danger and of duty. There is also a simpleminded youth ("not so far below the intellectual average" in Tinton as to be labelled "the village idiot") who becomes the source of much fear and sorrow for the family, even as it falls apart. A lesser writer would have ushered in each new crisis with pomp and circumstance. Mr. Watson lets each one surface easily, with its symbolism intact (and unnoticeable, at first), like the set of tiny toadstools which delights the younger sister (and bores the other) in the opening scene—"growing in a little line, like a family, under the folds of grass by that bit of branch there."

NOTE: James McConkey's "Court of Memory," a collection of autobiographical stories which incorporates the out-of-print volume "Crossroads," has been issued by Dutton

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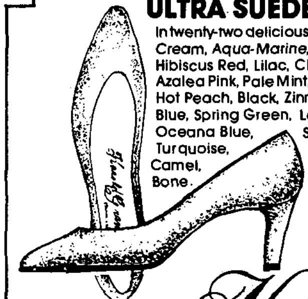

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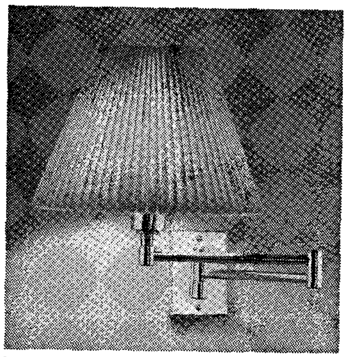
($14.95). Some of the contents first appeared in these pages.

GENERAL

Lectures on Kant's Political Philosophy, by Hannah Arendt, edited and with an interpretive essay by Ronald Beiner (University of Chicago; $15). At her death, in 1975, Miss Arendt left two parts—"Thinking" and "Willing"—of an unfinished trilogy, "The Life of the Mind," whose third volume was to have been "Judging." Her two volumes parallel the "Critique"'s of Kant, of whom she was, Mr. Beiner reminds us, an intellectual descendant; Mr. Beiner sees clues to her missing volume in this series of lectures, in which she comments on Kant's political ideas and develops and extends them. Miss Arendt approaches Kant and his times with almost familial freedom, picking up themes, such as his concept of man's sociability and of the relation of public life to private activities, that concern us today. She shows Kant making connections between aesthetic and political judgment, between taste and conscience. Mr. Beiner suggests that her discussion of Kant's theory of imagination was to have been the starting point for a political science that studied particular events instead of propounding laws of history.

Migrations of the Heart, by Marita Golden (Doubleday; $15.95). The autobiography of a young black American writer and television journalist who fell in love with and married a Nigerian. Her account of her attempts to adapt to West Africa is vivid and unembittered, even though Nigerian society, divided by tribes and classes, disappointed her hopes of black fraternity. The marriage failed, because she could not become the subservient nonentity her husband expected and he could not become the companion and confidant she sought. Miss Golden makes little ado about her own gifts and virtues, such as courage; her effort, which is entirely successful, is to portray both familiar and exotic aspects of black life here and in Africa.

Brief Lives, by Alan Watkins (Hamish Hamilton; $22.50). A sheaf of short prose portraits of twenty-odd Britons, modelled loosely on the work of the seventeenth-century antiquary and gossip John Aubrey. Mr. Watkins, a London writer and political columnist, chose



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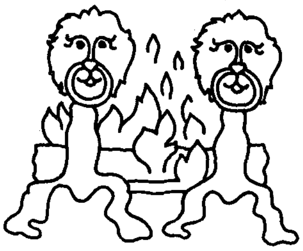

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his subjects from among people he knew and for whom he felt "a certain affection." They are mostly journalists and politicians, or men who combine the two pursuits, as a surprising number do. Among those known well here are Lord Beaverbrook, who was Watkins' boss at one time and, by this account, not the easiest man to work for; Kingsley Amis and Anthony Powell, the novelists; Osbert Lancaster, the comic artist; Malcolm Muggeridge, the gadfly and thorn in the Royal Family's flesh; and A. J. P. Taylor, "our greatest popular historian since Macaulay and one of the best writers of English prose of this century." These are brilliant and witty pieces, and they seem fair-minded.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

NIGHT RITUALS, by Michael Jahn (Norton; $12.95). A teen-age girl is assaulted at nightfall on the upper mall of Riverside Park in Manhattan, taken to a remote area, and murdered in an elaborate manner that suggests some primitive ritual. A few days later, another girl is similarly murdered. Then another. All the girls are Cuban. That is about the only clue available to Detective Lieutenant William Donovan and his partner, a black sergeant named Thomas Lincoln Jefferson. The case, of course, is eventually solved and the murderer disposed of, but—the motive for the murders! It could serve as a parody of Freud. There is, however, much entertainment here—interesting characters, strong scenes, smart street talk—and Mr. Jahn (author of the much admired "The Quark Maneuver") writes with a flourish all his own.

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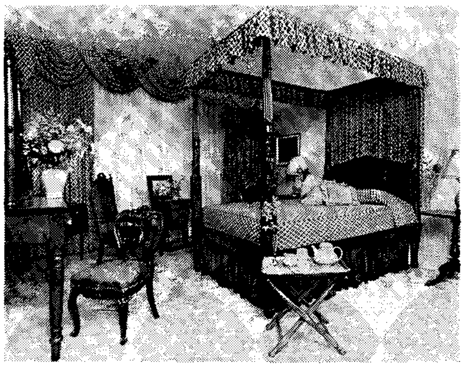

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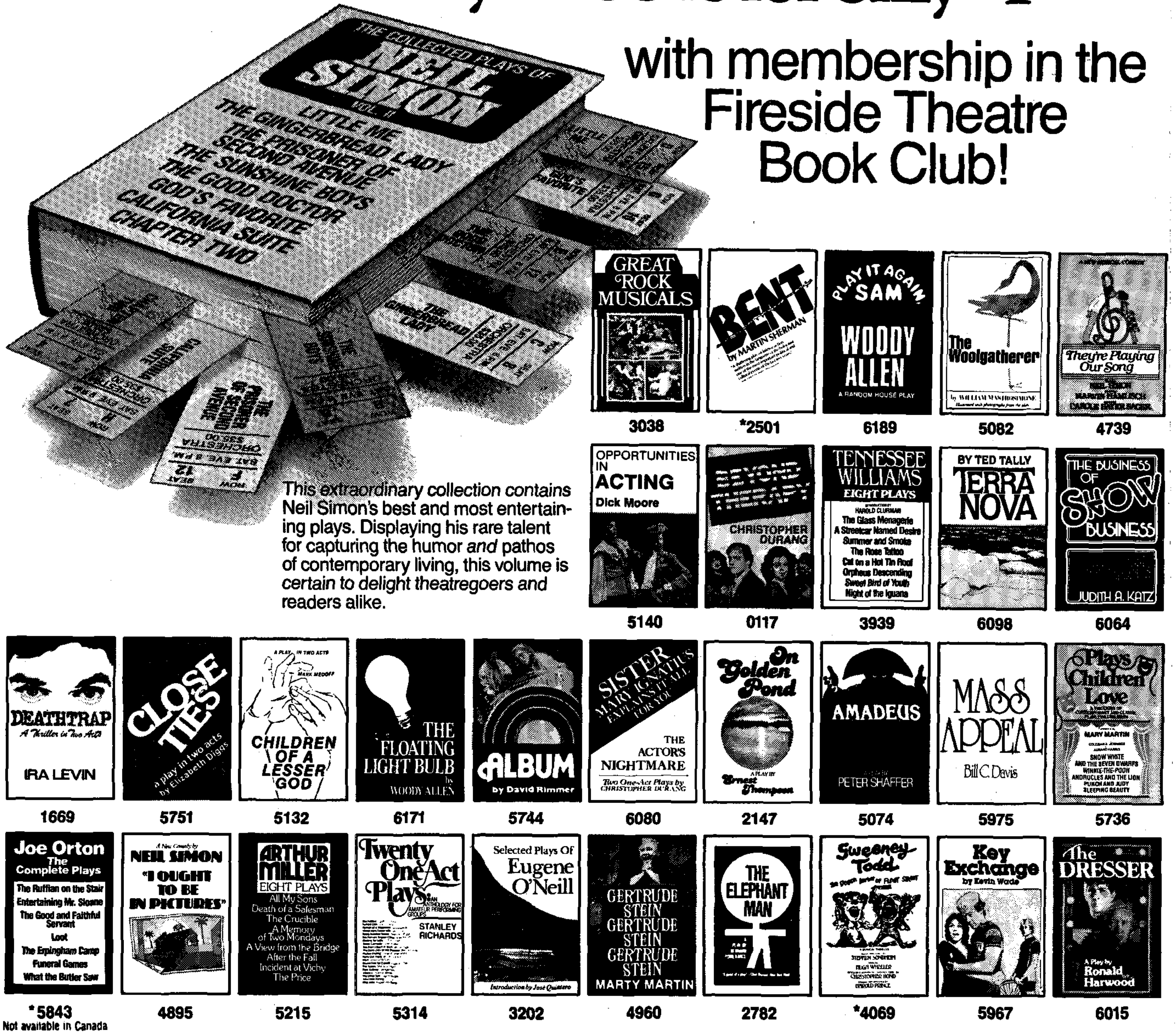
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